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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





A MOTHER'S PEACE OFFERING

TO AMERICAN HOUSES:

OR,

THE MARTYR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY

MRS. L. J. LITTLE.

NEW-YORK:

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A MOTHER'S PEACE OFFERING.

CHAPTER I.

To Mrs. E. M.—.

MY FRIEND AND FELLOW TEACHER: You say, "Please write me your opinion of Slavery, now that you have seen it."

Though a woman, I have an opinion concerning slavery, in its limits, as well as its more general sense. But to give it up to you, without giving you my reasons, or rather the course of education which has brought me to this opinion, (not this opinion to me,) would avail little.

You are aware that by nature and school education, our endowments are widely different. That it is only by walking and talking together over the words the works, and the ways of God and man, (and by man I mean all of human kind,) that we are enabled to see alike.

I feel that this inability to see the same objects in the same light, an inability arising from the same causes, is of universal extent; and the cause of the severest oppression under which our earth groans to-day.

You, my friend, have had ample opportunity to seek for truth, where money pays the tuition fee.

It has been mine to obtain it "without money and without price."

I have studied in the schools of the world; I, in the school of experience.

I have read books of human inspiration; I, the book divine.

I have learned human nature by studying others; I, by studying myself, single and wedded, converted and unconverted, sanctified and unsanctified.

Now, you say to me: "I should love to sit with you once more under the shadow of our old mountain, to listen to words of truth from your lips; to look upon the world through your eyes. When I look with my eyes, I see so many spots the gold is dim; but you always see the gold in all its brightness, and the spot become small, almost invisible. A most blessed *deception*. As I am constrained to believe my eyes, I may see who sees not as I do."

Here is an acknowledgement that we see not alike; and a charge upon me of *deception*. So, to tell you that I *know* of slavery, would only leave you looking at it with your own eyes, and believing me less wise than yourself upon those points wherein we differ.

To give you to slavery thirty years, would be to unfold my hidden life; reveal truths which I have supposed were awaiting the judgement of the last Great Day. Shall I attempt it? The claim of God's providence, to me, says: "Go forward." May the spirit of his truth guide my pen as I proceed.

You are, perhaps, already informed that in

November last I had a paroxysm of violence, threatening to deprive me of the use of my right hand and of the use of my right arm. But the God of Providence did not permit that my right hand should then seize its own, or my right arm cleave to the root of my mouth, although I have, in my years since prayer, so did I say, that this may be my portion if I prize not Jesus above my chief joy.

Yet these powers are nowise weakened, and I have many friends who feel that they have a claim upon me as a mere portion. I therefore adopt the manner of Paul the Apostle, or through you, and to all, by *silence* or each a copy at the head of the press.

I am, this fifth day of January, 1840, residing not only on the hillside at Miller's Hill, in Sturbridge, Mass. When I say that Mrs. Miller is as a house keeper, like a copy of my own dear mother who cleaned up her card-work in 1841, you will congratulate me.

The care of my own person, a little daily writing and talking, with exercise in the open air by riding or walking, is all that I can safely attempt. Yet, as my walks command a view of a most lovely portion of Housatonic's vale, where I may hold communion with nature and with God, and the familiar scenes of my boyhood, the eventful life, you will readily infer that I am neither dejected nor sulky.

The side-walks of this village are much improved since you were here.

To my feet, there is no other path in operation so agreeable, as the beaten one upon sand and stone, smooth and level as a highway.

A morning walk of half a mile, assists me to rest my eye upon the grave of her whom memory must necessarily embalm. Upon the pages which shall give my opinion of slavery, too, with the life-education which brought me to this opinion.

With my manner of life from my youth, you are already acquainted. To finish my present document, I must needs write many things which I only serve to stir up your painful mind by way of remembrance.

It was in the summer of 1827, a little before I completed my eighteenth year, that my dear father called at my father's home, Saltonstall, after dinner, when with his wife, the expatriation of his wife, to ask me to take charge of the district school of which he was practical committee man; the boy who had employed laying vine and ivy out of lines.

After my conversation with my parents, arrangements were made for me to go, the next morning, to our Sturbridge village, a distance of about a mile, and I went to Mr. L. F. Foster, Esq., and Dr. S. R. King, for examination; and hence I obtained a certificate answering the demands of the law, provided to

the school-house situated three miles to the northwest of the village, and two miles east by north from my father's, to enter upon the untried and unlooked-for responsibilities of teacher. For remuneration, I was to receive board in the worthy families of the district, and one dollar per week in cash at the expiration of the term.

It was your own fortune to be one of the forty pupils then and there intrusted to my charge.

The following summer (1828) I was invited to teach the same school for the same remuneration, and again accepted the call. The third summer of my teacher life, (1829,) I was invited to engage in Egremont, an adjoining town, at an advanced salary, namely, one dollar fifty per week. Here I succeeded to the satisfaction of my employers, and was urged to stay beyond the time for which I had contracted; and was also urged on the return of another summer to state any terms on which I would take the school. But the then undiscovered gold of California could not have induced me to attempt to remain longer than to fulfil my first engagement. I could not explain myself. *I felt that I could not, and that feeling influenced my decision.* The truth was, the government of the school was as a yoke upon my neck which I was not able to bear. There were from fifty to sixty pupils, and among them a class of boys who had been accustomed to show to the females employed to teach them that to obey woman was not their province. I therefore felt that as a woman, it was my right to be excused from governing man when he has passed the period of early childhood. Though I had never been sick, and could not claim then to be sick, I suffered the most excruciating pains in my teeth and face caused by overtasking the nervous system. Physiological science did not in that day shed its light upon those in my circumstances in life.

All that I knew, I read in the inner man, and had no theory by which to explain myself to those without; and while I acted out the rational truth written by the finger of God within the natural man, as well as upon the inspired page, namely, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," I was thought by those stronger than myself to be strangely set in my own way, in that I did not yield to much solicitation and the opportunity of gaining money. Mr. D. I. Spur, prudential committee-man of the district in which my father lived, then came to me, saying, he did not think to ask me to teach their school until he heard I was intent on remaining at home, because he could not hold out the inducements in money matters that others would do; but he thought I could teach the little school where I had obtained my education, and be sufficiently at home. I acquiesced in his opinion, and the summer of 1830 found me in the home of my pupilage, raised to the honorary degree of teacher. Here my trials were adapted to my strength, and teaching began to wear an attractive aspect. In autumn Mr. Spur asked me to teach the winter-school. But I readily objected to governing a school where boys of every age have been the privilege (as they should do) of attending. In a few days Mr. S. returned to tell me that he had conferred with the head of every family in the district, and each had given him promise that if I would consent to teach, no one should go from his family to give any

trouble in the school. I consented, and for five successive winters (1830 to 1834) and three summers (1830 to 1832) was I employed in superintending and teaching the public school near my "Mountain Home." My success being rumored abroad, I was often solicited to go from home to teach, and on one occasion Rev. Mr. Burt, of Great Barrington, urg'd so strongly, and found me so firm in refusing to go into that village and teach a winter term of public school, that he suspected I was about to be married. The simple reason lay in the fact that I did not judge it my duty or privilege to undertake the government of a winter school under any other conditions than those proffered in my native district. In the summer of 1831 I publicly professed faith in Christ, and entered into covenant with God and his people. My wages had been increased to two dollars per week in summer and three in winter, beside board. The summer of 1833 found me teaching in the south-west district of the town; my school numbering seventy pupils. During the summers of 1834 and 1835 I was in the village-school near the church.

Our town, containing a population of 2500, scattered over a surface of some fifty or sixty square miles, had then but one church, (a Congregational.) The summer of 1836 I spent in the north part of the village in the school upon the plain. Every successive season increased my interest in the work of teaching, and gave me new power in that direction. In the autumn of 1836 I was invited by one who had manifested much interest in my teacher-life to take the place of a departed wife and mother in his family. After suitable deliberation I felt it my privilege and duty to accept the proposal.

The man with whom it was my destiny to become united for life was not one who had settled the question, "What good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" but like the young man spoken of in the Gospel, he had, to his own view, kept all the commandments from his youth up, and had not discovered what he yet lacked. But as the Saviour could look upon such a one and love him, it was surely right that I should do the same.

It was a privilege in which I then rejoiced, in which I do still rejoice, and in which I expect to rejoice eternally, notwithstanding my warmest earth friends, when they look upon the trials I have endured because of this union, deeply deplore the fact that it ever existed.

I have a strong desire to have my friends at ease in regard to my destiny. My sufferings have been greatly enhanced through believing they were not; and it is one motive with me in these pages, to help them, if I may, into the light that shall give them a more perfect and soul-satisfying vision. The man of my choice was many years my senior. He stood head and shoulders above the mass, and was so guarded, so grave, and so dignified, that envy, with its attendant malice, had not yet found an avenue through which to affect him seriously. Popular speech told of but one defect of his, and that lay in the government of his house. But he was evidently a great admirer of good order and peace. His heart was not out-spoken, and there was in his countenance a peculiar blending of the severe with the gentle. He united great

physical strength and an unflinching purpose with two traces of a care-worn spirit, markedly asking for discharge and for rest.

I was fitted to admire the manliness of the man, and to respond to the spirit-yearnings of his evidently long-tried soul.

He, like myself, was capable of taking up an opinion which came well attested, although not proved to our satisfaction.

In the summer of 1834 I had been shocked at the announcement, through the press, that a crime of the most dastardly kind had been committed upon a class of my fellow-beings, those who were bound to me by the bonds of a common Country—the country especially favored among the nations of the earth.

My nature revolted at the horrid spectacle presented to my imagination; and I could do no less, neither any more, than to urge in home circles upon those who were degn'd by their Maker to wage open war with wrong, the claims of the oppressed, stringing for life, and also pray to that Being in whose hand is the destiny of all, that he would cause the oppressed to go free.

He hath answered my prayers in a way very different from that marked out in my own mind; but in a way which has brought me into the light of truth, for which I see his holy name. My husband, having been a retailing merchant in the country, where the store is often the sitting-room for many while relaxing from labor, and refreshing the mind with the news of the day, had the opportunity of coming more gradually to the understanding that step-mothers, as a class, are oppressors; not from his desirousness to participate in gossip, but from being a silent listener, while his hands were employed in dealing to customers. So tried had his spirit been in raising himself to the position he there occupied, that to ~~him~~ every bad been, in justice to himself and dependents, left off from his own programme; and he most naturally and consistently did not pray for those of us for which he could not labor, and was therefore little moved by the story of real or imagined wrongs. As there are exceptions to all general rules, he believed, when it became his lot to introduce a step-mother to his own family, that it was to be his fortune to find the exception. But when, to his amazement, he learned that the popular classed me with the guilty, there was in his character, as I have discovered, and as I expect to show, to the convincing of others, a basis for a frenzy which should disable him from seeing the truth, however clear the light and distinct the evidence in and by which it should be presented.

Zaccheus climbed where he might look over those around him, and saw Jesus. On that day salvation came to his house; and, as one of its first effects, he restored himself to any from whom he had taken ought by false accusation.

Believing that he who was of my married self has arisen to see Jesus, I do not fear of opposing his present will through seeking to restore to the

injured that which has been taken from them by
false accusation under his own signature
while in darkness.

To look for the basis of the sympathy which so intimately relates to my own character, I must go back to the past, and recollect upon transacting such acts as only a young man has chance to do in his passage through life, when he without any designation of party, and the uncertainty of the world around.

My beloved was a native of Colchester, Ct., & a man of Rev. Ephraim Ladd who ministered at the pulpit after war in that town. I copy the following from a letter dated Aug. 8th, 1843.

"I learn that the Rev. Ephraim Little married two widows—that each had children by her former husband, and by him.

That he owned a lot in Grove, and that some of the heirs removed to Lynchburg, Va., and left the city with them, and sold her slaves there at a high price.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE REV. EDWARD LITTLE,
Pastor of the First Church of Christ in Concord,
who died June 5th, 1787, in the
eightieth year of his age, and fifty-
four years of his ministry.

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. ELIZABETH,

Ye virtuous Consort of ye Rev. Mr. Little of
Colchester, who d parted this 11th Nov.

ye 13th, 1751, in ye Fortieth
Year of her age.

"So plons, prudent, patient and kind,
Perhaps her equal may not be lost blind."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF MRS. ABRAHAM LITTLE,

The virtuous Consort of the Rev.
Ephraim Little, who d^d 1 Jan^r 270, 1786, in
Ye 69th year of her age.

Ye 60th year of her age.

The history of my husband's father is little known to me. He followed the man nearly all his life. He married a widow Baskley, who had one son (N. A.) by her first husband, and three sons and three daughters by her second. Her second name was Wright.

When my husband was eleven years of age his father removed his family to the State of New York, into a new settlement in Ulster County. The family and their effects were taken by an ox-team and sleigh, the former occupying two weeks, the first night of which was spent two miles from the house they had. I do not know the given name or age of my husband's mother, nor anything concerning his parents, habits or character. After the death of his wife, which occurred while my husband was a young man, he lived alone, and was old and alone at his death.

Whether my husband's sick response is filtered from the litter he ingests, I am not clear. In addition to the litter, where was a more ample supply of bread and water.

and *that* gathered by the sweat of his own brow, I can not say. But I am convinced that his heritage gave him great strength of purpose, and a dread of, if not a contempt for, poverty. For his mother and sisters he cherished an affectionate remembrance. His mother gave her children to God in baptism through the Episcopal Church; but she, with her eldest daughter, afterward united with the Baptist Church.

I have heard my husband say that his mother was at one time insane, through the trial to her mind of having their effects taken by an officer for debt. After her death, he was left to struggle only for himself. Perhaps some secret counselor whispered in the silent chambers of his soul, that what he could have done for his father was better kept as a gift for the house he would build for himself. He applied himself diligently to useful labor from necessity; and in so doing, obtained a reward which encouraged him to proceed, till he found the seeming curse of his heritance gradually removing.

His half-brother, Noah Bulkley, eventually employed him as clerk in mercantile business, and afterward made him partner, till his own profits amounted to two thousand dollars. He now commenced acting alone with reference to building for himself a place and a name. While taking thought for the needful money, he was also taking thought for the "wise woman." After carefully selecting from among the pupils of Bacon Academy, an institution of high repute in his native town, new trials commenced through discovering that his fair one did not duly appreciate himself, his labors and successes. His selection being from a family which had never known the privations incident to new-country life, it was perfectly natural it should be so. But with great powers of endurance, and good business talent, he did not unite a power of tracing effects to their causes, but unhappily confounded them by putting cause for effect, and vice versa. Hence, the foundation for a causeless hatred, which, united with a vindictive spirit, should lead him blindly to *go a warfare at his own charges*; yet so concealed from the world without, that it should find nothing for spoil, except the peace of his single or wedded self.

Here I take occasion (compelled by a sense of justice) to transcribe from a parcel put into my hands by my husband, after my own marriage.

EAST-HADDAM, Ct., Feb. 29th, 1811.

MR. RALPH LITTLE:

KIND SIR: I write to prove my continued friendship, and to express a wish that this (on my part agreeable) correspondence may be continued. You expressed in your last letter many interesting and pleasing sentiments. I hope they were truly coincident with your feelings. I have no reasons, obvious, to convince me they were not. I must therefore believe in the sincerity of your expressions, however extravagant. Perhaps your exalted ideas will again induce you to believe some one has found means to divert me from writing. But I find my mind (after being tried) is too firmly established to be easily diverted from him to whom I am now devoted. In my last, I requested you to write particular. I might again make the request, with an explanation, but it would, perhaps, be of no use, as time will inevitably unfold all mysteries. . .

You have doubtless heard of the death of your little niece, Mary Little. With sentiments, etc.,
Your real friend, MARIA FOX.

KORTRIGHT, N. Y., March 23d, 1812.

To MARIA:

Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come.

The season is now fast approaching when nature, released from her icy bonds, will resume her wonted gayety. The lark has already been heard to sing in the meadow, the blue-bird been seen perched upon the trees, and the red-breast hopping and chirping upon the ground in spots where the snow has left bare its face; and in a few weeks more the fields will appear drest in all the pride of nature and innocence, the trees decked in the richest green and the hawthorn in blossoms of white. All these have power to operate on the mind of the absent swain, and to awaken in the heart those tender feelings which the vulgar never knew. They will call afresh to my mind the time when,

"As I listened to thee,
The happy hours pass'd by us unperceived,
So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment."

Spring is a delightful season. I admire it for many things; but for one thing I hate it.

Inasmuch as this is an occasional epistle, and not directly in [the line of our correspondence, permit me to write whatever comes handy, and I will insert some lines written by Eliza in a book entitled "The Ruins of Innocence." Eliza was sitting in an arbor, and admiring the beautiful contrast between the tulip and the violet. The latter, the emblem of modesty, had concealed itself in the high grass. The former wantoned in the blaze of day, in all the conscious effrontery of pride. She drew her pencil and wrote the following lines, which she entitled :

MODESTY.

The violet seeks the woodland shade,
And shuns the glare of day;
The tulip blushes in the glade,
And courts the sunny ray.

A florist roves the dewy lawn,
And spies the gaudy flower,
And plucks the useless blossom down,
To grace his sylvan bower.

The blossom droops, the leaves decay,
Its roseate color dies;
It languishes for Phoebus' rays—
It withers, fades, and dies.

The violet blossoms in the shade,
And shuns the solar ray;
Vailed in its modest green, afraid
Its beauties to display.

And watered with the morning dew,
It flourishes unseen;
Its flowers assume a deeper hue,
Its leaves a fairer green.

Learn hence, ye fair!

Eliza had discovered a very pretty thought which she might have arranged in another stanza, but the poem was left unfinished.

Maria, you said in your last letter there was much you could write, and much more you could say, were you to see me. I don't know as you are hardly pardonable for such an omission—but here, you may take the inclosed profile, say to it all you would say to me, (and you can't be afraid

to talk to so harmless a thing as that,) write down all you say, and send to me.

You will be kind enough to write by the bearer of this, Mr. Bulkeley. I think he will disclose nothing. I think you may expect to see me in the course of the summer, perhaps the forepart.

I am, as ever, most sincerely yours,
R. LITTLE.

KORTRIGHT, Aug. 24th, 1813

DEAR GIRL: I at last received your letter with the enclosed, but had long before given up expecting it. I feared there might have been something in my letter which did not please you, or that your mind was diverted by other addressees. I fear, and think I have reason to, if I may judge from what you expressed when I last saw you, that these long delays of mine are not correspondent with the zeal of your wishes. I wish it were otherwise, but prudence ought always to direct, and the dictates of reason must not be disregarded. The times as yet have not been very unfavorable for mercantile business, but the future prospect I think is very discouraging, and unless this pernicious war should cease, will be hardly worth attending to. For my part, I am at a loss how to shape my business for the future to make it profitable. I am glad you know how to appreciate the pretended friendship of him you mentioned. For my part, I think him entirely incapable of friendship or sincerity. I am also glad that your mind is composed amidst the virulence of envy and slander. Persevere in well-doing; do nothing but what the judicious and candid would approve; be virtuous and be happy. Once more adieu.

R. LITTLE.

P. S.—The mail passing last week earlier than usual, I missed of sending this letter which was ready written. I have now opened it to make an addition. As you live, my brother Bulkeley tarried with me last night—has gone today to the westward a piece—expects to return to-morrow. Do not be angry with me for thus deferring a visit, for Heaven can tell with what extreme reluctance I submit to this long protraction of my happiness. It grieves me to the heart that I can not write decisively, for I believe you expect it. Again adieu. R. L.

I next introduce a letter addressed by him who became my own married husband to an intimate friend of Maria, the former wife. Miss Arnold afterward became the wife of Rev. Mr. Green, Missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

KORTRIGHT, Nov. 28th, 1813.

MISS THEODOSSIA ARNOLD:

DEAR MADAM: A thousand thanks are due to you for your continued friendship to Maria, and your kind interposition on her behalf, for you say it was on her account you addressed me. Does not this intimate that she is unhappy in consequence of my absence, and too delicate to let me know it except through your mediation? If so, her feelings are perhaps coincident with mine. But tell me, Theodosia, if you know, how can a young creature like Maria—and one would think without a single care on her mind—I say, how is it possible for her to be discontented? Is it natural to the sex?

I know not—

"In yon green grove where the roses bloom,
Or bays and bayberries grow in the shade,
There grows a passion in the human heart,
For the sweetest—most—true—
Came to me."

I have so far told you enough of her—for Heaven knows, neither than does her own memory pang I would resign this life. Let it if you knew how little I value it, perhaps you would think it but a small sacrifice to make. O Theodore! if I was but half as happy as you regard for that dear—I am sure, Angels would envy my situation; for

"She's a dove in exile,
The dove with white plumage,
Love's purest dove,
For the sweetest—most—true—
Whom I love—oh, my darling."

I hope it will be considered ungenerous w^t your request, for I will not venture to give a positive pron^c; but believe me I am very anxious to see you before you leave E. H.

Are you and Mr. —— as intimate as ever? Adieu, but if I see you let me hear no sighing.
Again adieu. R. LITTLE.

EAST HADDAM, April 24th, 1814.

MR. LITTLE: Words can not express the surprise I felt when it was revealed to me that you had left this place! I could hardly believe it possible that you *then* possessed the feelings you had before expressed! At times I would impute the singularity of your conduct to the interposition of those who have heretofore "opened you," (to the effect of whose influence I am not insensible, and which I think you will not presume to deny.) I could not accuse myself of being intentionally in fault, but you will take the liberty to think as you please. By your not giving me an opportunity to explain the "mystery," it appears you were not unwilling it should remain so. My mind remains much as when I last talked with you. Should it be consistent with your wishes and business to take a journey to East-Haddam before summer, your reasonable expectations I hope will not be disappointed.

Our people think it advisable for me to spend the summer with them, that (should nothing prevent my wishing it) I may be better prepared to leave home in the fall. By my being unacquainted with your calculations, it is difficult communicating such as you will perhaps wish to know. "The object of your endeavor" will endeavor to be prepared, if possible, for the reception of one on whom relies (in me, ne) her expectations of future happiness in life. May our desires of future felicity not be limited to earthly objects and pursuits, but may we bear in mind our dependence on a Being who is able to deprive us of every enjoyment which centers in terrestrial things. To that Being may we now look for guidance and protection, and be assured that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Adieu. I remain yours, with due devotion,

MARIA FOX.

P. S.—I wish you to write soon if it is not convenient for you to come this spring, and until I hear something particular or see you, I shall be anxiously expecting your arrival. Theodosia

sends her best respects to you, and appears much interested in our welfare and future happiness.

M. F.

EAST-HADDAM, Oct. 10th, 1814.

You ask "What can I do? when will it be otherwise?" Mr. Little, I do not wish you to deviate from what you consider strict propriety, nor make the smallest sacrifice with a view to promote my happiness, which is not perfectly consistent with your own. Therefore I would wish to lay before you no temptation to do from a sense of duty or obligation, what you would never do from choice.

I am at present inclined to think from the irregularity of your conduct, that the coldness and inattention which you have sometimes observed in my behavior, has been better calculated to heighten your affection than the reverse. I shall not again take occasion to complain of "indifference and neglect," but ponder my unhappy fate in silence, and lock my sorrows in my lonely, restless bosom. Your confidence I fear I have never possessed but in part; the cause I can not fully comprehend, but the unhappy effect I now most sensibly realize. Can you remain unaffected at this? Has not the time actually arrived that I may with propriety complain of the falseness of men and the vanity of all human expectation? and would it be strange if at this time groans of anguish should break from my heart in sorrow for my credulity? More than three years now have elapsed since the commencement of our correspondence. I think it now high time to conclude, and say it shall be otherwise, and pursue if not a happier a different course. Me-thinks the *heart* has now somewhat to do. But I forbear, and would at least indulge this thought for consolation, that ere long time may erase from my unhappy memory those sad reflections on my former flattering prospects.

Should this find you contemplating new scenes for enjoyment, let not the thought of my disquietude abate the ardor of your pursuit.

Please to burn this letter (when you have sufficiently perused it) with the others you have received from me, and in so doing perhaps the words of another will apply: "Thus perish every memento of my affection for M—a." The letters which I have received from you shall be kept safe until something further—unlike or like a last. Farewell.

M. FOX.

KORTRIGHT, Nov. 13th, 1814.

MISS MARIA FOX:

MY DEAR GIRL: I have received your letter of the 10th October. Your patience, I discover, has at last forsaken you. I can not say I am surprised at it, but rather wonder you have endured my strange humor so long. I fear my whimsical letters (though when written were not intended to disgust) have been rather calculated to estrange than secure your affections; and am also apprehensive that the frequent disappointments have had a like tendency.

My promises have been so often made and renewed, that I think another would bear no weight with you; and, therefore, have not the boldness to communicate what (before I received your letter) I had in contemplation.

I have been meditating no new scenes for enjoyment, nor do I enjoy a moment of present

satisfaction. Amusements, recreations, have no charms for me, because I have no one—that is, I have not her whose presence alone can give a relish to entertainments—to partake them with me. Separate pleasures are, for me, no pleasures at all.

Although my mind has by turns been harassed by doubts and fears, which were the occasion of those letters, the existence of which I so much deplore, yet my affection has undergone no change, nor once varied from its point. Was I not ashamed to ask further indulgence, perhaps I could give reasons which yourself would not disdain to hear. But it can not be. You have been so long and so frequently perplexed with delays on my account, that my soul rises indignant at the thought of asking further. Three years! it seems to me like an eternity.

If, then, you are determined to continue this correspondence no longer, not even till I see you again, (which would be in the spring,) you must at least write once more, and inform me of your final determination. Then, if you say there must be an end, and you wish to have your letters committed to the flames, you must command me, and it shall be done; but there must be something more than a bare request, or I can not obey.

Must all our hopes be blasted? Will affection, such as we have mutually professed, with the blessings of Heaven, be productive of no enjoyment? Sincerity! disinterested love! where hast thou fled?

Young ladies in the ardency of their pursuits, and their peaceful security at home, can not make allowances for the perplexities of business to which we are liable in times when our country is convulsed with wars, and ourselves liable to be called for, at the will of our executives, to leave our homes and go to defend our country. Myself, though I did not go, was obliged to pay dear for the privilege of staying at home.

Your last letter, I must take the liberty of telling you, was exceedingly well composed. The style and arrangement I could not but admire. I am sorry you had to employ your pen upon so sorrowful a subject.

Do not be cast down, but be cheerful; for that is more becoming than either melancholy or excessive gayety. Who knows but after all this we may be happy? Once more adieu.

R. LITTLE.

I next copy some lines written for a friend of the lovers, from whose correspondence I have thus far extracted, with a view to calling out some ideas relevant to my present purpose. They were from the pen of him who, in later years, became mine, by God's own institution—he in whose history I have been made to *feel* the truth which others read: "If, therefore, the light that is in thee darkness, how great is that darkness?"

"Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, was elegantly drawn in embroidery, by a young lady in Connecticut, as leaving her summer-house, to take a walk in the adjoining fields of flowers. On which occasion the following lines were written and communicated by her friend:

"Behold! young Flora leaves her green alcove,
All overspread with woodbine fresh and gay,
While airy pleasures dance, her head above,
To charm the mistress to a longer stay."

"In what to quell do I stand?
The God who was the very love of me,
Yet gave me no power in the secret
to give her who was far dearer to me.

"Will you this morning bath not drift the vine
Off its green boughs at once? And as it doth,
She lay her hand upon it by the vine,
To take her part in all thy smiling flowers.

"I see the violet gay, it is up thy bough,
I see the flowery cluster on her bough;
Then they both go down to their grave,
And leave me none beneath a deeper shade.

"In a sun-ray from the flowers I strain—
The red, the yellow, the yellow and white,
The red, the pure white, all which are fair
Are the mould of her who drew the sunbeams.

"For I was young Flora loves her flowers too,
While she for whom may have to go her stay;
But this fresh loss of her mind has end,
That makes each gay ray to flown away.

"Even so with man; were once to choose of earth
The hapless place, and there to be confined,
It is not hard to find each place here at birth,
And have but pain to transmute the world."

I think that what I have already copied from the manuscript I hold, will show you, that with proper equal claims to true merit, the parties would have occasion to walk and talk together with direct efforts toward such a result, before they should *savvy to eye* in matters of vital interest to both. I next copy what I conceive to be a most unfortunate instrument, destined to be in the way of such communings, or to serve as a screen to prevent the radiation of affection from heart to heart. It also shows conclusively, in my own view, where lay a fundamental error in the foundation of the house into which my own history was to become so intimately woven.

It is as follows:

"Ira was the only daughter of a respectable farmer in the parish of M——. In her childhood she was remarkable for native sprightliness and dexterity, which made her parents to extremely on their little charge; hoping, in a future day, she would be an ornament and a blessing to their rising family. Considerable pains were taken in her education to form her in other agreeable, and to instruct her in the useful branches of literature. Her mind was quick, and capable of receiving whatever impressions her instructors endeavored to implant. When she was fourteen years of age the comeliness of her person and brilliancy of her understanding attracted the attention of Aleidas, a neighboring young gentleman, older by several years than herself. To say nothing at present of his character, it will be delineated to the satisfaction of every attentive reader, by the several traits which will appear in the following narrative. Aleidas, out of respect to the blushing Ira, wished not to encumber her tender years with an explanation of his partiality, but by various little fibs of kindness and attention, meant to show Ira he understood his intention; that when her years were pastable, he should be happy to be ranked as one of her admirers. This he wished to indicate, fearing she might be sensible to yield her heart to some one who might be less impious of a distinction than himself; and whose pretended love might, perhaps, be of ill consequence to her. She was not wholly insensible of Aleidas' intentions,

but as she advanced, she had no time to reflect on him, except to slight him, thinking him a dotard, or, perhaps, living his mind was dead, would often visit him, and when an opportunity offered, try to enter into conversation with him, even show a partiality to him, whom she would wish him to be, were he living.

All this Aleidas endured with seeming composure, but what passed without his breast may be inferred from a letter to his friend, at that time.

"Dear Sir: I implore you to excuse my rolling about this shabby town, and the green checkered sofa, or sitting by the side of a rivulet, harm'd by the purring of its waters. The serenity of soul, the pleasure of contemplation, you can only; but, alas! it is not for me. You know my regard for the fair Iranna. Do you believe it? she hates me. She seldom, if ever, speaks to me of late; and if I ask her a question she answers it with the utmost coldness, and I conceive, with a degree of contempt. I can not when in company keep color in conversation a moment. She has rather been attick with Mr. S—— or Mr. A——, or any one else than me. Did you ever experience any token of the kind? If you have, you know how to pity me. All the satisfaction I can possibly take is in reading Thomson's description of a lovesick swain; and that is no satisfaction, but a kind of sympathy. Alas—

Thus fearing her affections were getting estranged from him, Aleidas resolved to make the fair Iranna a formal visit, and learn, if he could, the situation of her mind.

He accordingly set off one evening for that purpose. (Here it may be observed that Aleidas was not a friend to evening courts, or keeping late hours, but condemned it in others, and would have avoided it himself, if his occupation had not confined him every afternoon at home.) When he arrived, there was a young galant waiting for Iranna, who was fixing to ride a mile or two on a visit. She enquired of Aleidas if he would take a ride that evening. He answered it was not very convenient; left them, and set out for home. He felt no small degree of mortification in consequence of the result of his first visit, but could attach no particular blame to the conduct of the dame on the occasion. She knew not that he was coming, nor his motive after he arrived. A few weeks passed over, in which time he saw Iranna a few times—he used frequently to call in. Speaking of the ride out with Mr. M——, said she told him on the way that she found Aleidas would think her if she glistened, and a few other trifling traits of which history had rather cleared the mind of Aleidas, and he used it to spend an evening in the company of his neighbor Iranna, till he could have the good fortune to gain her person. He arrived; had an opportunity there to lower, after making an evening visit to one of the neighbors. Aleidas took the liberty to tell Iranna if she would be pleased to go. Her answer was, she did not know whether she could or not; perhaps she could by and by; there was no hurry, and the like. Soon arrived Mr. P——. Then Iranna was ready to go, and all the company started off together. Aleidas attempted to walk by Iranna's side, but was flattered away, and was, in the course of the

evening's entertainment, accused of being an intruder. Such an accusation, coming from the object of his affections, was too mortifying to be calmly endured; but as he had at all times the command of himself, he let it pass without any seeming notice; but not without severer struggle within than can be easily painted. The evening passed. Alcidas walked home with Irama's sister, saw his rival conducted into the parlor, and took his leave. When he got home he retired to his bed, but not to rest. He felt all the anguish which disappointment and jealousy can give. The rankling in his bosom could not be surpassed, but by the horrors of ghosts in the regions of eternal misery. Sleep did not visit him to calm his disordered mind. At the break of day he heard riding by his successful rival; he had finished his night's collation of love, and taken his leave.

Alcidas (who once hoped to gain the entire affection of Irama, and be the first and only one who should breathe sighs of adoration in her tender ear, who had hoped to encircle in his arms and fold to his enamored bosom a form that no one else had so caressed, and draw nectar from a lip which "had never been sighed on by any but him") was now almost in despair. One week only passed before another devotee came to offer up his devotion at the altar of the goddess. His prayers also were heard. This was Mr. B—, who had the good fortune to ingratiate himself into the good graces of Irama, and continued his visits some time after those of his predecessor were rejected. It seemed as if she was intent on making a conquest of every heart.

Alcidas all this while was drowned in grief. He possessed a certain spirit which forbade him to interfere in the contest for a heart which it appeared hundreds might be permitted to share.

At length all was again calm to appearance. Orlando (for so I style the successful suppliant) had left the place and was residing at a considerable distance; though as it appeared afterwards, he had engaged to pay another visit to Irama, and went away without her knowledge under this engagement. This being unknown to Alcidas, he supposed that their addresses were all discountenanced by Irama, and by her rejected. Therefore, after a suitable time had elapsed, Alcidas, loth to give over his pursuit, concluded once more to wait on the charming Irama; asked her if he might be permitted to spend a few hours in her company; she had no particular objections; he thanked her, and the time was spent agreeably; though in consequence of what had transpired, he was too much embarrassed to make a declaration of what he most wished her to know. The second visit some small disclosure was made, though a partial one.

A continuance of the visits was requested. She would grant one more. He was too generous to ask why she said one more, knowing that if she put a stop to his addresses it would not be without a reason, and what that reason was, he was determined not to insist on her to communicate. But previous to the time appointed for the next interview, Orlando (who had then been absent about six months) returned, and was again received into the favor of Irama; had one interview, in the course of which he, after expressing his admiration of the charmer, asked her if she would marry him.

Irama (who in the course of eight months had received the addresses of three different suitors) was amazed at the idea of marriage; a proposition of that nature shocked her; it would seem she had never before thought of it, and knew not what reply to make. But being urged by him who had now got the complete ascendancy over her heart, she consented to give him an answer in two weeks. She was laboring in her mind what answer to give her adored Orlando, when she received a letter from Alcidas, upbraiding her for the admission of another suitor while she was receiving visits from him; that if she was under obligation to Orlando, she did wrong in receiving his visits without letting him know that such engagement existed; that he was too proud to contend with a rival; that the regard he had professed for her was founded on sincerity, and therefore would not bear to be trifled with; that he should still be pleased to continue his addresses if he could without interruption, but could not think of sharing affection with another, and desired a line in answer from her the next morning. She did not take the trouble of answering, and for what reason she better knew than Alcidas.

Poor girl—she was waiting with anxiety for the two weeks to expire, when her happiness was to be crowned by promising her hand in marriage to the doting Orlando. But alas! the time expired, and the youth did not appear. She never saw him more. He left the place again, and after a while she heard he was married. Who can conceive the mortification of Irama when the time agreed on was passed, and her lover did not come? She alone who felt it can tell.

Alcidas, not knowing what had transpired between the two lovers, again called on Irama. It was a week after the time set for her to give an answer to Orlando. She appeared, as must be supposed, low-spirited, and gave Alcidas a cold consent to spend a few hours in his company, in the course of which the following conversation took place:

"You did not think proper to give an answer to my letter the other day, Irama."

"No, I thought it not worth while, though I don't know but I should have written if there had been a convenient opportunity of sending the next morning."

"Did you notice a sheet of letter paper I sent by your pa, done up in a roll with his?"

"Yes, and knew what it meant."

"And then would not write?"

"No."

"I have been sorry I wrote it, thinking it was not my business to dictate to you what and how much company to keep; but you ought to be your own judge, or if at a loss ask your ma."

"I thought you would repent."

"Though I am still of the same mind respecting the contents that I then was, I would never wish to keep company with a young woman while she is receiving the addresses of another. What answer should you have sent me in case you had written?"

"I do not know; it was such a thing it would be difficult to answer it at all. I would not have you think I am going to be confined to one; I never was."

This drew a sigh from the bosom of Alcidas. He sat for some time without speaking, and was

lost in thought. He at length resumed the conversation. Said he, "I before told her he had grown excessively fond of her company, had suffered much on account of his attachment to her; but finding he could make no progress towards her heart, he had formed a resolution to try to subdue her passion, and withdraw his affection for her while yet it might be governed by hope. He had not gone so far but that he should be able to retract without any material injury to himself, though it might entangle him in but a few hours. That he had kept his word he had the good fortune of a young heart to sustain the trust; if she was his, he would be kind to her, and watch over her with a heart that even the winds of heaven could not blow over her with too much severity. She was silent, and himself too much abashed to press.

A long silence ensued. Both seemed involved in thought; at last, awaking from his reverie, Alcidas took his leave for the instant.

In a little time to the door, and as he was passing out said: "Farewell, Irana."

Tears were starting in her eyes, observing which, he said, "But not I keep for always," at least not at Irana, left to herself, now to prevail in her mind the circumstances that had recently occurred, and her own present situation.

Her hopes of again seeing Orlando in the form of a lover had vanished away, and her disappointed love and wounded female pride the lonely inhabitants of her bosom. She had now almost resolved to cultivate the affections of Alcidas, who was the only one amongst her admirers whose professions of regard were founded on reality, and the only one whose pretensions she had trifled with, and treated with disrepect.

Irana, at the age of fifteen, was thought by her parents to have received sufficient instruction to enter at discretion into the busy, bustling world; to go and come of her own accord, and choose for herself what company to keep, and where to go to rest. But it quite took you to be led to act without the guidance of some experience I found, and not insomuch of her own personal character and accomplishments, she was anxious to be taken notice of by the other sex, and the respect of heret was what she most desired.

With this turn of mind, it can not be expected I see would be very particular about the character or morals of any one who gave her audience, but she wished to gain the heart of every boy and flattering being she met. Thus when the form of Orlando admitted when he was about a stranger to her; and she did not know the interest of his character, the beauty of his manners, or the merit of a man of humor or principle, till she had received him next her heart, and he had forsaken her entirely. Then she found (what she ought to have known) that he spent a moment in his company) that he was unworthy to receive the tender endearments which she had bestowed on him with such lavish profusion. The next while he was permitted to draw from her lips, she would have given a thousand worlds if she could have ript it from him; and the sweet odor of her breath was contaminated by mixing with the fumes of his; for no one who derives the fair with smooth promises while he does not mean to fulfil, can treat a breath but what is foul.

Previous however, to his departure, on the evening destined to Alcidas's departure, she would like to know from him, if it was his resolution of abandoning her altogether. So she enquired, she would if it was his wish to let her know. He would frankly tell her, and all his friends for her sake. It had been his appeal to her to be frank with him. He at first, in consequence of loss of courage, was about to remain to some other part of the country, and wait not to look for a place for his future residence. Although the couple had a kind of tender regard for each other, yet, in consequence of her former conduct, she had later resolved the parting was by no means a very trying one. He, however, was not long absent, and after his return spent most of the summer season in the neighborhood of Irana, when he intended to visit Germany during the whole time; and previous to the time assigned for the final departure of Alcidas, their affection (having not been interrupted by other interests) had grown to such a degree as seemed to be ready to burst its bonds, and render him but ill disposed when they should take their leave of each other—when, however, did not take place without a full and mutual confession of love, and an agreement to undergo the tedious hours of separation by an exemplary correspondence. This was evident, and Alcidas again visited the object of his tender regard in somewhat less than a year. But on this time, Irana had received the address of another, whom she indulged with several particular interviews, all of which were in the night-time. This was to Alcidas a source of much sorrow, as the thoughts of it occupied in him a dejection of spirits, bordering on melancholy. He was received by the fair one with much smiling gaiety, which after a short conversation subsided into a calm; and the time was scarcely past when it was consistent with the perturbation of Alcidas's mind; and this Irana had means to do away from a measure by the influence of her conversation and native spirit that had lower him.

One circumstance occurred this afternoon, which might not here be omitted. Alcidas had formerly seen a part of a letter which Irana had received from her friend, some particulars of which she had thought proper not to let him know. He, now being convinced from circumstances that those clauses contained concerning respecting him who had first made an impression on her heart, was very solicitous to see the letter again. She would not at first consent, but being urged with some earnestness by Alcidas, she might say on the morrow. To give him no opportunity to make any grounds of the letter, so that it would be impossible for him to find out the amount of these claims, and at which he felt such an interest. Willing, however, to know if she would take such notice to deserve him, he kept quiet as regards the letter until next day, receiving, in the mean time, news if Irana had used of the occasion to try to inveigle him, he would, from that moment, without any beat about it, renounce forever the fair dove as wholly unworthy the esteem in which he would have entertained her.

The morrow came—the letter was presented—and, as he feared, a few words were torn out. In asking how the letter was so torn, the reply was: "It has been so this long time." This, ho-

was convinced, was an untruth, and says: "Has it not been done since yesterday?" Irama, abashed, knowing that he did not credit what she had said, and fearing the consequences of persisting in the deception, answered: "I call that long ago."

Now was the mind of Alcidas put to the torture. Now had the time come to put in practice his resolve of the evening before. He hesitated. He sat awhile motionless and confounded. His judgment, his reason, and his sense of honor solicited his immediate departure. But Love, all-powerful Love, assisted by a few tender words from the charmer—these entreated him to stay, and these prevailed.

From this time, Alcidas knew not peace of mind. He found the object of his affections was not his real friend, although she professed the warmest attachment. He found she had endeavored to practice a deception upon him; and, to carry it into effect, had, in his opinion, been guilty of telling a falsehood; and yet, such was his weakness, that he could not withstand the torrent of love. He had no resolution of his own that was not subservient to the tender passion.

His attention and their intimacy have ever since been continued, though it has now been several years; and several promises of marriage have in the time been made—times set—but instead of fulfillment has been delay after delay. Her conduct has been such as Alcidas could not approve of—she has dealt in mysteries and practiced deception. She has seemed to try to obtain him rather by stratagem than by merit; and he has continued so long that he finds it difficult to recede.

Irama, a while since, finding she could not well avoid its being known to him, informed him of what had passed between Orlando and herself, as has been before related, namely, his request to marry her, and her promise to give him answer in two weeks—and added that he would never prosper.

What will be the result of this long-continued intimacy is impossible to tell, but the prospects at present are by no means favorable to a happy union.

Had Irama's conduct, when first entering into the world, been watched and guided by a discreet mother; had she been taught to practice freedom instead of craft, and propriety instead of indiscretion, then she might have been an ornament to society, and the happy companion of the then happy Alcidas."

The above transcribed article is without date; but its face shows that it was written late in the day of the courtship which drew it forth, and probably during a season when the author's mind was "harassed with doubts and fears," or "bordering on melancholy."

The fact that it was written, and kept in parcel with the correspondence alluded to, and a part of which I have already copied, during the married life of her who was the object of so much solicitude, tells to the wise observer, what the author could not see in himself, that the "all-powerful Love" to which he yielded, had greater respect to the peace of the single bosom it then moved, than to that of hers it sought to win.

I can say in behalf of (the so-called) Irama, that her accuser admitted to me, that she ever insisted that she would not have consented to marry Orlando, had he called for her answer.

I will also add here, what this same Alcidas stated to me verbally, namely, that when he asked her father's consent to the marriage, he told her father that he did not expect to be happy with his daughter. But so long had the union been contemplated, that to go forward was thought better than to recede.

The marriage was celebrated on the 6th day of July, 1815, and Mr. Little soon after came to this town, (Sheffield, Mass.,) and bought out (as the expression is) his cousin Amasa Wright, merchant.

To this place he removed his bride, and here the earth-work of her married life was performed; here her matrimonial joys and sorrows partaken: and here she calmly met her summons to go forth and meet the heavenly Bridegroom.

She died of consumption, leaving, with a solicitude none but a mother knows, six children, four sons and two daughters. Three sons had preceded her to the spirit-world. I was not a guest at her house during her life, but had met her elsewhere, and she had impressed me as being a perfect pattern of womanhood. In no other person, was I ever made to see more clearly the true beauty of an evidently meek and quiet spirit.

I next perform the painful duty of copying two later articles from the pen of Mr. Little, found in the bundle I have already opened. One, and I presume the earlier of the two, is without date. It reads as follows:

DEAR SIR: Inasmuch as you request my opinion upon this subject, I will endeavor to give it, although I fear it will be done in rather a bungling manner. Women, I think, many of them, are apt to be very inconsiderate, and oftentimes act without just motives, and without regard of what consequences may follow. They will indulge their foolish whims, and persevere in so doing when they must know (if they are capable of reasoning) that what they are doing is prejudicial to their own happiness, and must inevitably prove fatal to the welfare and happiness of their family. What nameless propensity is it that draws them on? Alas! I know not.

They get married, mean their husbands shall love and adore them; why, then, do they not endeavor by every means in their power to make themselves agreeable to them, and bese their affections? A child would not expect by dash-
ing snow upon the fire to increase the flame. They can expect no happiness in the married state without the esteem and tender regard of their husbands. Why, then, do they not try to retain them? They have the means in their hands, and still let those means lie dormant, and tamper with others to bring about their purposes, which they have no power to use to any effect. When a man marries, he takes upon himself a very great incumbrance. This is the case in general, let his wife be what she may. Why, then, ought he not in reason to expect some partial compensation? What compensation, then, does he receive whose wife, at the first small error she discovers in his conduct, will take miff, and refuse to speak or sit with him at table? Who is almost continually out of humor because she imagines she has not deference enough paid her? Sometimes grumbling, sometimes pouting for days together, seldom ever speaking good-naturedly. Who scorns to do him so much honor as to pronounce his name with her lips; despises to ask

any thing of him as a favor. He would look too much like condescension. What compensation, I say, has a man with such a wife, (allowing her to be industrious, prudent, and economical,) for the sacrifice he has made? You may say she makes his shirts, mends his stockings, &c &c &c. handkerchiefs, and takes good care in the house. This, to be very sure, is all very good. These things are what belong to a good wife; but still they are no compensation, for he can't then all done about as well, and far better. This will not all do: he expects (and I think with good reason) something more from a wife than he can have from a foolish servant. Is this reasonable? Is it unreasonable for a man to expect his wife, or who ought to be the friend of his bosom, to be virtuous, modest, complacent, considerate, kind, calm, quiet, sensible, and agreeable? Is it too much to expect her, after a long absence on business, to welcome his return with a smile of complacency? In short, may he not reasonably expect her to use her endeavors to make his ears brighten his home and life agreeable? This is for what he enters into the bonds of matrimony, and if he does not realize these things in his wife, he is disappointed and must spend his days in misery and useless regret.

A man who travels the world with little or nothing, and is desirous of respectability in society, and has no family to rear while he wishes to make respectable, has generally enough to do. No wonder if the thousand perplexities of business which he has almost daily to encounter, should sometimes draw a gloom over his countenance, or a contraction upon his brow. These, together with a perverse, unmerciful wife, are enough to sink a man to the earth. He must cast his heart against all seeming—put on the steel and at all trials at defiance, or he must sink to inevitable ruin. And from what quarter can a woman expect happiness, when she has ruined that of her husband and family? Therefore I say she acts inconsistently and regardless of consequences, or she would endeavor, at least, to provide for her own happiness.

The other article I'd like to is a letter to a sister of Mrs. Little, and reads thus:

SHEFFIELD, Sunday Eve, 19 Oct. 1824.

Mrs. FENICE A. PALMER: SISTER EUNICE: I am too unwilling to write, but I have a favor to ask of you, and as you hope in high heaven, I charge you to be faithful to the trust I now commit to you. Tell me what has become of your sister. Where is Maria? I have had no answer to my letter. No, none. Is she yet with you? Is she sick, or has any sad disaster befallen her? Tell me all—and as soon as you have read this, write, and let not a night pass before you have it mailed. Say not there is no opportunity to send. There is one to go on purpose. Say not to-morrow will do as well; we know not what to-morrow will bring forth. And if it should never be in my power to reward you, I beg Heaven may.

Death and the grave, my dear sister, are cruel indeed. You have often been called to test the truth of this by the deaths of an affectionate mother. I have also to tell it, and know what it is. But there are other afflictions more cruel than death.

I can not write particular now. Let us be

both confined to the house two weeks by a severe fever and ague, but I am getting better. The rest of the children have enjoyed good health since the return of their mother. The letter, sister, is for you. Let me know why you have received it except your husband. Act your own discretion about that for I know his noble nature; he will travel far. If Maria is still in East-Haddam, be sure and keep it familiar, for this is the last visit that I ever make you without an itinerating husband to receive her here; and the last my consent is given to stay longer than usual. I am therefore determined that nothing from me should interpose to prevent the full enjoyment of her visit. I am too much indisposed to write further. Answer this, as before requested, enclose it to the family, and oblige my weary brother,

R. LITTLE.

Monday Morn.

If Lucy is well enough, I shall let him go this morning, to look for his wife. Is she better? I would go myself, but oh! my poor Maria—I can not leave them. She is pale and distressed. The reason I would have this kept secret is, that perhaps I have exposed it too much, anxiety to meet the approbation of all. You, I know, will have reason enough to excuse it. Call it weakness, and set it down with my other imperfections. R. L.

This letter, he who wrote it, informed me was taken from the pocket-book by Maria's friend at the time they accompanied her to the place for taking the stage to return home; and it being supposed to contain something from Littlefield, in which she was interested, was handed immediately to her.

This first visit, without her husband, to the home and scenes of her childhood, was her last.

Her husband's opinion was, that she took a cold on her journey home, which, added to the wear of traveling by stage some seventy or eighty miles, and taking no meals on the way, caused a fatal disease to begin its ravages in her system.

In sixteen months from the time of her last visit to the home of her birth, was her child of life completely dimissed; her voyage of life finished; and on Sabbath, Feb. 21st, 1826, her mortal part was laid to rest in the bosom of her native earth. Full well do I remember that, as I sat in the choir of our church, and heard our reverend pastor, (Mr. Bradford) deliver a funeral sermon, after his own able manner, over the coffin of one into whose labors I was destined to enter, (although all unconscious at the time,) how my heart then beat to the sentiments of the poet.

"Sweet is the new birth of innocence,
Which only comes after pain."

It had been the writer's privilege to teach her spiritual path, as the mortal life went rapidly out, and there was then before us one of whom it might be said, "She, being dead, yet speaketh." for such a soul as parted from this world the peace which did not quit her to the third degree, on that occasion. It is contained in Isa. 31:11. "Therefore the residue of the Lord shall return, and come with song unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness

and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." This was as a letter from a Friend, whom having not seen, she had loved, and who had gone to his Father's house to prepare a mansion for her, that he might come and receive her unto himself. That he did not leave her comfortless, I have the fullest assurance from personal observation. The May before her death, accident threw me into her society for an hour or two, and on returning to my father's house, I remarked: "I have not so much enjoyed a conversation upon the subject of personal experimental religion, for years past, as in my interview this afternoon with Mrs. Little."

Neither Mrs. Little nor her husband were in connection with a Christian church. They were regular in their attendance upon public worship, and adorned the community in which they moved, by well-ordered lives and pure conversation.

It was told me, that Mr. Little, on the afternoon of the day his wife had been buried, invited two deacons of the church into his home, and asked them to engage in prayer, after which he himself led in audible prayer. This is the first reported instance, to my knowledge, saying of him, as of one of old: "Behold he prayeth." Did the angel just emerged from its clay so soon beckon him to follow? And must he enter upon new scenes of struggle and of strife with whatever should oppose his progress to a long-sought Eden of rest? Let us trace his course, and form our judgment from whatever is discoverable by the way. I had spent the winter of 1835-6 in Egremont in the family of an aunt, taking the duties of her eldest daughter to give the daughter opportunity to go from home to attend school. This I did, believing that health demanded a longer suspension from the labors of teaching than I had secured for the last five years. In early spring Mr. Little sent a request that I would teach the school in the district of his residence. Soon after I commenced said school, I boarded in his family, where I saw the truth of what rumor had before told, namely, a lack of salutary discipline, in a family where the selfish passions were strong and active.

Mr. Little told me, while boarding in his family, he would be glad to have me board there through the season, that his two daughters, one eight years of age, and the other twelve, might have the benefit of my counsel. But I perceived, during the two weeks of my stay, that no counsel which opposed their wishes was of any avail, other than to make them more determined in their course; and as I could not well express this opinion to the ruler of the house, I passed on in my accustomed way, dividing the burden and the benefits of boarding the teacher, among all those upon whom I had claim. A woman of good abilities, who had reared a family of her own, had charge of household affairs from before Mrs. Little's death until a mother-in-law was instated. She had long been in the practice of caring and doing for the sick from house to house, but said she had never before met an instance where the man was so much a stranger in his own house, or took so little cognizance of the proceedings there, either by children or servants, as Mr. Little. I mention this, to show that it was a field more than ordinarily open to a class of workers styled "busybodies in others' matters."

Now, I am not going to stone this class, lest, in so doing, I hurt myself; but I do feel called upon to show to others how God hath rebuked this sin before my eyes. In doing this, I shall be under the necessity of telling of faults committed at home, but outside of my own house, among my own townsmen and townswomen. My remarks will be as a "bow at a venture," because I am so fortunate as not to have had named to me, one of the "cloud of witnesses" against me.

In the prosecution of my work, I may seem to occupy the position of one bearing witness of self; a thing which, even in the case of the Son of God, is not to be received as true, unless corroborated by other testimony. Like that divine personage, I shall need have recourse to the works which I have done, and to the Father's bearing witness of me. Not that I have wrought miracles, or that God hath, by miracle, interposed in my behalf. I conceive that the recorded miracles of God's word were designed to substantiate the *truth of that word*, and to show the nature of the works which that word is designed to effect (though in a more slow and gradual way than by miracle) wheresoever it is trusted. I believe that, when the beloved John had finished the book containing that word, the age of miracles was past. But the age when God shall give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, will only be finished when time is no more.

I believe that the Holy Spirit is to the soul of man what the atmosphere is to his body; that the latter is given, unsought, to mortal man; that the new-creative influences of the former, to him who has come to an age for doing business with God (so to speak,) is only had by asking, with suitable deference to the Proprietor, and to the business rules he has laid down. Therefore, if any who shall feel disposed to peruse this letter, are rejecting Moses and the prophets, my argument is not with *them*, inasmuch as such would not believe, were one to arise from the dead and address them.

But that I may, if possible, assist yourself and others of my friends who admit the Bible as a whole to be the voice of God to man, to read with me the truth, that *I am blessed because I have trusted*, I proceed to the second chapter of my epistle, which will contain the second courtship and marriage of my physically stronger self, with its results, so far as time has yet unfolded these results.

CHAPTER II.

SECTION I.

In this, as in the former chapter, I shall have recourse to transcribing from written records providentially in my possession.

I will state in this place, that my marriage to Mr. Little was celebrated at my father's house, on Wednesday the 12th of April, 1837, at six P.M., in the presence of some fifty or sixty friends assembled on the occasion. It was one of April's brightest days; not a cloud intercepted the sun's cheering rays throughout our visible heavens. The air was balmy, and hearts were gladdened at the near approach of a new resurrection to

life, which should clothe the earth with freshness and beauty, although then only robed with

"Withered bays and flowerless stalks?"

thus heightening by contrast the loveliness of all above.

As every marriage is supposed to have been preceded by a courtship, it will appear that mine, in this particular, was not an exception to the general rule. But, that what was spoken out of the abundance of the heart during this important period, should be spoken through the medium of the pen rather than the tongue, when the parties were daily or weekly seeing each other face to face, is, without doubt, an exception. In this instance such was the decree.

Some time in the summer of 1836, Mr. Little called upon Mr. Bradford, (our pastor,) to solicit the counsel of him and lady in reference to his duty to his family. They advised him to marry again, and spoke of myself as in their judgment fitted to fill the "vacant chair" in his house, as I was devoted to doing good. Of this I was ignorant until after I had accepted the call which resulted from said council. Being returned from school one afternoon, and seated with a circle of ladies in the parlor of Mrs. Harvey Sears, Augusta, youngest daughter of Mr. Little, came to the door, and handed me the following note:

SHEFFIELD, Friday, 12th Aug. 1836.

MISS ROYS: I have seen your parents to-day. They wished me to inform you that they expect company to-morrow, (Mr. Cartis and lady from the West,) and would like to have you come home as early in the afternoon as you are willing to dismiss your school.

Finding your father likely to be considerably engaged in his work, I engaged to see you home.

If this arrangement meets your approbation, be kind enough to let me know by August 25 where you will be, and what time you wish to go.

I am, most respectfully,

R. LITTLE.

I did not send word by Augusta, and next morning Augusta came again, bringing word that her brother Robert would take me to my father's after school, and this arrangement was carried out. A few mornings after, I met Mr. Little where I was boarding, who, with some apparent embarrassment, apologized for the note sent me.

I had not opportunity to explain, as I desired, and therefore penned the following note:

Sept. 1st, 1836.

MR. LITTLE: I am sensible that apology was needful on my part in relation to my silence at the time spoken of the other morning.

Augusta went to play while I was speaking with the ladies present. I wanted to decide at what time to dismiss school, looked for Augusta, and found she was gone, fret that I had been too negligent, but thought the only amends I could make would be to send word in the morning.

I would further say, I do feel that there are circumstances under which an expression of civility or an act of kindness will be misconstrued. I

have seen it so in relation to others, and wish to avoid occasion for remark.

I am sorry to appear insensible of my obligations to friends and benefactors.

Please overlook what you consider wrong.

Respectfully yours,

L. J. ROYS.

The custom then existed, of requiring teachers to be occupied in school five and a half days of each week, which was often carried out by teaching six days of one week, and five of the next. It was my custom to go to my father's on Friday, after school, every second week. My father came for me on Friday; and while he was making some purchases at Mr. Little's store, Mr. L. handed him the following note:

MISS ROYS: I hope for the happiness of seeing you at my father's, to-morrow, at about nine o'clock A.M.

2d Sept.

L.

L. called, according to appointment. I met him in the dining-room, invited him into the parlor, and without seating myself, told him that if he was desirous of communicating privately with me, I could then only consent to a written correspondence. He politely assented, and withdrew.

That written correspondence will now occupy several pages of my letter. I deem it the introduction to many, very many important passages of my life's history.

SHEFFIELD, Sat. Eve, 10th Sept. '36

MISS LAURA J. ROYS: I take this occasion, my esteemed friend, to reply to the few lines which I received from your hand. I am sensible that I ought to have answered sooner, and did attempt it the evening of the day on which I received the note; but finding myself somewhat discomposed, was obliged to desist. Since that time, you know I have been from home. You speak of apology being necessary with regard to your not replying to my note. I do not think it was so, neither did I wish or expect it after knowing the circumstances. But, inasmuch as you have thought differently, and have offered it, I must formally accept it in full satisfaction for whatever you imagined to be due. When I sent the note, I supposed it would find you at Mr. Underwood's; but as I knew of no disposition in the neighborhood to make remarks, of which the association of your name and mine was likely to be the subject, I thought there would be no impropriety in sending it to you *as you were*. Had I known what you knew in respect to that, I should have done differently from the beginning; for it is true that acts of common civility are liable, under some circumstances, to be misinterpreted, and may even be highly indecent. And this, perhaps, was this act of mine; for the circumstances, I seem, excited, although I suspected it not till I was so informed by yourself.

The next sentence of your note I must say I was sorry to see. I will repeat it: "I am sorry to appear insensible of obligations to friends and benefactors." This being addressed to me, I say

pose you meant to include me amongst the number of friends and benefactors.

The first I acknowledge to its fullest extent, the other I as entirely disclaim; for what have I done to be considered as your benefactor, or what I have ever done as a friend to impose obligation on you, I am unable to conceive. If I thought you capable of insincerity, I should be inclined to allege it to that. Had friendly services been required on your behalf, mine would have been given to any extent the occasion might have called for, and with the greatest pleasure. But I well knew that you needed not the aid of friends, but that your merit and reputation were a sufficient passport to any place you might choose to occupy as teacher within the circle of your acquaintance. Therefore, you will readily perceive, that what exertion I used to secure your valuable services to our district, partook more of selfishness than of friendship or benefaction. I will here say, that whoever is of opinion that I was on that occasion actuated by any motives other than the benefit of my children and the district at large, are under total misapprehension. Permit me also to say, that the thoughts with which I have of late been so deeply impressed, had then no existence. Their origin is of later date. My course for a few weeks past has been unfortunate. I would gladly collect all the errors I have committed in that time, and present them for forgiveness. But where shall I present them? I can not believe they are registered against me in heaven. The Great Judge of all looks at the heart; and I can find no traces of them there. Where, then, shall I look, but to her whom I have offended? Take them, then, dear madam; 'tis my only alternative. Take them; call them the result of weakness, of indiscretion, of misjudging, of disordered imagination; any thing but a willingness to injure your feelings; and if you can find it in your heart to forgive, then forgive, and let them, if possible, pass into the vortex of forgetfulness, where they may be no more called up to irritate afresh the lacerated feelings of their unhappy perpetrator. But if not, if they are too gross or of too deep a dye to be forgiven, let me retain them as a sad memento of mental depression or misguided judgment. That I have degraded myself much in your esteem, I have no doubt. It can not well be otherwise. But if I can profit from the past, and be enabled to act more discreetly for the future, the unpleasant lesson may not be wholly lost.

I am, dear madam, with much respect, your friend in truth and sincerity,

R. LITTLE.

P.S.—In communicating your thoughts to me, I hope you will be very plain; for I esteem no friend more highly than one who will point out all my faults and correct all my errors.

Saturday morning, Sept. 17th, 1835.

MR. L.—; Perhaps the expression in my note to which you object, implied, or appeared to imply, more than I intended. I certainly think myself afraid to be insincere, (not incapable.) My idea was this, thus far in life I have been greatly aided and benefited by the kindness or favorable opinion and confidence of the respectable and influential. Many such do I feel under obligation to respect, (nothing more,) and it was

the idea that my management had the appearance of disrespect that caused my disquiet, and made me think apology needful. Owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, (and not to superiority in me,) my course as teacher has been comparatively prosperous. I have ever felt my dependence here, and have not been unmindful of any influences which have contributed to my usefulness or enjoyment in this employ.

You are aware, Mr. Little, that my acquaintance with you has been almost wholly limited to your performance of the offices of examining teachers and schools; and here I supposed myself considerably indebted to you, sir, (whether mistaken or not.) I was not disposed to think your note an indication of a design to pay me any particular attention; and when I afterwards learned that you had become thus disposed, I was surprised and somewhat embarrassed. I still think that, upon further reflection, you may see and acknowledge it best to withdraw such attention. If any thing in your course needs forgiveness, I am so ignorant as not to know it, consequently there is nothing unforgiven. I am far from imputing every thing to error or fault which does not happen according to my choice of things.

In matters, the consequences of which are important and lasting, duty to yourself and family demands (does it not?) that you be guided by sober reason and correct judgment. I refer to the expression, "disordered imagination," as used by yourself.

Should you further communicate to me, I have one request to make, which is, that you neither spend time nor pains to bestow praise. (Censure where you think it needful.) If it be true that I am weak enough to be flattered, 'tis a truth which I am unwilling to admit. For five years past I have especially sought for some attainments in self-knowledge, and to form a proper estimate of human character and actions, as well as of human life and happiness. I pronounce with the poet:

"There's no perfection here below."

My own heart tells me my frailties; my conscience reproaches me with my faults. There is none but comparative good here—good, in comparison with others, or with what might be. I love my friends, and rejoice in view of their excellencies; but still believe I am not, and do not wish to be, blind to their imperfections. Many of them, I believe, rank among the best; but none in whom (from particular acquaintance) I do not discover errors and even faults.

I had thought of asking you to excuse me from replying in full to yours until I leave school, as I experience a kind of exhaustion after being long in school, which makes it necessary for me to confine my mental efforts mostly to the duties of school, but have more leisure today than I anticipated, being disappointed of company.

As for holy time, I neither employ it in writing or transmitting letters of business or pleasure.

Accommodate yourself in relation to answering this, and you will oblige

Your friend,

L. J. ROYS.

SHEFFIELD, Sept. 17th, 1836.

DEAR MADAM: At the time is now near at hand when you are to be relieved from your arduous care, I avail myself of your kind permission to correspond upon a subject of the most vital importance to myself, and one which I hope will also awaken an interest in you.

Being fully convinced that whatever of happiness remains for me in life depends materially upon you, I now with much diffidence ask of you to unite your destinies with mine for life; to become my companion, my bosom-friend, and to share with me whatever of enjoyment life has to give. I have long held you in high esteem for your many excellencies of character, and you now have my most tender and affectionate regard. I find that I can not be happy without you, and to make you so shall be the great object of my life. In case my proposal meet your approbation, I feel assured that this oppressive uneasiness, this feverish anxiety which now almost unmans me, will cease, and that I shall be more worthy your regard.

I do not know that it is necessary for me to say any thing more at present. I believe the proposal is fairly stated, and your reply will determine whether or not the subject shall be further pursued. I shall await your reply with intense anxiety, and hope you will not long delay.

With much respect, I am most devotedly yours,

RALPH LITTLE.

MISS LAURA J. ROYS.

SHEFFIELD, 22d Sept. 1836.

MY DEAR MADAM: That I formerly had some agency with others of more influence in calling your merit into view, and establishing your character as teacher, I think, upon reflection, is not unlikely. The circumstance had passed from my mind until recalled by your remarks, or I should not have expressed myself as I did. I supposed you had reference more particularly to the part I took in securing your services last spring to our district.

By your being incapable of insincerity, I meant that it was repugnant to your principles. In calling myself to account for errors, I have considered every thing an error which I supposed had the effect of disturbing in any degree the tranquillity of your mind, or of interrupting the even tenor of your way. Farther than that I am not sensible that I have strayed far from the path of rectitude; and as you say you know of nothing in my course that needs forgiveness, I am relieved from much anxiety; though yet I have to regret that any thing should have occurred in discordance with your "choice of things." I will endeavor to explain what I meant by "disordered imagination."

It is that state of mind in which every real or supposed error is magnified by the imagination to a most heinous if not unpardonable offence. By this I have suffered much.

I am well aware that duty to myself and family demands that I be guided by sober reason and correct judgment in all matters, the consequences of which are to be important and lasting. Constant and deep reflection upon this has been the chief employment of my mind, and has weighed heavily there.

R. L.

The two articles last copied were handed me

by Mr. Little as I was about leaving for home at the expiration of my term of school. Believing that I had now arrived at a point where I needed to ask advice, I, as was my custom when in doubt regarding the better way for me to pursue, set apart a reason for private fasting and prayer with especial reference to being led to do my Heavenly Father's will. I had frequently set apart a day for this purpose, because I saw this course commanded by my Master in heaven; but now the object was of such vast consequence, that I felt constrained to fix the time for waiting upon or before God to two consecutive days—Saturday and Sabbath after my return home. I had, a few years before, been solicited to take the place of a departed mother, and had gone so far as to seek God's direction, and then committed the case to my mother, who, though she did not oppose directly, said that that fixed my purpose to decline. I now felt to believe that the counsel of my parents would, under God, lead me to decide according to his holy will. My mother only said: "It would be a great undertaking, and you best know whether you are ready for it." After having asked counsel of One whose promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I did not see it my duty to recede, simply because the undertaking was great, and replied as follows:

Monday Eve, half-past nine,
26th Sept. 1836.

MR. LITTLE: I have this evening re-posed the papers you gave me, (the first time since I left your house,) and presented the subject to my parents, who, as they have ever done, wish me to be guided by my judgment and feelings independent of any other influences.

I know, sir, that duty to you demands that I decide in relation to the subject of our correspondence.

I would that I felt more decided than I do. When I consented to correspond with you, such consent implied that I thought it not improbable I should be disposed to favor such a proposal as you have now made. For me to have done as I then did, with contrary impressions, would have been, under existing circumstances, in my own estimation, an unpardonable offense. I feel, as you express'd, that there are some objections to such a union as you have now proposed; yet knew not but upon deliberation, my regard for your person and character, with numerous other considerations, might overbalance, and induce me to set them aside.

You spoke of inequality in our ages. This I feel to be an objection. I know not the difference. It must be considerable.

Again, the responsibility of one who shall take the place of the mother of your children—the difficulty of doing right, particularly for one of my age, (not to speak of the difficulty of doing what shall be pronounced right by others.)

Another object in which lies with weight upon my mind, is the difference (as I suppose) in our religious feelings. Upon this subject I have learned nothing from you; but you do not profess faith in Christ; and have not in your household an altar to the God of Abraham. Were your feelings like mine upon this subject, probably both these cases would exist. I feel that my highest happiness here is derived from the worship and service of my Maker; that I have

taken up the resolution to pursue the path of duty as pointed out by conscience, (enlightened by the word and Spirit of God,) let the consequences be what they may.

This, I conceive, is the decision and cross of the Christian, which secures an everlasting crown. I do not believe that religion lessens our love of earthly friends; but whenever their wishes and the Saviour's requirements are opposed to each other, the Lord's rules being right, reasonable, and obligatory, and love to him supreme, the true disciples always adheres to them.

Mr. Little, I am not so inconsistent as to suppose that your placing your affections upon me will produce any change in your religious sentiments or feelings, whatever they may be. No; I wish you to know my mind, and if you are aware that you *are*, or *shall be* opposed to a course of life in a companion that accords with such sentiments, duty to yourself and to me requires that you declare it.

I could never be happy if opposed in these things by a near friend; and if unhappy myself, should be unlikely to contribute to the happiness of another.

You will understand that the last topic is what stands in the way of a decision. I confide in your candor, and wait a reply.

Let the issue of our correspondence be what it will, I suppose you would not object to my being employed in the school at Hartford for a time. Perhaps it may conduce to my own improvement. With the highest respect and friendship,

I remain yours,

L. J. ROYS.

Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: I am sensible that your last ought to have been answered before now. The reason why I have delayed so long is, that one part of it caused me some difficulty. I will explain before I close.

You are desirous to know something of my views with regard to the subject of religion, and whether I should be disposed to oppose you in the pursuit and practice of it. You confide in my candor, and I mean not to deceive you.

Although I have never been able to settle my mind satisfactorily with respect to the great mysteries of the Gospel and its important truths, yet I hold in the highest esteem those whom I consider possessed of piety and true religion. I consider it as one of the most valuable appendages to the female character, and one of its brightest ornaments. And permit me to say it was that consideration more than any thing else, that determined me to pay my addresses to you; and if I know my own heart, I have no disposition, nor do I believe I ever shall have, to oppose in a companion the pursuit of its holy purposes, but feel that I should always be disposed rather to encourage her in such pursuit than to throw obstacles in the way.

These remarks are intended as having respect to the practice and pursuit of religion in a general point of view; and could I stop here, I have little doubt that my views would meet your approbation. But that candor in which you confide, compels me to notice a particular part of your letter, which I am more troubled to get along with. Permit me to repeat the words.

You say you "do not believe that religion lessens the love of earthly friends; but when-

ever their wishes and the Saviour's requirements are opposed to each other, the Lord's rules being right, reasonable, and obligatory, and love to him supreme, the true disciple always adheres to them." This seems to open field for argument which I am unwilling to enter, and seems to involve subjects which I am unwilling to discuss. After having written much upon the subject, none of which I am willing to lay before you, I feel under the necessity of letting it remain undisposed of.

I feel that it would be criminal to delay my answer longer; and if I should, it is very uncertain whether I should be able to say any thing which would be satisfactory to you or to myself.

I wrote yesterday, and sealed my letter. This morning I broke it open and wrote again. You have here the result. What you will think of it I know not, but hope you will make every allowance that charity will vouchsafe.

With respect to your going to Hartford, I do not know that it would be prudent for me to say anything. Had this negotiation terminated soon and in my favor, I should hardly have been willing to have you go; but as it is, I hope you will use your own discretion. I hope it will never be my fate to cause much embarrassment or un-happiness to you.

I somewhat fear that the subject of our correspondence has not awakened that interest in you which I had hoped; but you know best.

Please reply as soon as convenient to this, and oblige yours in sincerity and truth,

R. LITTLE.

MISS LAURA J. ROYS.

Monday Eve, Oct. 10th, 1836.

DEAR SIR: The first page of yours of Oct. 8th, removed from my mind the only remaining objection to an acceptance of your proposal, which left me entirely disposed to say that I consent to become yours in the sense implied in the divine institution of marriage. You, sir, have my entire confidence. Had I ever doubted that I should find in you an agreeable companion, as well as kind friend, to have encouraged your addresses would have been entirely inconsistent with my views of propriety. *Indifference* I sought, that I might, if possible, view the subject in its proper light, and exercise that consideration so important a step demands, and have thought best to maintain it until I had an expression of your mind upon the topic I submitted to you.

The quotation from mine upon your second page, I still repeat is the sentiment of my heart. It appears clear to me, and I was not aware that in advancing it I should present any difficulty to your mind, as appears is the case.

Had I time, I would express some of my views of the subject, not expecting to convey light to your mind. My past experience forbids such expectations. Allow me to say, I feel that experimental and practical religion is of chief importance, and believe that if faithfully pursued, all necessary light will be given in relation to other truths.

If your conclusions in relation to interest or duty, differ from what they have been, or if your views or feelings in reference to myself have become changed, you surely will not hesitate to inform me.

I would like an expression of your mind without reserve. Wish you to feel at liberty to tell your own pleasure in regard to writing, or calling, or visiting my father.

Mr. Shears used to say tell my father that Mr. Bills [sic] informed him the General Hart of his supply with teacher, and he (Mr. S.) waited no to send over the rest of the week when I was ready to commence school upon the Phil.

We asked if I would teach a few school periods a sufficient number of pupils were obtained, I replied I did not know that I could do it.

So, I believe, all the best I have given; but I now feel that if no reasons exist why I should do it, it is probably best that I leave it to you. I should be more usefully employed than otherwise, and quietly enjoy myself I trust. If you know of no reasons why it may not be best for me to undertake the school, you may if you please give information that I will endeavor to be in readiness the first of next month.

I trust your goodness will lead you to overlook defects and correct mistakes; and may He who thus far has led me in mercy, guide me in to-morrow day, prepare me for events awaiting me, and truly bless you and yours, is the prayer of her who subscribes herself,

Yours, in sincerity and affection,

L. J. ROYS.

R. LITTLE, Esq.

The chain of written discourse is here broken, through verbal communication having been substituted. Next in order is the following:

"Peace of mind, that long absent friend, that almost total stranger here, seems, my dear Jane, about to revisit me again. Although her dominion is not yet fully established in my breast, yet is it at this of her approach are apparent, my, her presence is already felt. I have but little time now, only a desire to see her whom I love so well. You intend that much of your time will necessarily be taken up in visiting your friends. I shall be sorry to interrupt any of your arrangements, but am desirous to see you before you leave home for your vacation; and propose calling on you on Wednesday the 2d November, in the p.m., to spend a few hours. Or would you not like to come to our neighborhood on Friday or Saturday, before commencing? If so, why had I not better defer my visit till then, and bring you in? Hope you will let me know your pleasure. In case I do not hear from you I hope I shall take your silence for permission, and call on Wednesday. These proposals are submitted, for your sanction. Vary as you please, or decide wholly, as may best suit your convenience or wishes."

I hope you are well and happy. Please write a few lines soon to your affectionate LITTLE.

Mrs. LAURA J. ROYS.

Friday, 21st Oct. 1836.

P. S.—It is understood that your school will commence the first Monday in November—L.

October, 1836.

To have a *friend* speak of "peace of mind" is indeed gratifying; and it is to be hoped that this peace is not too much founded upon an all too

with a frail mortal. If we live long, to be destroyed.

Peace of mind; truly a deluded dream! The absent, and no other good, in delight.

I suppose I am not qualified by experience to sympathize with those whose hearts are burdened with grief or anxiety; no important scenes or special afflictions having fallen to my lot. Yet, have I known my liability to trouble in common with others, and have never cared for a moment to say, "My neighbour stands strong, I shall not be my less." But have I not the importance of having the mind fertilized, and prepared for any event, a righteous Providence may dictate.

The true peace I have known, I have found a consequence of leaving the religion of Jesus, from the purity of which a brief, but truly kind, trial and re-estimate, would have dissuaded me. Now, it is, we are sure, but honest, and considerate my cause, the effect of priesthood and deacons, correctly judged that I voluntarily renounced it, for the real pleasure of life. I passed through, when I fell well the convictions of my own mind, in opposition to his words, it appears to me, that the affection I had warmly borne him, was lewd or quite adulterated. He little knew the grief his easy and remonstrant cause caused me.

I think I am well aware that to *God* is the province of woman—*trust* in *Him*, the omnipotent of *Him* whom I prefer to serve; therefore should she know, if possible, the mind of him to whom she yields herself to obey. L. J. R.

I do not find in my possession the papers referred to under the next date.

Tuesday, 1st Nov. 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: With many pleasure I have perused the papers you handed me last evening, the subject of which gained favor in your sight, and bisected you in my behalf; I greatly fear for my vexation by you. They are, indeed, very flattering as drawn by your hand; but are they not *slattery*? Do I possess them? I dare not my self say that I do; and yet I would be willingly be without them, even on my own account, and much more on yours. But allowing the natural qualities of my heart to be as they may, I feel that the offerings I have collected seem to have (as I have expressed to you) done me no harm. Still I cannot let the favorable to bear up under cross's that I once had. This is as air that floats. Such trifles as would have power to affect me materially. Although I am lately more tranquil for a part of the time, yet I find that I am easily disturbed.

I believe, my dear Jane, that you are not inable that my happiness is now in a great measure in your keeping. I trust you will guard it nicely, even as a scatious Parent would guard his heir, upon the allusion, or a nod, strengthen her virtue, when the least temptation I can might prevail to allow to blight her fame and character as a blossom upon a stem. Do not believe, however, that I will throw the responsibility of my happiness wholly upon you, my dear. I trust you will do what you consider your duty, and that affliction prompts me. I can not ask L.

Nov. 21st, 1836.

DEAR SIR: You do not expect any further written communications from me at present; but I doubt not will indulge me notwithstanding.

I apprehend that you disapprove of some of my management, where, if you knew the reasons by which I am guided, you might judge differently.

You think there was no occasion for the spirit-ed repulse you met, the first morning you called at my father's. Let me tell you what I suppose-nitely led to my conduct at that time.

When I was nineteen years of age, a friend, (and one whom I highly esteemed as such,) requested of me a private interview.

Circumstances were such that I easily mistook his motives, and granted it. He was thereby so much encouraged as to disclose to me what he otherwise would not have done, and when I informed him that I decidedly rejected his suit, he attached blame to me for not declining his request. That I did not, I sincerely repented, with that repentance which leads to the forsaking of a fault. Sympathy for the apparently afflicted, alienated friendship, and the idea of being myself to blame, were like a dagger wounding my heart, and destroying my peace.

The past I could not recall, but resolved not to incur blame any more by encouraging any one whom I believed I should be unwilling to marry. That resolution has prepared me to act decidedly in all similar instances since. The circumstance which I now relate to you, I have carefully concealed from every individual, and have driven as much as possible from my own remembrance.

Allow me to tell you, sir, that you were the fourth individual whose addresses I have had occasion to encourage or decline the present year.

The three first I was prepared to meet from the considerations above mentioned. When first I had intimations of your partiality to me, I doubted not that the objections I have before named to you, would influence me to an immediate decision, should any advances be made on your part, though conscious that your partiality to me was more gratifying than had been that of any other individual. This consciousness led me to hesitate when you informed me you designed to call on me. I knew not that I should ever be willing to marry you, should an opportunity present; and to have incurred blame from *you* as I had before done, (in reference to the friend above mentioned,) would have been to me a severe trial, indeed.

I dare not, as in the former case, mistake your motives; felt that I was willing to take the subject into consideration, and thought best to decline an interview with you at that time, and say that I could only consent to a written correspondence.

The rest you know.

Another thing I have in mind. You said with so much seriousness the other evening, you expect to be very lonely this winter.

Do you think that I, without justifiable reasons, have deferred our marriage? I am certain that I wish to do all that duty and propriety will admit, to contribute to your enjoyment; yes, am happy in so doing. But with myself, the bare mention of one's marrying soon after the death of a companion, has seemed to imply censure. The circumstances which, in your view and that of your friends, make it necessary in your case,

would not be known or considered as far as our marriage would be known; and further, slanderous tongues did say of you that your partiality for another rendered you indifferent to your companion during her life; and have since been ready to say that you had other motives than to secure my services as teacher, in the part you took to effect that object.

These are the considerations which induced me to defer marriage, and if they do not serve to convince you that I am correct, will you, at least, admit that they are sufficient excuse for me?

Should it remain your choice, (Providence permitting,) I hold myself bound to be yours; to enter upon an untried station, with the duties of which I am unacquainted, and to discharge which I am in a great measure disqualified. I am willing to become a learner; but you will suffer me to remind you that "moderate expectations are an excellent safeguard of the mind." Should you yet conclude that you have erred in your selection, and seek to correct that error, you know I hold myself in readiness for such an event, and should acknowledge it right.

R. LITTLE.

L. J. ROYS.

SHEFFIELD, 24th Nov. 1836.

MY DEAR MADAM: Many thanks are due for your late communication. I have read it over many times, and every time with an increased sense of your goodness, and of my obligations to you for it. You are mistaken, to be sure, in supposing that I disapprove of any thing you have done. Although I was not perfectly satisfied with certain decisions at the time, I have since been convinced that every thing has been done right on your part, and the reasons you now give confirm me more strongly in that opinion. You speak of things with relation to yourself, which are entirely new to me, and in which I can not but feel a deep interest. But who is the vile wretch that dared to use the slanderous language of which you speak? If it is a man, and not beneath my notice — excuse me, I dare not attempt to express my feelings upon this subject, lest I might be betrayed to use language which would not become me when addressing you.

I entreat you not to feel uneasy about my loneliness. I have felt less of it this week, and am not without hopes that I shall get along very well. At any rate, do not suffer yourself to pity me, for that I could not well endure.

Yours, truly, RALPH LITTLE.
MY JANE.

Monday Eve, Dec. 5th, 1836,
10 minutes before 10.

Seated alone as I am by a comfortable fire, with pen, ink, and paper before me, I am tempted to write a few lines for Mr. L——. That, however, he will disapprove. But methinks I can write a few minutes without doing injustice to any one. I recollect hearing uncle Newman tell, last winter, of one person who said he would not have the service of such as were about getting married. I replied: "If that is the way people feel, I will not teach school after I think of marrying." You think, do you not, sir, I should have kept my word? I think I should have practiced less idle talk; but in reference to all the engage-

ments into which I have since entered, I have done what I considered right and for the best. I am sensible that I may have erred, and find daily cause to be thankful for unprejudiced. In the discharge of duty.

Sometimes uncle would almost complain of the verity of the winter, when I would repeat to him what I recollect of a hymn read by Mr. Clark at an evening meeting, namely:

"Although the winter has been long,
The spring shall all its wastes repair."

Spring soon came, and as rapidly passed. Thus with human life; its gloom and its sunshine will soon have all passed by. But hope points me to a brighter world, where joy is constant, untroubled and unceasing. I think I have found by experience that to live with a constant reference to that state, sweetens the cup of life, and smooths its rugged path. You ask me, kind sir, what makes me love you. I will tell you as nearly as I can discover by searching my life. A firm belief that you were a man of sense, of correct principles and habits, possessed of a kind heart and a mind congenial with my own, and had for me all the partiality needed. This I suppose the ground of attachment, which I feel to be daily growing and strengthening. And the thought that I may be as happy, respected, and useful in your family as at present, has made me willing to consent to marry you.

L. J. R.

Dec. 16th, 1836.

MY DEAR JANE: However strange it may appear to you, that a person who has not experienced a change of heart, one so decided of religion as you most surely are to be, can have faith enough in his Maker to believe that his prayers to him are sometimes heard and answered, I assure you will not be disposed to accuse me of insincerity or hypocrisy when I tell you that I think I have reason so to believe. You may also be surprised to hear that one so bright I should pray at all. I do not, however, consider myself so far depraved as not to know well my dependence on my Maker for life and health, and all the blessings I enjoy. Few, indeed, are the nights that do not witness (when I lay my head in my pillow) my humble and earnest appeals to Him who ruleth events and who is most unindulgent of the ways of the children of men. But my petitions and devotions are offered in earnest. I do not feel worthy to make them otherwise. Although my most ardent appeals have often been without avail, I have thought that in many instances they have been heard and answered. So very most heart-rending affliction, the chief burden of my prayer has been that God, in his infinite mercy, would enable me to become submissive to his holy will and pleasure, and to the dispensations of his all-wise Providence; that he would guide and direct me in the path of my duty; that he would encircle my children in the arms of his protecting care, and give me grace to do my duty toward them as their earthly parent, and that he would protect us all from sin and every evil, and guide us in the ways of righteousness and truth. I have also often and fervently prayed that I might be guided by his unerring spirit in making choice of a companion for my future life; that he would direct my choice to one who would be to my bereaved children

wife, a protestant kind and affectionate mother, and to my child a kind affectionate friend and companion, a solace and a comfort. In answer to these my prayers, I have felt to believe that I was directed to thee, my dear Jane, and have received the pledges of thy love, with the warmest gratitude to Him, the Giver of all good gifts; and hope by aid of him to be rendered worthy the possession of so rich a blessing.

Forget me not, Jane, in your devotions.
Read and return to him who loves you.

R. L.

Monday Eve, 10 o'clock, Dec. 19th, 1836

DEAR MR. LITTLE: With mingled emotions do I attempt to speak to you in this silent language. You know not the joy it affords your Jane to learn from yours if that you are not a stranger to devotion.

That the inspirer and hearer of prayer, He who sees in secret, witnesseth your supplications to his throne. No, I will not suspect you in here. Why should you wish to deceive me now. O Mr. Little! I have the fullest assurance of the efficacy of prayer; and in proportion as I love my friends do I desire to see them with childhood's purity, eager to be taught the Lord. May your prayers avail; and in nowise to them may wisdom and prudence, kindness and affection be bestowed upon her whom you have chosen to be the part of wife and mother. While some of my friends are unwilling I should involve myself in the cares and duties of such a family as yours, I find it in my heart to fear more, yea, much more, that I shall do wrong than that I shall do right. We can not even know ourselves until tried, and if my goodness is to stand a severer trial than ever before, I can not know what will be the result. My prayer has long been, and still is, that my heavenly Father will teach me the path of duty, and give me a heart to practice it. I hope, Mr. Little, you will never be blind to my faults, but in meekness will teach me to correct them. Can one who knows so well the blessings of kind parents ever be otherwise than kind in discharging the duties of parent, especially to the children of him for whom he is willing to leave father and mother? Did I not know the truth that the human heart is deceitful, I should readily say, No. If I know myself, attachment with me is deep and abiding. I have no idea of rational enjoyment but they are associated with home. How much truth is contained in the short sentence, "Tis home where the heart is." This truth has led me to regard the dwelling of my parents, the sanctuary of God and heaven, as my home, while I have been enabled to have so much of my heart with my employment as to enjoy the home to which I have been returning with joy. Is it because I have surrendered my heart, that I now feel that the shade of Mr. Little is the home that I desire?

I wished to say more, when I wrote to you, but could not. A covered heart, which at one time defends clearly at another day loses half its praise. I am ever glad to hear from you.

R. L.

January 20th, 1837.

I must fear that you are considerably more in what I have informed you of my religious opinions. I am willing you should know my

heart, but would not have you entertain hopes that may be deceived. I would have you to understand, as I have before informed you, that I have considered myself far from possessing vital piety as taught and required by the precepts of the Gospel. However necessary or desirable a true understanding of these precepts may be, I have never been able, as I have told you before, to settle my mind satisfactorily in relation to them. That I believe in a Creator and Governor of all things, is no merit in me; for who can behold the wondrous works of nature, the order in which they are held, the regularity with which the seasons pass and return, with all the other wonders which we daily behold, and say there is no God? And who believe there is a God of such power, such goodness to mortals, and not reverence and adore? Why, then, believing thus, do I not live a different life?

Is there not a strange inconsistency in this? And yet strange as it may seem to you, I have thus believed, and thus lived from early life; and often prayed for a light of the knowledge of the truth; for grace to know, and a heart to perform my duty in all things. And yet where am I? Not, perhaps, considered as the most depraved of mortals, yet as far to all appearance from what you would have me, as when my manhood commenced. I hope I shall never feel a disposition to oppose you, or any one else, in the pursuit of religion.

When I look upon my past life, I can see that I have been brought through many trials, many dangers, and am yet preserved: for what end is known only to Omnipotence. What I gave you in writing upon this subject was not to deceive you, for as you observe, I could have no object in that now, but it was to let you know the truth so far as I know myself, and my own heart. But oh! the heart of man, how little known to himself. If my course of life has not been, and is not now in consonance with what I—

The article above is copied from the unfinished manuscript given me by Mr. Little.

Sabbath Eve, Jan. 22d, 1837.

DEAR SIR: My heart is unusually sad this evening, for which I can assign no especial reason.

But *hope* is the bright *baw* in the clouds that come over the human mind. I expect that sadness will soon be dispelled, as well as that the storm that now casts a gloom over the face of nature will soon have passed by; to be succeeded, indeed, by alternate sunshine and gloom. I have had recourse to a perusal of the letters and papers in my possession from your hand, which revive, among other kindred emotions, a sense of obligation, for expressing which I suppose I shall not now be thought insincere.

I find in your last some things to which I would like to reply. If I mistake not, you have somewhere expressed that you would love God for the excellency of his character, yet in the above-named communication speak of yourself as not having experienced a change of heart; which presents a difficulty to my mind, as I never supposed I loved God until I had ceased to refuse compliance with the Gospel terms of salvation. You will permit me to inquire in what way we may have evidence that our prayers are answered, without having the same degree of evidence, that

we have been led by the Spirit of God, or in other words, regenerated by his Spirit.

Wednesday Eve, Feb. 1st.

You say in a later communication, you suppose you are as far from what I would have you be in religion, as when you entered the stage of manhood.

I reply, it appears evident to me that if we are truly the servants of God, we have that regard for his glory which leads us to desire that all his creatures may love and serve him, and that our love of our friends leads us to wish to see them blessed with the possession of that godliness which hath promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. And further, our own joy arising from intercourse with earthly friends is greatly heightened when they delight in the service of Christ. Here, then, are three reasons why I (if I am what I profess to be) should wish you to be a disciple of that Master in heaven whom I desire to serve.

I have long been of opinion that for a believer to marry an unbeliever is inexpedient, if not unscriptural; have not unfrequently expressed this opinion to others, and though I do not promise not to change my opinion, held firmly to this until I became convinced of your partiality for me. I regarded you as an unrenewed person, and was surprised at myself on finding my scruples vanish; and fearing lest undue creature attachment should cause me to swerve from the path of Christian duty, I resolved on a season of especial prayer for direction; and on returning home at the close of my school, appointed (in my own mind) the two succeeding days for private fasting and prayer.

I earnestly besought of my heavenly Father to guide me into the way which should be agreeable to his will, and where I should best serve the ends of my existence here.

I attained a state of mind in which I felt prepared for whatever event might ensue; presented the subject to my parents, as I have before told you, thinking perhaps their advice would lead me to a decision.

But as they declined saying any thing to influence, I wrote to you what conscience dictated, and awaited your reply without much solicitude.

I probably should not have related all of the above, had not some things you have written led, or rather opened the way; for which I thank you.

I know that important consequences must result from such a union as we now contemplate; but may we not hope that He who ruleth all things, and whose guidance we each have aimed to seek, designs that we thereby shall be truly blessed?

For this I would still pray.

I am not conscious of being actuated by any motives while entering into this engagement but those which I suppose ought to influence in such affairs, and my mind has remained unmoved. Did you ever think me influenced by the idea of your being rich?

Pardon the inquiry. Your remarks the other evening led to it.

I am not aware that my heart is yet much set upon riches. I hope for the comforts and conveniences of life as long as I need them; but if denied, hope for a submissive spirit.

I love the simple elegance of life when attained; think it duty and rurality indispensible in all stations; regard idleness and tamely extravagance as more intent with Christ than character, and destructive of true enjoyment. In reply to you, I certainly do agree with you that cheerfulness is a virtue, but would not have you think that I ever designed to accuse you of a want of it. I was conscious of a penitent timorousness of the evening referred to, and knew not the cause, unless the circumstance of visiting my parents with you brought to mind more readily than usual the idea of separation.

Accept this as a token of affection, and be assured that a line from your hand is ever

Gratuitously received by

R. LITTLE, Esq.

L. J. ROYS.

The following was handed me before the latest date in the preceding, and is there responded to:

Tuesday, 31st Jan. 1837.

DEAR JANIE: You forget I was unusually serious on the evening we spent at your father's. I do not think it unlikely that I appeared so, although I was not sensible of it. Do you think it strange, considering the trials through which I have passed, and the present situation of my family, that melancholy, the natural product of such visitations, should occasionally cast its shadow over my countenance, and even now and then draw a sigh from my bosom? Would it not be still more strange were every trace of those afflictions so soon obliterated from my mind, and I were able at all times to wear the countenance of joy and cheerfulness?

I consider cheerfulness a duty. I rank its name amongst the virtues, amongst which it is by no means the last. I think it ought to be cultivated as a social and a Christian virtue. Yet it is not in human nature, at least I find it not in mine, to dispel at all times and keep aloof the adverse principle, call it what you will, depression, melancholy, or seriousness. These are very apt, at times, to intrude themselves unawares into the heart and take possession there, unless we are constantly on our guard; and who can at all times be sufficiently guarded against so insidious a foe?

I suppose seriousness is somewhat constitutional with me, and there have been many occurrences in my life calculated to nourish it and facilitate its growth. Yet it has seldom had its dominion for any great length of time, unaccompanied by a degree of cheerfulness. I am ever pleased with cheerfulness in others, and like to partake it with them. I have pleasure in associating with those whose minds are elastic and lively. Their spirits are contagious, and have a happy influence upon those around them; and I think you agree with me that cheerfulness is not inconsistent with earnest, holy duties. After reading this you will not, perhaps, wonder that a want of vivacity is frequently apparent in my deportment. As far as ready for my disease, (if I may so call it,) I know of no one so chearful as your society.

I hope your letter will be ready soon; but do not let the finishing of it interfere in the least with your convenience or your pleasure; and accept this as another token of the affection of him who loves you dearly.

R. LITTLE.

Feb. 16th, 1837.

MY DEAR JANIE: The calm, the mild, the silent reproof of a friend is, I believe, often more efficacious in awakening us to a sense of our frailties and mistakes, and in disposing us to leave the first, and to endeavor to correct the latter, than is the more common mode of reproaching, complaining or expostulating. Perhaps it is because we are more willing to set ourselves right when we are led to do so, than to be corrected directly by another. The latter mode may possibly be sometimes considered as implying inactivity in ourselves, which I believe few are willing to feel, and fewer still to acknowledge. The principal objection that seems to present itself to the foregoing manner of reproof is, that as it leaves us to enjoy the end, we are liable to be mistaken with respect to the wrong we have done, having only the effect it produces to find out the cause.

I think you will not be likely to mistake the subject to which I am about to refer.

You will doubtless recollect that at our late interview, you asked me if there were no objections. My reply was there were none.

I now say that I believe there were none expressed; but surely there are, or ought to be, conditions implied in every case of the kind, and such conditions I acknowledge to exist in this case. Have I then been so unfortunate as to put into such conditions? I am confident in saying, that whatever infringement of the kind has happened on my part, has been either involuntary or purely accidental.

Alas! how difficult for human weakness to guide the bark of life in safety through the troubled ocean of its eventful course; be it as it is on every side by the winds of adverse fortune, the turbulent waves of afflictive dispensations, or the raging storms of warring passions. And, alas! how dearly do we often have to pay for the least variation to the right or to the left from the narrow and often obscure channel of safety. Happy, three happy are they who have an ever-watchful pilot within to guide them safely through the shoals and breakers of this tempestuous sea.

I was not aware till our late interview, that I had in the least transgressed, nor then till remitting after I left you, on what had then transpired; and now, my dear girl, since I am not conscious of having violated expressed or implied conditions, I am not without hope that your goodness, if not your regard for me will readily absolve me, (when you are satisfied that I have suffered a penalty sufficient for the offence.)

Yours truly,

R. LITTLE.

Miss L. J. ROYS.

Tuesday Eve, Feb. 18th, 1837.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR. In reply to what you suggested Sabbath evening, I wish to inquire if it would be opposed to your wishes for me to defer marriage till May, and not accompany you to New-York. I would have liked an opportunity for verbal explanation on the subject of your letter that evening. You have never offended me. I know not whether to infer that I have recently given offence. You will (I dare not say) agree with me, that if a female err, it is better that her error be on the side that defends character.

Please tell me plainly of my faults, and believe me, yours truly, sincerely, and affectionately,
R. L. L. J. R.

Sabbath Eve, March 5th, 1837.

I would not be an idolater, nor willingly be idolized. Love is the duty of all rational creatures; the proper incentive to the performance of all other duties, and the only source of all true bliss.

To let the love of earthly friends stand in the way of love and duty to God, is wrong. Not to love our friends is a violation of God's commands. I would that my attachment to every object might be in accordance with the divine will.

This I am convinced is the sure way to bless and to be blessed.

The above is suggested by the idea that my mind is of late too often wandering from the topics which should engross it in the time of public worship.

Would you like to go out on a visit to-morrow evening? Aunt Newman intends to be at father's, and would like to have me visit there attended by yourself. I wish you, sir, to act as your own pleasure and convenience dictate.

Please send me word in the morning.

To Mr. LITTLE.

L. J. ROYS.

Monday Morn, March 6th, 1837.

Good morning, my dear Jane. How very pleasant it is. The present prospect is, that the good sleighing will not continue long. Would you like to ride this evening? With respect to the time of starting, the direction, and the destination, choose for yourself. With respect to company, it may not be very good.

I can promise you but LITTLE.

Monday, 6th March, 1837.

DEAR JANE: Have you read the note which I inclosed in your package this morning? Since writing that, I have read yours of last evening, in answer to which I have to say that nothing could afford me more pleasure than to comply with your kind invitation of visiting with you at your father's to-morrow evening; and nothing that I now know of will prevent my doing so. It is now too late for me to get this to you as early as you requested, which I regret, but hope you will receive it this afternoon.

Yours, truly, R. LITTLE.

Because it is my aim to show, as far as possible, the true workings of Mr. Little's mind, I copy all that I find of what he was led to give me in writing, pertaining to myself, previous to our marriage. The two following are without date, and with a form of prayer of his own, bring this portion of my work to a close.

Do you wish to know what induced me to go to your father's and call upon you *at that time?* I will tell you. On Friday previous, perhaps you will recollect being at the store and speaking to me about getting some books for you. I then supposed from what I could discover, that you were desirous of communicating something to me, which you could not, on account of some one being present. Knowing that you could not ask for an opportunity, I thought it incumbent on me to offer one, and could think of no place so appropriate as your father's. How mistaken

I was in my surmises you can tell, and how improper the course I took, you can judge also. My first reception was polite indeed and charming beyond expression; but it ill prepared me for what was so soon to follow.

But as it was for your sake that I encountered it, I complain not; my own purposes would not have led me there at that time.

THE CONTRAST.

A modest, meek, imploring, confiding, tender look—not devoid of solicitude—and full of innocence and sweetness.

Oh! wear that look again for me.

A distant look of icy coldness—not devoid of reproach—and expressive of injured feeling or offended pride.

Oh! never wear that look for me.

I may not speak of the following as pertaining directly to myself, but rather indirectly.

Supremely wise, supremely high and holy God! we would come before thee at this time with humility and meekness of spirit, acknowledging our sins and many transgressions; acknowledging our own helplessness and our entire dependence on thee, our Creator, our preserver, and our great and only benefactor. Give us hearts of gratitude, O God! for all the mercies which we are daily and hourly receiving at thy hands. Enable us to call home our wandering thoughts, that are too apt to stray far from thee, and to dwell on the vanities of the world. Cast us not off, O God! nor forsake us, but be thou our guide and our protector. Forgive us all our past sins, we pray thee. Protect us from sin and every evil in future, and guide us in the ways of righteousness and truth, that we may stray no more. Enable us to live as accountable and dependent creatures. Continue thy mercies, and extend thy blessings to us, we beseech thee. Bless us in our endeavors to be useful to ourselves and our fellow-creatures while on earth.

O God! enable me, thine unworthy servant, I pray thee, to do my duty towards the children which thou hast given, and permitted to remain with me to the present time. Give me wisdom and grace from on high to deal with them, as in duty bound, as their earthly parent. But, O God! my arm is but the arm of flesh, weak indeed, and frail as the morning flower. Wilt thou therefore, O God! extend thy protecting care, and thy benevolent hand to them? Encircle them in the arms of thy love. Preserve them from the evil temptations, from the follies and vanities of the world, and guide their young and tender minds in the ways of virtue, of truth, and of peace.

Give them hearts of love to one another. Give them to know and do their duty towards their remaining earthly parent and their fellow-beings; and as they grow in years may they grow in grace and usefulness, and in knowledge of thee their heavenly Father.

Make the path of duty plain before them, O God! and give them hearts to walk therein.

Bless them in all their useful endeavors, and in all their laudable undertakings through life; and may we all be finally received into thy presence, to dwell with thee through a never-ending eter-

nity, and the praise, O God! shall be thine for evermore. Amen.

Thus did he, who may justly be compared to Saul of Scripture renown—Saul, either the former or the latter, ~~which remained in the personal spirit of his mind~~, confess to his inherited and chosen self, that he was willing to rank among those that pray. I have learned that the mother of the children who are subjects of the prayer above quoted, four years before her death, sought and found peace through believing in Jesus. As a natural consequence, she greatly desired that her husband and children should become partakers of this grace of life. But he repulsed her in a manner of which I will not speak here, (but may hereafter,) and left her with a greatly tried faith, to walk alone (in her house) before the God of the everlasting covenant.

Nearly one year before Mrs. Little's death, George, their youngest, and a most interesting child of six years, sickened and died. Then Mr. Little was heard to express a conviction of the truth that Mrs. Little had, in her faith, a support which was denied him. He has told me, that his grief at the death of that child, was to him a seemingly unendurable agony; and but for that fact, I should feel obliged to look upon him as a willful hypocrite in his allusion to "heart rending afflictions" rather than a self-deceived man; inasmuch as he told me, before my own marriage, that the death of Mrs. Little was no great affliction to him, because she had no affection for him, and very little for her children. This announcement was to me then "a mystery," given for time to unfold. What time has done for me, I am endeavoring that these pages shall do for others—for the benefit of those who shall come after. At the time of my marriage, Mr. Little had, through God's dispensations, thwarting his own expectations, been brought into a higher light than when, in firm self-reliance, he first laid the foundations of his house. But, as a child of this world, he was much wiser than as a child of light, simply because he had studied and practiced in the way written out by proper authorities longer. Nevertheless, like Saul of Tarsus, he now prays. And God hears prayer! yes, the prayer of the blind, and instructs some servant or handmaid to go and lead such by the hand, till the scales shall fall from their eyes.

And was this to be my blissful mission? To take this toil-worn son of Adam by the hand, or walk before him in the narrow way, till he should find the green pastures and the still waters, where his fainting soul might be restored before he should go hence? Doubtless, this would have been my happy lot, had not the enemy of all good on earth found out a way to destroy his confidence in me. This, I am fully persuaded, he did by disguising himself in the garb of an angel of mercy in the form of human sympathy.

However, the work denied me was given to her whom I should, under God, raise up for that purpose; and did I not, in a faint which is the evidence of things not seen, behold them (the leader and the led) in the "better land" of which our "green pastures and still waters" are but types, I could not expect to survive the labor of writing out the coming sections of this chapter.

SECTION II.

LENT my work in the chapters to be looked upon as a creature of the imagination, and of recent birth, I shall, besides giving a summary of my married life, copy from letters and diary, with a view to showing how ~~or what~~ my heart spoke out of its abundance during this period, for when one stands accused of insincerity and hypocrisy, while no deeds are brought forward to prove that such accusation is just, we most naturally look for its proof in the secret counsels of the heart, or in its communications with the beloved on whom it leans.

Previous to my marriage, Mr. Little told me he believed those families were most happy who dispensed with hired servants, and incurred it if I were willing to do with the assistance of his daughter, by hiring washing and such work as we were not sufficient for.

To this I readily assented. The first summer after my marriage, an aged woman who had been much in the family during Mrs. Little's life, came to me with an important message. Mrs. Little, before her decease, had requested her, if she should live to see the second mother in her family, to tell that second mother it was her desire she should teach her daughters ~~industry and religion~~.

Mr. Little also told me, that she had said to him, she hoped he would never bring a godless woman into his family, and showed me the leaf turned by her own hand in the family Bible to the chapter giving an account of Abraham's sending his servant to find a wife for his son Isaac. Thus was I made to feel that God had been sending me hither in answer to the prayers of the pious dead.

I engrossed in the work of teaching and learning with high hopes and new-flushed joys, and for a time all went on prosperously. I clearly saw there was a defective system of government, or rather a defective government because without system, but did not expect to legislate to the revolutionizing of the house; for I disclaimed all jurisdiction where I was not the natural or delegated ruler, and no one can delegate a power he does not possess. My husband lacked authority, and there was in his family an evil, like hereditary taint in the system, to be borne with until carefully treated until, perchance, it may be outgrown. Beside, I have already shown that I, as a woman, held to my right of leaving men and larger boys to govern themselves and each other while I was ever ready to grant information, to the best of my ability, to such as were pleased to come to me for it, with proper regard to the time, place, and manner. To govern myself according to the principles I had imbibed, and superintend the work and ways of the house of my husband carrying out his suggestions as far as in my power, was my field of labor. To this I assiduously applied myself, and with as much success as my most sanguine hopes anticipated.

My husband was strong to stand at the retail trade, with reference to providing for his house, and I was strong to look after the accounts of the subjects of his providential care, just as far as requested.

But in doing this, I was discovered by the children and their sympathizers to be acting a very selfish as well as a very unfeeling rôle,

No sooner did a reflux influence reach the family through the complaints of the children under the new state of things, from those who stood without, taking observations, than did darkness brood over the countenance of my husband toward me. This being attended with silence, left me to "conjecture only" with respect to the real or imagined wrong I had done. It had been my fortune through all of my school life, to be left to discover the thoughts upon the printed page, without aid from a living teacher.

Why my heavenly Father should give me so great a thirst for knowledge, and yet confine me to so limited a stream, had been to me, in early life, a mystery.

Now was I in an early stage of my married life left to wonder at the dealings of his providence, through the dealings of my husband toward me.

In all my experience and observation, I had not met a government where sentence was pronounced and executed without a specified offense. My husband had placed in my hands the papers from which I had learned his ideas of female training and female character; and I had been made happy in seeing that my fortune enabled me to meet his demands on that score.

Yet it was evident his claims were not met; and to learn the cause and the remedy, if possible, was a new study put into my hands, (shall I say?) nay, but into my head and my heart; for methinks the heart had now somewhat to do. While I wondered at the ways of my Maker in these new dispensations, I was not left to distrust. I believed and rested on the word which teacheth that all things shall work for good to those that love God.

That I loved God was proved to my own consciousness, by the sweet communings I enjoyed with him through his word and prayer, both in the closet and the public sanctuary. That, under God, I loved my husband, was proved to me by the pain experienced, when sweet communings were denied me, without any explained cause. But as I was treated by him with a formal respect before others, I had only to lock my sorrows in my lonely, restless bosom, except as I poured them out before One who invites the heavy-laden to come unto him for rest. Whether another among the daughters of men has poured out such a profusion of sorrows to this Omnipotent Receiver, is known only to himself; but of this I am confident, he is precious to the soul, in proportion as he has taken off its burden; and he has taken from my soul an amount sufficient to have crushed me to a literal death a thousand times, but for this relief. For this cause I can no more write an epistle which does not resound his praise, than could the Apostle, who was as one born out of due time.

What could be the cause of my husband's disaffection? True, his children were disorderly, but that was not a new thing, and therefore could not be my fault. Besides, there was an evident improvement in the general aspect of the house. They groaned under the toils of life, light as they were in comparison with those about them. But to groan under the burden of life is the lot of mortals.

They were healthy and strong. Their father was sole proprietor of the oldest and most pros-

perous mercantile establishment in the town, beside owning real estate which he valued at five or six thousand dollars. The latter alone constitutes a healthy working family rich in such a town as ours.

Mr. Little desired and expected *his* to be a working family. This he taught them by precept and example. But how was this teaching to be enforced? Ah! here was the difficulty. Strict frugality and economy had ever been associated with the name of the house. But for a mother-in-law to appoint duties which had been performed by hired help during the life of the natural mother, to the daughters whose mother had been laid to rest in the grave, was seen to be an absurd abuse of power, a cruelty which called aloud for indignation. When rumors of this reached my ears through the children, I treated the affair as I had learned during my teacher-life, to treat similar offenses, which must needs come in such a world as ours. I knew from whom I had accepted my call to the office I held, and the instructions I had received, and with studying to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man, I was willing to wait for time to report between myself and neighbors, who was the most wise in her own house.

To my husband I felt myself bound to do all things agreeably to his will, as far as in my power. I can now conscientiously say that I can not recall an instance when he ever asked a favor or a service of me to himself, to which I did not cheerfully respond, so long as he suffered me to live with him. But he had expectations which could not in the nature of things be realized. I once heard him tell our little boy that when himself a boy his father hired him to a man who scolded him, and he ran away. My inference is, that he never yielded to any authority of parent or master in early life, but was taught by a necessity (the curse more than the blessing of which had fixed his mental gaze) to govern the outward man rather than the inward spirit; and as he increased in stature and in favor with man, he increased in strength of purpose that his own will should be done. He was fully sensible of his dependence upon man (in the masculine form) for the management of affairs, so as to carry out his own decrees. By exercising *faith* in man, he gained *honor* from man, and to one who by his own personal efforts has elevated himself so as to receive from man the plaudit, "Well done," honor from *woman* and from God must come as a matter of course, or rather as a matter of merit. When, in his experience, the honor which he received from woman was only in proportion to the faith he had in her, and the consequent honor he bestowed upon her, and also the honor received from God similarly proportioned, instead of meekly studying to solve the mystery, or to *search out the cause he knew not*, he suffered his spirit to chafe as a volcanic fire in the mountain's breast. After the death of her whom he had chosen in youth to be the partner of his life, he doubtless saw something of his past errors; and at the time he selected one who was in visible communion with the Church on earth, (a communion which his spirit had denied to her who had now joined the Church triumphant,) he possessed an increase of faith in woman and in God. But he had given to his children, by heri-

tage and by education, a predominance of the selfish passions, and immense power of will, and also as he initiated them into his own corruption, a *craft*, which lawfully (to human view) he resigns to it. Had he resolved rightly he would have seen that they naturally looked first in wonder and in God, and that time and experience were necessary to root out the errors which would spring from such a soil under such culture as had been given.

His *very real regret* seemed to be this: I have never yielded to other outward restraint than I have imposed upon myself out of respect to popular favor, and I am better than the average of men. I expect my children to do as well as I have done, without any more outward restraint, because they are of my blood. He in early life saw before him the self-denying labor of bringing his home out of the wilderness, and placing it in a fruitful field. His children saw no self-denying effort needed for them. He naturally expected that a sense of gratitude would lead them to respect and obey him. But they could no more appreciate what they had never been deprived of, than could other mortals. He himself did not think of *any* thing that he might obey his Maker's self-denying rules, because he gave him daily to breathe the breath of life. The first mother of his children had said, (as I was told by a young lady who once acted as governess in the family,) that when her husband was gone to New-York for a week, she would be able to get the children under very good discipline but as soon as their father returned, her work was all undone. The eldest daughter said to Lent Roys while he lived so near us, after my labors commenced in the family, as to see for himself something of her course at home: 'The reason I am so bad is because I have never been governed. My mother would have governed me, but my father always took my part.'

When I entered the family, I had dealt with the world of mind too long to expect to sow and reap on the same day. I knew that self-denying effort in one direction or another is needful for every mind that is destined to bear responsibility of its own.

To encourage this rather than to command it, was ever my preference. Hence I had done much in the way (which I consider godlike) of keeping a written record which should tell without mistake, at the end of my term, the department and the progress of the accountable. As I could not *trust* in the record now before me, the record was my only instrument. But it appeared that "somebody" outside heard of it, and talked so about it, that the cost must be abridged. My work only lay with the two daughters. What vor the son had to do with carrying out reproofs, or bringing in petitions to the head from whom I received instructions, is known to the Judge of all the earth. I have not made any inquiries or written any records in that direction. Outward courtesy has generally (not always) existed between myself and them. When my husband said, *which he did*, I did it, and waited to see how *error* might be maintained under another discipline. I now had occasion to take to God a promissory note given with the sanction of his own name, and urge immediate payment. It was written by his servant James, and is as follows: "If any of you lack

wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all man liberally, and uprightness: and it shall be given him." If any of my readers are disposed to doubt this being my property, *because* the promise is made to *men*, so will they excuse me, that the word *men* is there given to be the translator. The *promise* is made to *all*, of whom I am one.

Distrust was in the house, but *confidence* still abode in its head, that I did not suspect his workings there. Yet so it was. He who so late in life had set out to be rich toward God, and looking for a miraculous interpretation to meet the lusts of his own spirit; and because it was not granted, he suffered the seducing spirit where he dwelt in peace from his own bosom, in Lent Roys' house, to return and dwell there, causing the last state to be worse than the first. He has not written or spoken *privately* the faults of the second woman who was his help in banishing his house. What he has written I will copy into this; and what he has spoken I can only tell you from memory. The first direct or specific reproof came in this wise: I spoke to him of the impulsive ness of one of the daughters. He only replied: "That is because she is a *girl*."

Of course that set me aside from attempting directly to teach the daughter to rule her own spirit, and drove me to the other sanctuary for a more complete conquest over self. For I believed that the encouragement from God, when he says, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," is meant for women as well as her lord, and that training a daughter thus, as in other right ways, brings its reward.

The next rebuke came in this form: "You profess to desire to do good. Never was a better field open before one, and you have refused to occupy." I was greatly surprised and greatly grieved at the charge, and besought him to tell some particular instances where I had been in the wrong. He replied: "I won't descend to particulars; your whole spirit is wrong, working an inner-current for the destruction of myself and house."

I solemnly assured him that in all my course I had done according to the best of my judgment. He replied: "Then your judgment ain't much." I had great grief of heart at this declaration. I felt my weakness and my wants. But I had comfort in the promise: "The neck will be girdle in judgment; the neck will be taught his law." I had now opportunity for the practice of meekness such as I never before enjoyed.

The next *not-spoken complaint* was about four years after my marriage. The two daughters were getting confirmed in baptism of Christ, and I felt constrained to open my lips to their father, who had long been silent toward me respecting them, and suggest the desirableness of placing one of them from home for the benefit of both in this particular. Then did the long-burdened fires of his breast give vent in a tone and manner indescribable, with the intermission of inquiry: "Who has asked your advice in relation to my children?" Of that the man whose words of love and protest of kindness had won my heart could have said to me as I would have said to him: "Please don't advise until your advice is asked." I would have said, "I understand, and I obey." On *after* this, he called me to re-enact for openly rebuking a daughter, and

pronounced me "insignificant and contemptible." I ceased to reprove. I expected by a correct course in his eyes to become restored to his favor. I expected that time would show the true cause of, and the true remedy for, the ills which then wounded his peace, and at least to be able to smooth his passage to the grave, and point him, as he looked for a security which money or lands can not give, to the Lamb of God who tsketh away the sin of the world. But while I ceased to reprove, I controlled the work of my own hands, and governed the child whom God had given me according to my own judgment, treating with due respect (as far as I understood) all those with whom I came in contact either at home or abroad. I had no contention with my husband, or with his children, or with the neighbors. God prospered me in the work of my hands. I felt that my husband and his children hated me without cause. I was informed that very much was said against me. I had once said in my house my faith is: "Take care of character, and reputation will take care of itself." My husband now told me: "Your reputation is very low." I received the statement in silence, grieved at the change which had come over him. I felt as strong and as pure in character as when, according to his own testimony, my reputation was high.

For the sake of contrast, I will relate the following: In June of the summer in which my husband first paid his addresses to me, and which had their commencement in August, a friend of mine gave me this compliment. She said a lady of Egremont inquired of her if Miss Roys was about to be married. She replied, not that she knew of. The lady says: "Mr. ——, of Sheffield, told us that a widower upon the plain is going to marry the best girl in Sheffield, and we thought it must be Miss Roys." Twelve years later, another friend looked from the window of a house upon the plain, and said to the family as she saw me entering the yard: "Mrs. Little is coming in." A matron, who had been nursing the sick of the neighborhood, sprang to look out at the window, saying: "I do want to see that woman. I have been two years in the neighborhood, and I have not heard as much said about any other person as about her; and I have not heard any one speak in her favor except yourself!" She had a glimpse of my face, and said further: "Why, she doesn't look as if she need be very bad." But why so much said against one who harmed nobody? Simply because I did not create peace and remove evil from the hearts of the motherless children, or of the father who would not be comforted because they were not. I had ceased to write or to speak their faults. I ever stood ready to counsel when my counsel should be asked. And I was endeavoring to teach the motherless daughters *industry* and *religion*, by doing my own proper work, and performing my own devotions, and suffering my little child to come unto Christ in his appointed way, in doing unto my neighbors as I would that they should do unto me, and especially in fretting not myself because of evil-doers? What if they did not love to be thus taught? It was their mother's desire, and I was working with reference to an examination where she would be present, and a report be read of all my doings as well as their own. And if it

should then be said of me, "She hath done what she could," I should have an abundant recompence, yea, a great reward.

One thing was apparent to me which the public did not see. My husband saw me just as his children saw me. But he was silent. The children seemed to see it wrong that I and my offspring should be partakers with them of their father's love or money. That they should see thus, or that they should find sympathizers, did not surprise me. I had mingled with the world enough to learn its ways here ere I undertook the great work of attempting to do right, "not to speak of the difficulty of doing what should be pronounced right by others." But my husband had not thus mingled with the world, nor thus learned. He had let alone the business of sympathizing with the unfortunate, because the business of helping himself demanded all his powers. He had heard the popular voice against step-mothers, and had admitted it as truth in which he had no concern. He had seen me take in charge schools which were disorderly and noisy, and reduce them to order and quiet. He had not been present to see by what method I had effected this. He only saw results. He confidently looked for similar results from my influence in his family. But he felt in duty bound to abolish every method I pursued to which his children brought a remonstrance with the sanction of some body without. I yielded with due deference to him whom I was bound to revere; and just in proportion as this combined counsel gained influence, did discontent, and hatred, and variance, and strife increase, and my husband, and children, and neighbors seem to see me to be the author of it all. But my husband's outward or worldly prudence did not forsake him. He did not openly censure where he could prove no fault, but put on the stoic, set trials at defiance, and waited to see what would come of it. He gradually withdrew from public worship and social visits or gatherings, except to go by himself among his married children. But he was a *pattern man* in all business transactions as well as in his agricultural pursuits. In these he buried himself as much as possible; coming to his house for food and lodging and to greet his family with his accustomed gravity, and to suffer none but his motherless children to pour into his ear a personal want or a personal complaint, lest he should be tempted to give unto others what by heritage belonged unto them.

This I saw written in dark characters, which none but myself was suffered to read. Therefore I was not at liberty to publish, lest I should add to all my other real and seeming crimes that of libel. Now that he hath written it out by his own deeds, I feel at liberty to publish, that when my friends shall again ask, *Who has broken the covenant? Who dissolved the union?* they may read and judge for themselves.

When in my earlier years I entered into covenant with a Heavenly Bridegroom, whose coming dissolves that of the earthly, he gave me a Testament sealed with his own blood, bequeathing rich legacies, and among them the following: "I will not leave you comfortless."

To prove that he hath not broken his promise, I will now copy from my correspondence (if I may be allowed the expression) with this

Divine personage, or the private Journal which tells of my asking and receiving from him.

DIARY: April 9th, 1837. Sabbath.—The last I expect to spend in my father's family as a member, this being the week appointed for my marriage to Mr. Little, to whose home I expect to remove, and in the Scripture sense, leave my dear father and mother. Dear parents, dear brothers and sisters, dear scenes of my childhood and youth, I love them well; yet why should I dwell upon the painful thought of leaving them? All on earth is changing; but our Father in heaven changeth not. This truth keeps my mind in peace. May a heavenly father's blessing attend wherever I go, and I be made a blessing. And oh! may my dear parents be made happy in the decline of life, peaceful in death, and blessed in eternity.

April 12th.—May grace be given me to discharge the obligations of the covenant into which I have now entered.

April 14th.—Came with Mr. Little to his house, which is now my earthly home.

April 30th.—The last two weeks have been spent in getting things so arranged that I can take charge of household affairs, which I design to begin to-morrow, being May 1st.

I feel desirous of forming some resolutions, depending on divine aid to enable me to perform. In regard to myself, I purpose on no day to omit the reading of the word of God, and prayer. Yes, prayer. Here is my sweetest hope. Let me, so long as I shall remain under this roof, offer in secret the morning and evening sacrifices to the God of Jacob. Let me daily seek fresh supplies of grace to lead me to a proper discharge of duties in this family. Let me daily ask for them, each of them, the especial blessing of God, for the Spirit to lead them by repentance and faith to apply to the Redeemer of the world. Let me bear with Christian meekness, patience, and humility, any provocations, trials, or sufferings, I may be called to endure in consequence of my connection with this family. Let me ever seek to possess and manifest toward them the spirit of kindness and affection.

Should the occasions present when self-interest shall appear to tempt me from duty to those to whom I stand in the relation of mother, let me at once renounce self, making all the sacrifice the opportunity may reasonably admit. Let me ever be governed by the rule to do by them as I would that one in similar circumstances should do by my own. Ever acting as in view of the judgment of the great day when I shall meet their departed mother, and be judged according to the deeds done here from day to day.

May I never lose sight of the truth, that, as a wife, obedience and respect are due from me; and may I constantly exercise the affection and faithfulness due in the marriage relation.

May 28th, 1837. Sabbath E.—Six weeks last Friday I left the home of my parents for this, my new abode. Thus far things have been more in accordance with my wishes than I expected, and I can not but entertain strong hopes that I may here be blessed and made a blessing.

June 7th, 1837. Wednesday E.—My husband absent. Left this morning for New-York. The family retired in safety and comfort, through a kind and merciful providence. My reflections

to-day have led me to fix upon Friday next as a day of private meditation, to seek for pardon and an increase of personal piety and holiness.

A week to-day Aunt Newlin was privy of speech suddenly by a fit.

Mysteries, however, are the ways of Providence. May we do what right our hands lead to do. Soon shall we be called from our labors.

Last Sabbath had our first recitation in the Sabbath-school for the season. *Saturday*.—The First. Eight pupils under my charge. The session a happy one with me, and very interesting. May the Saviour bring the truth to the heart of the eight, and of all others in the school, and lead them to take refuge in Him whom the ark protects.

July 1st, 1837.—First month yesterday I took up the marriage vow. O then who art my Master in heaven! teach me daily, and conduct me to a right discharge of the duties and obligations which this vow imposes upon me, and all my covenant vows! and incline the heart of myself and companion to walk in the path that conducts to that bright world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. My path is full strewn with boulders—more than I looked for. In the friend that God has given me, I find more that is agreeable to my own mind than I expected.

22d, Friday Eve.—After retiring for the night, my mind is so disquieted that I can not sleep. This originates, I believe, in conjecturing that my husband manifests a disapprobation of some of my doings in relation to visiting and sleeping.

I know my inclination may, and probably led me astray in these particulars, as well as in others. I would humble and reform wherever I have erred, and seek to be more fully informed of his mind.

Where is the sincere and candid friend whom I may inquire what are my faults in character and every day deportment? that when thus informed I may make it the subject of my prayers, and the object of my every day efforts to correct them.

Whatever things are pure, true, lovely, and of good report, let the Christian think of these things.

Sept. 24th, 1837.—Our dear pastor again permitted to instruct us after an illness of several weeks. One part of the lesson I would retain.

After the example of Abraham, rise early and sacrifice sloth, pride, worldly-mindedness, and the sinful passions and dispositions of the heart, that in the exercise of faith and of all else, I may glorify God, and be ever prepared for his will respecting me.

Sept. 27th.—My husband gone for the rest of the week to New-York. Myself lonely and unhappy. Still the subject of many, many mercies. Our Saviour saith: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace."

Purpose to set apart Friday next as an especial occasion for seeking the blessing of God upon the conjugal union into which my husband and self have entered; to pray that he will make us blessings to each other, and lead us in our duty to all; that if it be God's will that I shall become a natural mother, he will prepare me for the event; cause that it result in his glory, and the final good of all connected with it.

Nov. 18th, 1837.—Resume my diary, which I have several weeks neglected. Fear that I shall break a resolution I made in earlier life, namely, that the cares of a family shall not deter me from writing, as I have thought is too often the case with my sex. Extract from a sermon by Rev. Mr. Turner: "An impenitent sinner can not be indifferent in the midst of so much divinity as reflects from the countenance and demeanor of the faithful Christian."

Dec. 3d, 1837.—Another winter has commenced. May I enjoy the presence of my Saviour, a sense of his love, and conformity to his precepts, that my soul may not mourn a mental winter fiercer than nature feels. Being circumstanced to prevent so regular an attendance at the house of God upon his holy day as I have hitherto been accustomed to, I fear lest I shall misimprove the hallowed hours, and find barrenness in spiritual fruit a consequence.

O my Saviour! be present to raise the heart of thy servant in heavenly contemplation and holy devotion on thy sacred day. Inspire her heart with prayer to heaven, arouse her from sluggishness, pity her frailty, pardon her crimes, guide her in duty to her friends, and prepare her so to live that thou mayest be honored; so to die, that to her it may be gain.

31st.—My husband this day completes his fifty-third year. May the ensuing year be one of many blessings to him; blessings of providence and of grace, particularly the latter.

Thankful should I be that my dearest friends are spared to me and to themselves through another year; humble for ingratitude, unbelief, and all sin which our heavenly Father has recorded against us. May his forgiveness be sought and obtained; may his blessing attend and spirit guide us through another year, if we may be spared; and if called from time before its close, may we be found in Christ, and raised to an ever-enduring home where peace and love exist without mixture.

Jan. 1st, 1838.—Another year has passed, fraught with mercies toward me. I have learned to look for ill in this sinful world. Yes, we must constantly witness in ourselves and others, that sin and suffering which shall move us to pity and deplore.

But mercies more than I dared expect, more than I could reasonably hope for, have been and are still bestowed upon me. The powers of body and mind, the comforts of a home with all needful supplies, the blessing of friends, particularly the kindness and affection of a bosom companion, the various means for an increase of grace and knowledge, are all occasions for devout thanksgiving to the great Author of my being, and of all my blessings. But what returns do I make? I have occasion for the deepest humiliation and abasement before that exalted Being the High and Holy One who inhabitteth eternity, and yet descendeth to dwell with him that is of a humble and contrite spirit. For more than six years I have rejoiced in the evidence of pardon through the great Mediator, the Son of his love. But when I examine into the degree of patience, meekness, kindness, forbearance, forgiveness, charity, self-denial, fidelity, and all the Christian duties required in the Gospel, which I have been led to practice, I can truly say with Paul, What I would, that I do not; and the evil I would not,

that I do. I have endeavored this day to ask for an increase of vital piety; wisdom to guide me in all duty and in every difficulty, and grace to prepare me for every event awaiting me this year, particularly in reference to the expected event of soon becoming a natural mother, that if I may be spared, I may rightly meet and endure the bodily sufferings which are the effect of sin, that if it may be the will of my Father in heaven, I and my offspring may live to glorify him on earth; but whatever his appointments, that he will prepare me and my friends for the event, and make all work for our greatest good and his glory.

The pen, which I have hitherto regarded as a means of improvement and usefulness, I have much neglected of late. Resolve to use it daily in communicating to others, or writing for myself, if health and ability be given me.

To whom shall I go, but unto thee, O my God? Thou only hast the words of eternal life. Purge thou me, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. To thee do I commit my interests for time and for eternity. Bless thou me, even me, O my Father! and bless my dear companion and his children, and all my friends, for thy mercies' sake.

7th. Sabbath.—Detained from attending as I had purposed at the house of God, where the sacrament is administered, and a new year's discourse had in connection with the funeral services of Mr. Albert Clark, who died by suicide. I feared I should be unreconciled at heart if deprived of attendance at the house of God to-day.

Remarkably mild and pleasant this first portion of sacred time in the new year. May any who are destined this year to wake up in eternity witness the dawn of an infinitely more glorious Sabbath; and those who may survive, bring forth more fruit to the glory of God, than any preceding year. Amen.

March 11th, 1838.—Again enjoyed the privilege of attending divine service in the house of God on his holy day, after being absent through the winter.

Oh! for a heart to record the goodness of my merciful preserver, who hath helped me hitherto; who has granted me recovery from a bed of sickness to a good measure of health and strength. May grace be given me rightly to improve the blessing, and to use the powers of body and mind still granted me, for the glory of God and the benefit of my family and fellow-creatures. On the 20th of January last I became the mother of a living child.

My daughter! My first-born! A helpless little being, but destined to an endless existence. Oh! the responsibilities of a mother! the painfully-pleasing emotions that fill her mind as she gazes upon the dear precious gift, the little stranger introduced into a world of mingled pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow; where dangers beset every step of life's path, and death sooner or later puts an end to the mortal life, and introduces to an endless state of inconceivable bliss or of unutterable woe. Born into a world where the nature we inherit is averse to holiness and prone to evil, and where temptations to wrong are constantly attending us. In view of these truths, I would hasten to consecrate the gift to the Maker and Giver, beseeching thee, O my God and Saviour! that thou wilt, if consistent with thy will, preserve the life thou hast given to old age, and

protect from natural and moral evils; guide in the way of virtue; and may she and I do good in the land of the living.

But, above all, do I implore for her that new birth (of the water and Spirit) without which she can not meet the Author of her being in peace. May she be a subject of the kingdom of grace, O my Saviour! and spend an eternity of blessedness in celebrating thy praises in the song of redeeming love.

It shall be the privilege of thy servant to train her up, help her to do it in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Amen.

She commenced her existence before twelve, Saturday night. The first daylight her eyes beheld was that of the holy Sabbath. May she spend an endless Sabbath in the New Jerusalem, enlightened by the sun of righteousness. Perhaps my affection for her may be a temptation to deviate from the path of duty as step-mother; but I pray it may rather enable me better to judge of my duty to those to whom I sustain that relation, asking myself what I would another should do by my own in exchange of circumstances. May I rightly judge and act as taught by the precepts of my Saviour.

I do not ask for my child worldly riches, but may she have food and raiment convenient for her, and be enriched with treasures of divine grace, such as are bestowed upon the humble and devout. May she feed upon the bread of life; drink of the water which Christ giveth; be clothed with robes of a Redeemer's righteousness, and ornamented with a meek and quiet spirit. I crave for her the *beauty* which consists of a combination of the Christian graces; the *beauty* which comes from God only: the *graces* which flow from a well-spent life, and peace and communion with God her Saviour.

27th.—My mind is too cheerless of late. It seems in a measure overcome by the cares and perplexities which daily fall to my lot. I fear that I too much cherish a repining or complaining spirit, notwithstanding the mercies which attend me and mine. Having food and raiment, I would ever be content. This is a state of trial; and whatever crosses, disappointments, difficulties, privations, or provocations providence permits to fall to my share, I ought to bear with submission; acknowledge it merited at the hands of him who holds the destinies of all at his control, and who dispenses in wisdom and mercy. May the trial of my faith work in me patience.

29th.—Purpose to begin on to-morrow, to make preparations to change our residence to a farm east of our village.

"We've no abiding city here."

Every removal should remind us of our final removal to an ever-abiding home. May all our days be spent with a wise reference to these concerns, and when the changes of life are over with us, may we remove to a home in the skies.

Have lately commenced reading the book of Job with Scott's remarks, feeling that such has been my state of mind of late, I need the instruction on which may be gathered from it.

April 3d, 1838, Tuesday.—This day removed to our new place of abode; not knowing the things that await us here, neither should we be anxious to know. Our anxiety should be to know and attend unto present duty, leaving

events with God who ordereth wisely. Have left some privileges, conveniences, and pleasant things; but those which we leave here are better than many have, better than I deserve, and I hope that advantage to me may result from the change. My windows give a view of the temple of God, where it has so often been my privilege to worship, and where it gives me a prospect to the heart to heaven, to a home where temptation and sin never disturb me; where love, peace, and harmony, increase and reign. Likewise a view of the admirable range of mountains, beneath whose shade I have passed the years of my childhood and youth, still the home of my dear parents.

Oh! may I never, while under this roof, fail to offer the sacrifice of acceptable devotion, morning and evening. My removal or change of place this spring, though attended with many cares which have much distracted my mind at times, owing to bodily weakness, is yet unlike those of the years that are past, when commencing employment for the season; inasmuch as I do not leave the dearest objects of my affections, my companion and my little Mary, (for so we concluded to call our baby the morning after our arrival here.) I have felt a strong wish to have her bear my own maiden name, but for several reasons have concluded best to relinquish the idea, and hope I may never feel or express dissatisfaction; but feel happy in having her bear the name of her old who sat at Jesus' feet. Like her, may she choose and obtain the good part which can never be taken from her.

11th.—I this evening purpose in my heart to set apart to-morrow, (12th April) being a year from the day of my marriage, to pray for forgiveness of sins in reference to duties which this transaction imposed upon me; for the blessing of God upon the child which he has given me, and for grace rightly to discharge my duty to this child; that I may be permitted to bring her to the ordinance of baptism in an acceptable manner, and that I may be guided in all my acts toward the members of my family. Lord, let give, and direct thy servant.

12th.—Have attended the funeral of Daniel Forbes at the house where I have passed the scenes of the past year; have for the first known the duties, the trials, and the joys peculiar to the wife and mother. I see cause for deep humility of heart in view of a lack of doing good and of glorifying God by a well-ordered life and gaily conversation, by laudable commendation and self-denial. Especially do I fear that I have not felt and practised all the attention, forbearance and forgiveness which my situation as step-mother has given me occasion to exercise.

I would this evening most humbly beseech of Heaven to forgive all the trespasses of the past year, and lead me to forgive, as I would be forgiven. I would beseech that wisdom from above may guide in all duty, and grace prepare for events of the year to come. I would review the mercies of the past year with heartfelt gratitude, particularly the gift of my little Mary with the powers given her and myself, and ask our Maker to guide me in all my acts toward her, in accordance with your will, O God, a professed follower of Abram.

Lord, thy servant is thine, in this thou

her request, and answer and bless for thy mercy's sake in Christ Jesus. Amen.

22d.—Among causes of decline among professed Christians, as mentioned by our pastor to-day, is excess of cares, which struck me as applying to my own case. May I guard against such cause and effect, and as difficulties and trials present, may I by prayer and watchfulness overcome. Had I no trials I could not know myself, or practice patience. Without provocations I could not exercise forbearance or forgiveness. May the love and tender affection I bear my little Mary lead me to judge of my duty to the offspring of a mother now in the silent tomb, and to act as I would one in like circumstances should act towards my own.

27th, Friday.—Have felt that the powers of the mind should be constantly cultivated in order to progress, or even to secure what is already attained; and comparing my present with past efforts, see fit to resolve on a daily lesson in science, and commence to-day the perusal of Mrs. Lincoln's Botany, purposing to read attentively two pages per day.

May 20th, 1838, Sabbath.—Funeral of Mrs. Maria Wilcox, a near neighbor, one in whose society I anticipated much pleasure. Last Sabbath she was taken ill; now she is numbered with the dead.

The providence and word of God have this day spoken loudly to us: "Be ye ready." Lord, help all to improve aright these instructions.

27th.—This day, accompanied by my companion, have been permitted to bring my little Mary to the ordinance of baptism. My heart rejoices (although I see much to regret through the depravity of the human heart) in being permitted to come to the God who entered into covenant with our father, Abraham, to bless him and his seed after him, and consecrate this dear little immortal being, and plead with him to be her God, and sanctifier, and eternal portion.

June 9th, 1838.—Being this morning exhausted from too much labor when very weak, and too much excited by rebellious conduct in another, my frame was almost unnerved, and for some time I felt as if my powers were leaving me. I would not willingly ever endure again precisely what I then suffered. Would be more studious to be calm under every provocation which Providence permits that I shall endure; knowing it to be duty from Christian principle, and in my present weak and nervous state, from regard to my health. Oh! how do I feel the difficulty of administering reproof and instruction daily with becoming meekness, forbearance, and love.

Nothing but the grace of God can enable me properly or successfully to discharge these duties in my present circumstances. Why should I after all the precious experience I have had of his goodness hesitate to come to him in Jesus' name for large supplies of grace, that I may discharge duty aright; and for his especial favor upon each member of my household.

Aug. 31st, 1838.—Completed my twenty-ninth year on the 8th inst. The summer now closing has been one of considerable nervous depression. My health has not been firm; my cares many; difficulties great; and, alas! too much of sin in all my course. Too little prayer; too little self-command and self-denial, and faithfulness in duties.

I am convinced that seasons of especial prayer should be resorted to by the Christian who would attain to a comparatively holy life; and I would to-day (having perused the ninth and a part of tenth chapter of Nehemiah, with Scott's observations) pray, often and particularly, for pardon of the past, and a preparation of heart, better, and rightly to practice duty toward my husband and the elder six children who have been bereft of a natural mother, and toward my own natural offspring, who, perhaps is becoming the unconscious idol of my heart; that I may conceal that partiality which nature forbids to repress; and (remembering that she, with the whole human family, is by nature sold under sin) that I may have given me to seek for her that grace which shall prepare her, if she may live, to glorify God, and do good on the earth; and if she shall be called hence, shall prepare her for the society of the blessed above.

Dec. 23d, 1838.—Resume my long-neglected private journal. The past season fraught with scenes of good and ill, has been one of neglect in writing; one of much bodily weakness, attended with many cares, and great need of strength and ability. In the retrospect I think of little interest to record. Have been in a state of mind tending to dejection much of the time. I have thought it owing to nervous irritation, but perhaps the true cause is more in the state of my affections than my bodily organs. Am of late encompassed with difficulties peculiar and trying, particularly as respects my duty to the youngest daughter of my husband's former wife. I have endeavored to lay the cause before God at his throne of grace, and ask strength and guidance.

The eldest daughter is away at school this winter where I have strong hopes that she may improve in mind and manners. I have recently finished the perusal of Abbott's Young Christian, and have resolved to endeavor to practice his rules for the improvement of character.

I will insert in this part of my epistle two articles which further tell my heart-workings during the year 1838.

The first is a line addressed by myself to the daughter at school.

Thanksgiving Eve, 27th Nov. 1838.

MISS ANNA: I hope you have spent the day, and are spending this evening in a manner becoming a rational being and an intelligent mind.

We did speak of sending for you to come home with Lucy this week, but finally concluded it might be pleasanter for you to come three weeks hence than now. Work has crowded ever since you left. No help to do housework until to-day, Mary Peaster has come to live with us. I will try to have Elizabeth here in three weeks if you come home then. Misses Goodrich (tailresses) here last week. Miss Austin (mantua-maker) finished last Friday. Ephraim Birge staid with us one night last week. His friends were well. Mr. Stillman (house-joiner) has worked in the chambers three days, and made much confusion there. I presume you find the exchange from *house-work* to *school-work* a luxury. I really hope the hurry of business will soon be so far over with myself, as to allow of a little regular reading. Augusta is a pretty good girl. Mary as bad and as good as ever. Your pa, not

very well a few days past. The handkerchief of a present from Lucia. By a good girl, and one the most of your opportunity as they passed, it to be recalled. And may we all be of the number who sing no mournful Thanksgiving, in nobler praise than mortal render.

Yours, affectionately, L. J. L.

I will here answer an inquiry which may arise in the minds of some, namely: Why not subscribe yourself, mother? Anna had by inheritance, great strength of purpose, and for reasons not explained, had ever refused to address me except as "you." I had kindly invited her to call me "mother," if that would be agreeable to her, and if not, to pronounce my name when addressing me. I did not doubt that she had encouragement from some "busybodies" without, in fixing her purpose from which she never deviated, as she has at no time since my marriage written or spoken to me either as mother or Mrs. But Anna has done many, very many things for which my heart has blessed her; and when, in the bitterness of her spirit, in after years, she cursed me to my face, I did not lay all the sin to her charge, and prayed still that God would bless her.

Now, that she is blessed in being the mother of five children, I doubt not she has other views of duty, and that when this offering of Truth Stranger than Fiction, shall reach her, she will receive it as from a mother.

The next article which I copy is a folded sheet labeled, "To be preserved," which was ever kept where, in case of my decease, it would fall under the eye of friends interested in executing my will. It is as follows:

Sept. 1828.

My little Mary, endowed with ordinary gifts for a child of seven months, is an object of deep solicitude with her frail and aged mother. She beholds in her a being who has just commenced an endless existence; and it is in regard to her eternal destiny that she is particularly anxious. Three sisters, within a mile or two from our dwelling, have been called to leave their tender offspring, and shelter in the grave, since our removal here twelve ago.

This circumstance, together with a state of mind and health during the past summer which has led me to dwell much upon my liability to be soon called from this world, has told me how dear to my heart are the interests of the little helpless being committed to my care by her Father in heaven.

What I now write is in view of the truth that I may be called to leave her to the care and training of others, and I would (in such a case) have them know my choice in a few important particulars.

Should such an event take place while her kind-hearted father is living, I would earnestly entreat of him to forgo the pleasures of her company at home, as from the early and confirmed habits of her elder sisters, (whose misfortune it is not to have had the salutary discipline most essential for their good in their earliest years,) I consider it would be unwise to suffer her to receive the influence they would be likely to exert. I would have her continually under the authority of a female who would enforce obedience to reasonable commands; would have

her taught to feel that to be useful for, as far as capable, and to serve eternally, for which she should live; would have regard to habits of industry, personality, and order; would have her constantly referred to the example of her Master to move her; for, for ever may be the principle, "He who loves me will have his reward at the end of his life;"—she would always a member of the Sabbath school and Bible class; and would desire that she may daily witness the devotions of others in family worship or otherwise. Should myself be too weak to train her, I fear that, in the absence of family worship, (as is now the case,) I must make a daily practice of retiring to pray with her—would have her directed to the Savior as early as his mind shall make any inquiry with respect to her Master, or a future existence.

Rather would I that she be a servant placed at highest female, with the additional privileges, than enjoy ease and liberty, and be left to follow the bent of her own inclination, and the course of unworthy example.

I am fully persuaded that I have authority and was born for an angel in tracing the early leadings. Man, however correct in his nature, is not fitted for these duties. —L. J. L.

The above was penned when, in weakness and utter helplessness in myself, and in hopeless despair from man, I committed my way to God in behalf of my child. How he hath brought it to pass is to appear in tracing her future history.

DIARY: January 1st, 1839.—Commence of the year under the d. m. d., potential root; yes, in the dwelling that gave no birth. And not only so, but the pot where the Holy Spirit first dwelt with my spirit that I was born of God, that my soul were pardon'd through the atonement of the Lord Jesus.

I did indeed feel, as I knelt in the apartment where I was wont to communie with my Savior, that I was returned to my Ed. L. O. how sweet it was to be there! How now, O remeber me, to memory dear, arose to the mind's eye with such sweet assurance that my mind was transient. To me they may be far between. In time's rapid flight will soon bring me to a home which shall be abiding. O! I hope and trust to a holy, happy home. O! then, let me earnestly bear the trials, fatigues, afflictions, and perplexities of the duties of the way; thankful if I may live for the soul of those who are very near and dear to me.

60.—This day listened to a deeply interesting discourse from our pastor, in which he reviewed the quarter of a century which has passed since his connection with us—such and pounds.

20th.—This day my little daughter completes the first year of her existence.

I view her Master's power and goodness in her little frame; and in her opening and expanding powers and talents. I receive, admire, and adore. And, oh! I would ever grate the precious gift to the Giver.

Have this day in heaven red to pray, particularly for her regeneration and sanctification, and for the conversion of her earthly father. Have resolved, I hope, depending on divine grace, to pray daily for my child in an audible voice in presence.

January 1st, 1840.—The year which I was permitted to commence at my father's, it was my privilege to close there, and again to greet the opening year with those whose love and friendship I can not doubt; parents, brethren, and sisters dear.

Myself and little daughter have passed several days with them. How pleasant to hold interviews with real friends! Oh! how pleasant! My tongue or pen can not express what I feel on this subject. But does my heart feel in reference to the goodness of my Maker toward me in giving me friends, in prolonging my life to enjoy them, and in sparing them to me. But what is this favor even in comparison of the friendship professed of him who is Lord of lords, and King of kings—an ever-living, all-powerful, and gracious Redeemer?

I have hoped that this Redeemer is mine. I have rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

Oh! I have desired that my life might be spent in doing his will, and in glorifying him on the earth.

"Alas, and shall I ever live
At this poor dying rate?"

I would look at the past year, but my heart faints. O Lord! forgive, sanctify, and save. Direct thy servant this year, O Lord! in all duty, I humbly pray thee.

Oh! that this principle, which I have, in years past, felt to be an abiding and governing one, might still be such, namely: If I suffer for well-doing, let me take it patiently; and if for evil-doing, let me not complain.

I sigh for domestic happiness, and if denied me, let me seek to know how far it is attributable to my own errors, and labor and pray daily to correct them. When waiting to decide whether to accept the proposal to enter the family to which I now belong, I laid the case before God, in prayer, to be directed to choose the course in which I should most glorify him, and best promote my eternal well-being.

Perhaps God is answering my prayers in his own best manner, notwithstanding my way seems to myself shrouded in thick darkness.

Perhaps the Searcher of hearts saw in me wrong motive, and is visiting my sins with the rod. In either case, it becomes me not to murmur, but to acquiesce in his will and pleasure, and to praise him for the good which I experience. My little Mary is a promising child, and her innocent prattle a sweet comfort. How good is the Lord in sparing her to me, and in giving me opportunity to administer to her wants! I have been permitted to perform what I resolved the last year in relation to practicing devotion in her presence.

17th.—A visit the present week from sister Elizabeth and cousin C. Newman. The hopeful conversion to Christ of the latter, has recently rejoiced my heart.

18th.—Intelligence has to-day reached us that the steamboat Lexington was burned upon Long-Island Sound last Monday evening, and that all the passengers except two or three, perished. Among the number was cousin Philo Upson of Egremont. Oh! the distress, the heart-rending, and grief unutterable which this awful catastrophe has produced! Oh! to think of the consternation that must have prevailed among the com-

pany at that fatal hour—so suddenly and unexpectedly called to look death in the face—in hopeless agony to commit themselves to the watery deep, to perish by drowning or by cold! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How does it bese me all who survive to deplore the fate of the unfortunate sufferers, to heed the solemn warning, and seek henceforth to be constantly ready for the coming of the Son of Man; to be doing what we can for the glory of God, and the salvation of ourselves and others! May the Spirit of the living God in mercy be given to make this event a blessing to surviving friends. To-morrow my little Mary completes her second year. I purpose to observe the day, to pray particularly for her conversion to God, and for grace to perform my duty in Christian fidelity as a parent.

March 1st, 1840.—Returned to-day from my father's, where I have spent the last two weeks with my little girl.

Sept. 1st, 1840.—The last summer has been one of entire neglect relative to my diary, and of much trouble and anguish of spirit in my domestic relations and situation. May the Lord yet smile upon us, and give us to enjoy the blessings of peace, and fit us to join the happy family above, where is holiness, and harmony, and light, and love, without mixture and without end.

The following are resolvest I was led to make on the day I completed my 31st year:

1st. Bear with silence those things that I feel need to be rebuked in the children.

2d. Treat my husband with deference, kindness, and attention, and endeavor to cherish toward him that affection which I felt when I married him.

3d. Rise early.

4th. Be three times a day on my knees in my closet.

5th. Attend more to writing; and paste Dr. Humphrey's *Thoughts on Education* saved from the *New-York Observer*.

Oh! that my Maker would lead me this year to be good, to do good, and to glorify him!

"Be angry and sin not." Oh! how difficult for me to feel a just indignation at that which is evidently wrong, and not indulge in improper resentment or bitter feelings!

9th, Wed.—With my husband set out to visit his relatives in Harpersfield. Had but two days' notice to prepare for the journey, and from indisposition greatly unfitted for the undertaking.

22d.—arrived home. My late visit is a source of peculiar satisfaction to me, in having afforded me opportunity to become acquainted with the kindred of my husband and child.

January 19th, 1841.—Anna Little left for Harpersfield to-day with the intention of spending a few months with her cousin, Mrs. Newell. I have strong hopes that this arrangement may conduce to her improvement, and to the good of the family.

20th.—This day my daughter completes her third year. I have endeavored to pray particularly for her, that she may experience that new birth which is by water and the Spirit; that she may be new created unto righteousness and true holiness. Oh! for a heart to praise the Lord for the mercies he has bestowed in the dispensations of his providence toward her thus far! Surely he hath been better than my fears. And shall I not with unwavering confidence trust him for

time to come? Yes, for all things needful for her, for body and for soul, for time and for eternity.

27th.—With my husband and child visited at my father's. Interview with kindred under the dear, paternal roof has been allowed me, this another year. Death has yet made no vacancy in our family. How multiplied and long-enduring are the mercies of our Parent in heaven! May he graciously prepare each of us for all his holy will and pleasure.

7th.—Mary Little has been troubled with cold, which appears to affect her lungs. This at times causes me some alarm, lest disease be settling upon them. How frail our bodies! The soul, what a priceless gem! To-day sent a letter of exhortation to sister Elizabeth. Oh! that the Lord would move her heart now to seek him, and I devote herself to his service.

21st.—My child, who has been several weeks ill, is again able to go out with me to church. Oh! for a grateful heart for the mercies of my God.

28th.—Away from the house of God to-day; attending upon my mother, who is ill.

March 8th, 1841.—Went to-day to assist in taking care of mother, who is very feeble. May our heavenly Father, if he can consistently wish his holy will, again restore her to health.

14th.—To-day sent a note to cousin Helen, speaking to her of the things which concern the soul's salvation.

24th.—To-day, while busied with the business of the world, and engaged in planning for the future, suddenly the bell struck and around my mind to think of a soul recently sped to the world of spirits. I stopped my pursuits for a moment, and listened to count the age of the recently departed. It was twenty years. At our dinner we had had conversation relative to the qualities of teachers employed in Sheffield the last year. Miss Martha Ward, formerly a pupil of mine, ranked with the highest, in the estimation of the committee present. Before night, information came that she had finished her work on earth. Yes, the blooming Martha has been

"Snatched away
By death's resistless hand."

But she had confessed Christ before man, and now we may hope she is present with the Lord, in the Paradise above.

J. 6th, 1841.—My diary has been neglected for many weeks, while I have been called to pass through solemn and afflictive scenes.

My mother, my dear mother, has been called away from her labors on earth: from her family and her friends. Ah! the scenes of this busy, bustling world will never, never more share her attention. I look at the verdure and the bloom of this lovely season, and reflect that the eyes of my dear mother will never gaze on these again. The scenes I love seem to bring a melancholy delight. But why should I mourn? for I feel the comforting assurance that she is joining in the song of the redeemed. She deceased Wednesday, May 5th, half-past eight p.m. Was buried Saturday 8th, at ten A.M. Sermon at the house by Mr. Bradford, from the words, "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Hymns sung, 615, 616, 618, of the Church Psalmody, to the tunes Sunderland, Burford, and Kambria. Her age was fifty-four. The

Wednesday evening mother's bereavement I returned to my own home, where I felt the keenness of my situation. No comforter on earth, my health poor, my mind depressed, in view of my prospects of a worldly nature, but in respect to mother, comforted, in that I said, "Behold to die will be gain." She used to know that her daughter Elizabeth was receiving in hope of pardon from God through Christ. Soon after her death, Pamela, my eldest sister, was departing in hope.

25th, Tuesday.—To-day Ralph and Anna L. also returned from Harper's Ferry, N.Y., long and garrisoned village. Ephraim Large, eldest son of my husband's eldest sister, was drowned on Friday last, while attempting to swim across a narrow excursion row-boat to the shore, on a small lake.

27th.—Have spent a few days among my friends, and visited my mother's grave. There has been a change in the aspect of our family affairs, highly favorable to my own comfort and peace. My health is mending, and I feel myself comparatively blessed. Oh! that all the good gifts of my merciful Father may be snatched unto me, through the word of God and prayer; and may I have wisdom and grace as I shall need!

To-day intelligent news of the death of Morton Birge, of Galena, Ill., third son of my husband's eldest sister, by drowning while bathing. Dark and mysterious are the ways of providence. These two brothers, fifteen hundred miles apart, within five days of each other, came to their death by drowning. Both young men, the eldest thirty. Both were, and had been for many years, the professed friends of Christ.

July 4th, Sabbath.—Christ's death commemorated.

On the last communion, I was with my sick mother. It was the last Sabbath of her life. To-day my two eldest sisters have entered into covenant to be the Lord's, and partaken the emblems of his body broken and blood shed for sinners.

One year to-day I partook of an excellent supper prepared by my mother's hands. Though our earthly friends die, our Saviour ever liveth, and those who sleep in him are like him.

Aug. 8th, 1841, Sabbath.—To-day completes my thirty-second year.

In the retrospect of the past year, I see much cause for gratitude to God, and much for self-examination before him. He in his providence has spared my life with that of my offspring and other members of our household, and has given unto us a goodly measure of health. He has taken from me a wise and affectionate mother; and by his grace has dispensed two of my sisters to seek the Saviour. He has kept me from falling into outward neglect of religious duties, though I have so far come short in the affections of my heart and the tenor of my life.

I am more favorably situated in my family than a year ago. May our kindly heavenly Father graciously remove the evil that we endure, and lead us all to love that which is good, and pursue it.

Oct. 2d, 1841.—Mrs. Birge, my husband's eldest sister, with her daughter and family, arrived, on a visit.

6th, Tuesday Evening.—Had a season of prayer with sister Birge, and made an agreement with her to go to a throne of grace on succeeding

Tuesdays at eight p.m., to pray especially for the conversion of her brother, my husband.

7th.—This morning our friends left for home.

22d.—A letter from Mrs. Newell, informing us of the death of her mother (sister Birge) on the morning of the 12th inst. Two weeks did I resort to my closet at the appointed time, little thinking that her spirit had fled to unseen worlds; yea, I doubt not to a mansion in the skies, where prayer is turned to praise.

I may no longer unite with her in prayer for the object above specified; but she has long prayed, and if I may live, let me not cease to pray that her prayers may yet be answered.

I will here extract from a letter addressed to me by the daughter of Mrs. Birge, who accompanied her on her last visit to my husband, her brother.

O my dear Aunt! how little did we think, when parting from our friends, that the angel of death would so soon come among us and lay his hand upon such an idolized object of our affection! Yet so it was.

I suppose from the moment she first felt that any thing was the matter, there was no hope for her, though we were not much alarmed, as we supposed it a sudden cold. She first complained (about two hours after setting out for home) of a slight sickness at the stomach, and said she could not swallow. I think she did not take a spoonful of any thing from the time she left you; yet her strength held out remarkably, so that she appeared quite cheerful when we reached sister Newell's, at the close of the second day. Her physician supposes it was a sort of apoplexy, produced in a great measure by her recent afflictions.

It seemed at first as though I could not survive her death. Yet I did survive. But oh! how has this world, (which once appeared so bright and beautiful,) how has it changed! Yet the thought that this is not our continuing city enables us to live on, and strive to perform the duties that devolve upon us until our time shall come.

M. B.

DIARY: Dec. 21st, 1841, Tues.—Returned from my brother's, where I have been spending a few days, to get the change needful for my health. Suffer from chronic affection of the stomach, and sometimes apprehend that it will soon wear me out. I feel anxious to do what I can for the promotion of health and continuance of life, on account of the religious training of my child. If God sees fit, I desire to live, and have grace and wisdom to train her for him; but if he purposes otherwise, I desire to acquiesce, and to rejoice in the truth that he reigneth, and will do all his pleasure.

I merit his chastening; yet he mingles in my cup unnumbered and unmerited mercies.

Feb. 21st, 1842.—Was taken ill with measles on the 31st Dec. Employed a physician Jan. 5th. My stomach became very irritable, and I suffered a daily sinking until the 15th January, when I was brought to death's door.

Then was my disease rebuked, and I began to amend.

Walked from my bed with assistance 23d Jan., and on the 25th rode to my father's, where I have spent four weeks, receiving those attentions

which contribute to improve feeble health. My little daughter had the disease lightly, but attended with a very severe cough. She was taken to her Grandpa's the day she completed her fourth year, the time fixed upon in my own mind for commencing to teach her to read. I took with me the *Mother's Own Primer*, and began to give her a short exercise in reading once a day.

March 4th, 1842.—Our son Lucius' wife has become the mother of twins, two little girls.

May the blessing of their Maker and Giver rest upon them; the first-born of a new generation to this house.

April 12th.—Five years to-day I entered the married state.

Have occasion for deep humiliation in view of my unprofitableness; and for gratitude that I have been sustained under the various trials I have experienced. Would anew ask of my heavenly Father wisdom and grace to prepare me for duties or trials before me. Have spent the last week in my father's family, attending my brothers and sisters sick with measles. How thankful should I be for being permitted to supply the place of my departed parent toward my younger brothers and sisters, at such times as those in which they feel most their loss!

This evening attended the marriage of our son Ralph to Miss Sarah Boardman, at her father's.

May the blessing of Abraham's God rest upon the married pair; and they, being clad in Christ's righteousness, be permitted to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Oct. 11th, 1842.—This day set apart, in my own mind, for private humiliation and prayer, that God will assist me to become spiritually minded, and prepare me to resist temptation; to endure the trials, crosses, or provocations I may meet in the domestic circle, with meekness and patience.

I have felt of late that disease is gradually fitting me, ere long to depart to the world of spirits. I am now somewhat better, though illly able to endure all that seems needful in my present situation. Oh! for grace to enable me to rise above the world; to rejoice continually in God, and to be faithful in the discharge of all duty!

Lord, wilt thou hear my prayer for help to love thee more and serve thee better, and so to live as to be ready when thou shalt call for me. Amen.

Nov. 1st, 1842.—Have to-day prayed especially in reference to my own and my companion's spiritual state, that we be fitted by divine grace for a final reception into the Paradise above.

24th, Thanksgiving.—More comfortable in the domestic circle, and hope for continued improvement.

January 1st, 1843, Sabbath.—Cousin Eliza C. married to Dr. M. at the close of afternoon services in church.

May this *New Year* be a better than all former years, in that I may be more humble, more holy, more diligent in the work assigned me.

My health poor, though able to be about the house most of the time, and to go out.

3d.—Our son Robert married to Miss Cornelie Eldrid, of Salisbury, Ct.

March 7th, 1843.—Returned to my home after an absence of seven weeks, spent with my father and brethren, for benefit to health.

April 4th, 1844.—To-day perused my journal of the last six years, and have reason to exclaim: The Lord hath been my helper, or I should not have been sustained. Six years yesterday we removed to our present abode, not knowing the things which awaited us here, as I often expressed in my journal.

I have learned the truth, "In the world we shall have tribulation," as I had not learned it during my first twenty-five years. Yet God hath been better than my fear, in that he has sustained me. And shall I not then trust him for time to come?

May 1st, 1844.—Have been laid aside from labor the last five weeks, but am to day able to resume the instruction of my child, and my ancestor. I do votives with her. On her account I desire to have my life prolonged, if it may be the pleasure of our heavenly Father. He hath provided me friends in this my time of suffering and of trial. May he give me a grateful heart, and bless my benefactors abundantly.

June 2d, 1844.—Our Sunday school reorganized to day. My child, whose interests, both temporal and eternal, are so near my heart, is within its influences. This is a great privilege. May we be taught of thee, O Lord! unto thy word, by thy Spirit.

Aug. 11, 1844.—Today complete my thirty-fifth year. Had the privilege to make my last speech, and the dangers which

should stalk through all the land
To pass to the tomb.

Oh! that I may henceforth be more wise and more kind!

Dec. 15th, 1844.—Resolve that I will endeavor to use my pen in doing good.

Jan. 1st, 1845.—The first day of the year. Set apart by myself for private humiliation before God. May I so read, and so meditate, and so pray, and so review, that with the blessing of God my spiritual strength may be renewed, and I be better prepared for Christian duty another year than hitherto. I have ever been.

Jan. 10th, 1845.—Our family enjoying more than a revival of religion than I can ever see in my own soul, and to Christ. Feed my heart raw in love to my husband, with the assurance that he may never fail to the people; and also a peace and pardon bought with blood. Sixty years of his life have been past. I trust him in Christ. May he enter the vineyard of the Lord, though the eleventh hour, that we may eventually sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and in spotless robes, and our hearts filled with holy love which shall know no abatement and no alloy.

Lord, grant it for thy Son's sake. Amen.

20th.—This day my only child completes her seventh year. Nowest enduring all my weakness and disease, which have given me so much anxiety lest she be lost of a mother's care and training in her character forming period of life, and come under malignant influence. I am still spared to her, and she to me. Am permitted to have her joy with me always in reading the sacred Scriptures, and bowing before the merciful. How numerous and manifold are the mercies of my heavenly Father notwithstanding the peculiar trials of a domestic nature to which we as a family are subjected!

In prospect of becoming a widow this summer, I would repeat the trial of Hannah, and tell her heart into me, and if he will constantly with his only purpose, spare me life, and grant her to my anchor, comfort and rest, the event result in the good of all concerned, and in glory.

June 1st, 1845.—Our Sunday school reorganized. I was privileged to see the return of another member, with health sufficient to go up to the ministry of God, and see my dear congregation among those gathered into the fold. I trust again. Oh! what shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies?

On the 2d of February last, I was made the mother of a living son who, though feeble at first, has ever improved, and is now a fine, healthy boy of four months. Myself more comfortable in body, I mind than for a long time—more so than for years I have dared hope to become. Not that all the cares of my heart truly have been removed, but that I have become under them as a weak child; and enabled to bear them with a more calm and serene mind; can look upon them as a testing which I hope have purified and increased me.

July 5th, 1845.—This day, I am Preparatory to two, I bring my little son to the ordinances of baptism. Give him the name, Charles Harry. My husband and I are preparing now. Cousin L. Philand and I, had likewise brought their little son.

Divine Saviour, graciously lay thy hands as upon these little ones, and bless them. May they live to love and serve thee, and in the coming world judge the ungodly things who have celebrated thy praise for evermore. Amen.

Aug. 8th, 1845.—A full another year has been added to my life. Thirty-six years have been a burden upon the heart of a mortal God. The last has been fraught with motives for which I have not dared to hope. I feel that it becomes me to be deeply humbled and grateful. With reference to the latter I have turned toward me and my children, I told them of my resolve that I will refrain from speaking words of remonstrance or reproach under the provocation I may receive. If another year shall be added to my life, may I spend it in strict adherence to this resolution. My daughter Mary, too, in view of the evils she is obliged to witness, arises from disuse and strife, is disposed to pray that the Lord will guard against participation in the evil. O Lord! strengthen thou us to practice and abide thy laws.

Ja. 14, 1846.—

"The opening year thy servant sees,
Let me thy own life be my theme."

My family, this winter, reduced to myself, husband, and children, affording me a peace and quiet for which I have long sighed. May my taste and privileges be greatly improved. The past year has been one of distinguished blessings. The preservation of my own life and the life of my infant son call for devout gratitude to the Author and Preserver of life—him whose promise it is to exalt or to abase. He hath been with me in six trials; yet, in the seventh he has not forsaken me. O! that I may ever love and trust him, ever magnify and bless his holy name!

Jan. 1st, 1847.—This day met a hundred and twenty or thirty at the house of our beloved pastor, on the occasion of our annual visit.

The past has been a year of unusual mortality among us, yet am I spared to taste the sweets of social intercourse with friends and Christians dear; still to enjoy the blessing of continued life and health to my household—a peaceful and quiet home—with opportunities for securing and doing good.

Oh! for a grateful heart, a penitent, believing, and obedient spirit!

Jan. 2d, 1848, Sabbath.—United with my fellow-disciples in celebrating the Lord's Supper. Weather and traveling so bad that the accustomed New-Year's discourse is deferred.

Jan. 9th.—New-Year's sermon, from the text: “Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?” There have been nine hundred and twenty-two deaths in Sheffield during the last thirty-four years, or since Mr. Bradford was set apart for the ministry here. Of these more than half were under thirty-five years of age.

Dec. 31st, 1848—This last Sabbath and day of another year am attending the sick-bed of my daughter, who has been much afflicted during the year now closing with poor health and weak eyes, but has suffered more intensely the last two weeks than ever before with sickness. She was taken with fever two weeks to-day. At the time of the attack her nerves were very weak, and her suffering has been extreme. But she is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well; who saw fit to lay upon his well-beloved Son greater sufferings than mortals know for our sakes; and who is able to make all these trials of my child result in her greatest good. In this truth my soul finds support. The year now closing has been one of much sickness with myself and children. It has likewise been one of a return of domestic evils. But these, for the present, have been greatly alleviated or removed. I feel that I have cause to call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless the Lord for all his benefits; yea, and to trust him to work in and for me all things needful. The tolls of mortality have this day sounded thrice in our ears, calling upon us mortals to redeem the time as our years are swiftly passing. Soon our hatred and our love will be buried; all our works, whether good or evil, shall cease.

O Lord! forgive, and sanctify, and bless, for thy mercy's sake. Amen.

Jan. 20th, 1849.—

“That voice, oft heard, that speaks, Be still,
Submissive to his holy will,
Has called by death your darling child,
And bids you to be reconciled.

“He's called her from your fond embrace,
Consigned her to her resting-place;
Her spirit winged to God above,
Dwells there in holy bliss and love.

“He's called her from her earthly home,
In a far-distant world to roam;
No more to sin, no more to sigh,
No more to languish or to die.

“The mother's heart that's rent in twain,
To bear afresh her wounds again,
May go to him, pour out her grief,
And on his bosom find relief.

“In that great day when Christ shall come,
He'll claim your 'Mary' as his own;
Raise her immortal, pure and white,
To dwell with him in realms of light.”

Yes, dear Mary, thou loved companion of my life's journey during “ten years,” thou art gone! gone to return to me no more! gone to a better world to a happier home, to know the bliss of love divine! The tenderest ties of thy beloved mother's heart are severed! the deepest fountains of grief are there opened and gushing. But 'tis God, thy Maker and Giver, who hath called thee. I feel to bless his holy name, and to say: “He hath done all things well.” He gave that faith unto thy mother which led her early to consecrate thee unto himself, to seek to imbue thy young mind with his sacred truths, and to lead thy young heart to seek him in prayer. He wrought in thee a love of filial duty, gentleness, patience, purity of heart, meekness, humility, and faith. He chasteneth thee as a wise father; and when thou wast purified as gold in the furnace, he terminated thy sorrows and thy sufferings in a peaceful death, and introduced thee to those joys which mortal eye hath not seen, or ear heard, or imagination conceived. Farewell, sweet child, until I have accomplished the work that remains for me on earth. Then will thy mother come!

Thus closes the fourth and last volume of my private journal, commenced in 1831. From the day it thus closed I have not taken up my pen to speak out of the abundance of my heart, except in communications to mortal friends. And now I must have recourse to some of these to show further the state of the inner or hidden life, as well as the manner in which God has answered what I have addressed to him. Before proceeding to this part of my work, it seems needful for me to do a thing to which I have hitherto been a stranger —namely, set the specific faults of another than my single self in a note-book. I have spoken in this letter of being *cursed* by one whom I sought most earnestly to bless. I did not lay this sin wholly to her charge.

I do not believe that God lays this sin wholly to her charge; neither do I believe that the act of indorsing this curse by one who had sworn to bless me, is a sin laid wholly to the charge of the indorser. I believe that she who was *impulsive* because she was a woman, was more impulsive because she was the offspring of a man who cherished a causeless hatred against the woman he should have loved, namely, her own natural mother; and that when God was visiting this iniquity of the father upon the child, the father's mind was so “harassed” that he knew not what to do, except to yield to any terms of peace she should dictate, and that her dictation was very much influenced by the selfish passions of her own heart and of a class of meddlers without.

The birth of her little brother was to Mary an unlooked-for blessing. She could scarcely give utterance to her joy, or describe the bright visions in the future which unfolded to her view. New sources of joy must develop new sources of sorrow in her case as in others. To see the little helpless stranger an object of hatred and contempt in his father's house caused her gentle and loving spirit an additional grief. But she, through sympathizing with her mother, and more or less participating in a similar hatred, had learned, too, to lock her sorrows in her own bosom, except as she poured them out to God.

Her father seemed not to understand that a child could suffer and not complain. He never meant to be harsh with a child. Let she could read; and as a way ever present when the darkness toward her mother was upon her father's brow, she had become exceedingly sensitive in that direction. Her mother's sicknesses were the times of her greatest trials.

During the first three months of the little brother's life, her father took no more notice of the mother or babe than of beggars whom he eschewed in his house, because he could not lawfully turn them away, except to maintain his dignity, if others than the discontented members of the family were present.

But Mary's winning way and love for the little stranger, added to the charms of May, so far removed the "melancholy" of his mind that he spoke graciously to his wife in their retirement.

When the light of my husband's countenance was lifted upon us, we rejoiced; when it was withheld, we waited carefully before him. But we were permitted every day to go together before God and make large requests; and here we obtained supplies which made us to *hope*, y in the view of those who looked that we should be visited with distress. Through protracted recessions, I was not at ease. My fastings and prayers were not before man, except as I silently worshipped in the extremities. I was one of the generation of my day. I lived in the world. I studied to know how best to drown myself before the world, and here, as a religion, or rather as a part of religion. In fact, I cut my own path. My husband held to the idea of doing without servants. He did not dare to do so, neither did he ever write or utter any thing to take back. The fist had gone forth. I passed later *safely*—was *joyfully* and *restfully*, and every appearance in me of a contrary character was my evidence of my power to carry out designs, deep and dark, for the destruction of his house. I might not dare to tell the other servants, therefore did not attempt. They were emboldened in attempting to dictate to me on the authority of "second" or "apostle." I acted my own judgment. They reported me, and professed to have got judgment against me from the populace. I still believed that I was wiser than the children, in my own affairs, notwithstanding the number of their counsels. I told their father that I had examined my heart and life in the light of God's word and Spirit, earnestly sought, and I could find nothing in myself or course, which appeared to me a cause of the unhappiness in the family; but I had sometimes given expression to mortal feeling, which, however, nature or reason might plead for under great provocation, was *unexcusable*; that I was sorry and desired forgiveness. But he who never did any thing to be forgiven was under no obligation to forgive; therefore my prayer found no favor with him. Yet my Maker says: "He that confesseth and forsakes his sins shall find mercy." And he gave the mercy promise. Yes, the power which I received, to live and walk before a man of unabated and concealed wrath, for years, enduring every provocation with the long-existing and ever-accumulating enmity against me could give, without uttering a reproachful word, was a gift which came by fasting and prayer. When I could reconcile myself in no other way, I called

to mind the prophet's words to God, "From the wrath of man shall you then remember of wrath of their fathers." Yet I knew that the wrath of man could never prevail but you should permit the sin to go unpunished. Opposition to this truth was working injustice toward me and my innocent creation. Children who have a step-father must be permitted to test out nature, and they, as well as others, deserve praise. I will here attempt something like a narrative of the last year of Mary's life. Will begin with copying a letter from her own hand.

SHERFIELD, March 12th, 1848.

DEAR AUNT ELIZABETH: Mother and I are very going to write to you on our sheet, and I thought I would send a few lines to the rest. I have had the scarlet-fever and have not fully regained my strength. Mother and Charlie have been sick with the same. Mother has not recovered, but Charlie is so as to be about. He said many times when he was sick: "I wish Aunt Libby would come and take care of me."

I have not been to school any time for weeks, and probably shall not be able to go any longer until the ground gets dried. We have had only very good sleighing here this winter, and I do not think we shall this spring. We have a very large drift in front of the gate. Father says he hardly ever saw it so high. Uncle George's school is out, and he spent one night here last week and watched with mother and Charlie. Perhaps Eliza will not tell George Cook's wife is dead. There have been a number of deaths in Barrington of the scarlet fever. I can think of nothing more of interest unless it be that my Christmas present was a pencil about an inch long. It cost twenty-five cents. The marks on the left hand of the page are of Charlie's writing, as he took the liberty to use the pen when I stepped out of the room for a moment. Perhaps you can understand them now. He often says I wish Aunt Libby to bring another sugar-tongue. Perhaps that is what they mean.

Give my love to Arabella Kox, and bid her answer my letter.

Please accept this, with much love, from your affectionate niece,

MARY LOTT.

The sickness of myself and children, spoken of by Mary, but us, as scarlet-fever so often takes its subjects, with a protracted course. My husband, or the elder brother, known among us of weakness, and expected or seen to die, every one who was not prostrated by it, to be strong enough to help himself. Mary had for some years been subject to a distressing disease, of such weakness, but not so, too, was a sufferer, and there was none so healthy, as the weaker sought to bear the infirmities of the weak, while we were comparatively healthy and spoke of by the strong as if we were too heavy to earn a living, and as we were sinking upon the products of the family. Exercise in the open air as far as possible, always being my resort for improving strength. But we were now too weak for much of this kind, and my husband had long uttered many a "No" to prayers for such of this kind. It was very indulgent to his opinion, and I, relying upon that, had sent Mary to seek

requests to be taken abroad, till she said: "Mother, I don't like to ask father for any thing which he does not choose to grant, he *looks* so."

Finding that my husband had thoughts of visiting his relatives, in Harpersfield, I flattered myself that providence was opening to us the way for a cure. My husband had never taken his two younger children to see his own kindred, and at this state of our health, a ride by our own conveyance to the farther side of the Catskill Mountains would be health and pleasure to us, and mœty to him who was so oppressed by the thoughts of supporting us in sickness. I ventured to express my thoughts to my husband upon the subject. But his brow contracted and darkened, and as he refused, he said he supposed I would do all in my power to interrupt his going.

This I knew to be an unmerited charge, for I knew that if I were to plan a journey to my friends, I should desire no interruption; and to do as I would be done unto had long been my study. This accusation, like many of the kind, had its unfavorable effect upon my health. Not that I willed it so, for I sought by every means in my power to restore and preserve health. But it was a law in nature, and therefore a law of God, every jot and tittle of which must be fulfilled, either in obedience or penalty. About the 1st of May my husband and a daughter were in readiness to depart on the journey west, when my rapidly failing health led my husband to hesitate. The daughter then repeated the charge of interruption through feigned sickness. I urged that the visit should be prosecuted, believing it best under the circumstances. Asked the physician who was called to assist my husband's judgment in the case, to encourage it. They left to be absent about two weeks. My health failed till friends became alarmed. Mary heard the fears expressed. She had seen the enmity toward me acted out. Her eyes had been weak since her own sickness. Now, she had not the attention she needed, but had an anxiety unfitted to her strength and years. Charlie, too, was taken down with an eruptive erysipelas, spreading over his back. Mary screened her eyes partially from the light, and kept around till the second day of June, when she called to me from her bedroom, and said she could not bear the light at all, so as to arise and dress herself. I was unable to leave my own bed. My servants consisted of a strong woman who came through the day, doing all the housework and nursing, and returned to her own home at night, and a delicate niece of fourteen, who came to be our company nights, and assist to divert my children. But there was one element in my house which had ever before been wanting. All was peace. Myself and son began to amend. Mary could be led about with her eyes so covered, as not to let the light fall upon the closed lids. When my husband and daughter returned, we were all comfortable, pleasantly walking and talking Mary being led by the hand. We thought ourselves blessed, in being able to give them so cheerful a reception. But they seemed to see differently.

The charge of *interruption* had not been erased, nor of *feigned sickness* forgiven, but both seemed to have resolved themselves into a charge of *vengeance*. And during the five months that Mary lived, shut out from nature's light, did their

treatment of me seem to say: "You have tied up that girl's eyes to excuse yourself from labor, and to take vengeance on us because you were not permitted to go abroad as you desired." But I was conscious that not a word, nor a look, nor a tone, nor a thought of mine, indicated such a heart in me. Mary's power to endure light about her person gradually failed, until she was compelled to seek that every ray should be excluded from the room she occupied. And just in proportion as she retreated from solar light, did she rise into intellectual and spiritual. She had no pain except that caused to her eyes by admitting light to her room. She asked but one thing beyond her food and raiment, and that was not to be left alone. But if any one referred, in her hearing, to the strange conduct of her father or sister, a low groan from her, told me that it must not be allowed.

As I could not endure to be constantly confined to a room so unventilated as hers must necessarily be, and as no other one should attempt it long, for health's sake, we offered to the girls of her acquaintance to take turns and spend each three days in succession in her company, at the rate of fifty cents per week, or the six days allotted to labor, while her father and myself divided the Sabbath between us. We had medical advice from Dr. Chapman of Egremont, a person of great skill in chronic disease, but of so extensive a practice as not to allow of his visiting his patients very often. This circumstance lessened the doctor's bill, and increased my own study of disease and medicine. The doctor told me that my children were scrofulous in their constitution, and in his opinion, I would do well to go with Mary to the vicinity of the sea as soon as she was able, and spend as much time there as I found practicable. To impress my mind the more strongly, he related the history of Mr. Phineas Chapin's family, where a scrofulous taint ran through the family, and one after another died of consumption. He had advised this course in relation to a daughter of that family who was beginning to go in the way of several sisters, then deceased. Her mother went with her to the sea, and remained with her till her health improved so as to allow of her being put to the study of music and some other lessons, and then left her near the sea; and at the time he related this to me she was to all appearance as healthy as any one.

In my solicitude to do what I could for the dear child, I obtained her father's consent to address a letter to the principal of the Eye Infirmary, New-York, describing her case as well as I could, and asking advice, to which I received the following answer:

NEW-YORK, Aug. 26th, 1848.
TO MRS. RALPH LITTLE:

MADAM: In reply to your letter in reference to the case of your daughter, I would state, that it is impossible for me to give a decided opinion without seeing your daughter. From your description, I should say she could be cured without much doubt. The New-York Eye Infirmary is a charitable institution, founded and supported at the public expense, for the purpose of affording relief to paupers. If you wish your daughter admitted as a patient at this Institute, the only expense is for board. The advice of the

surgeon and the medicines are given gratis; only.

My only wish, that you bring your daughter to the city, that I may examine her eyes, and judge of the probability of effecting a cure.

In regard to the expense, that can be managed after the exam has been made. It will be impossible to treat your daughter without spending her. It is possible that some favorable day may be given you that you may return to me again, and pay your bill out there. A. H. Bots, M.D.,
101 Haviland St., near Greene St.

In my letter, I inquired to know, as definitely as possible, in regard to the expense of removal in that direction. Mary's expenses of a glorious father were enabling and also tainting; but they were not yet entirely I was satisfied with the poor mortal boy; and prepared to meet its future wants with one of the numerous employment of our resources. I went to the view of all except those who could afford her wants to be met at her father's expense. The work for the family was to be done by the daughter who had taken the journey with the father, except what I could myself do. It was impossible for me to undertake a great deal more than the care of my children; and that for them I provided, and gave them for comfort. I took upon me the care of the maid, and nursing the baby, for a fortnight. This was to be entirely out of pocket to all the other, and be attended to on my leisure and strength allowed. And all the better not used in the family. I was allowed to sell where I could obtain a part of dress as Mary would love when she could come into the light without disfiguring her. My husband had taken home from the West a horse, which a neighbor had given to him for me, for the animal was not strong to add to his burdens leaving an oxen, and I was allowed to occasionally to ride to town. Bringing little boy, on the cross-tie, dropping of feathers eggs and nothing else, for the patient was obliged to sit the meetings of which we spoke, and of which he could then see.

The examinations were truly disheartening, and my strength was, through the malady equal to my age, until Mary began to show signs of amendment. Then my failing health did not go so far as induced me to consult a physician, but I did not protract it before a physician came over me, and I was laid into the nearest dwelling and the nearest physician summoned. This was Dr. S. R. Rice, a young man of great promise in his profession, yet one of the early losses from life. He considered my attack a shock. The event led me to speak to him of Mrs. C., and the result was that the wife of Dr. J. H. Moore, and entreated to improve to October, when she could make so into the regular student or a study day. She never even became able to form an unfeasted mind, a soul, or a spirit. I was now obliged to look for a way to go where her ravaged strength might be restored. I was aware that I must be very careful about asking for money. I addressed a friend in Brooklyn during her to seek, if possibly, a place where I might defray our expenses wholly or in part by teaching. I

employed a master to fit to Mary the dresses which had been waiting for her to come home to the best. Mary and I were ready abroad — I never regretted it, though many ill things have happened, but under the cloud that hangs over the loss of her father and sister, I said, "Mother, I cannot take half as much as you fit now as I did when I was in the dark room." No expense prepared for our relief, and I felt constrained to ask my husband to grant us to go abroad with Mary. I then hit, if he would give me forty dollars, I would endeavor to get to New York or Brooklyn, and stay awhile, and possibly I might get my way if I try, g, by my service, to stay a little longer. At all events, a short trip there would do a great deal for her. I informed my husband, "I asked if he would let me leave Mary alone, that I might take Mary abroad."

"I have nothing to say about it," he said, and then stopped, and I said,

"Why will you not?" said I.

"Because you don't care me not."

I further urged the consideration of Mary's case, and again said in her behalf, that "I have nothing to say about it," was the stereotyped reply. I then said: "Mr. Lathrop, what would you do if you brought me to Boston, for treatment?" He replied: "I bring no aqua-forte, and if you I treat well, and remain comfortable, the opposition to me. In the inner sanctum, feeling that I am fond of me, 'She hath done what she could,' and that to finish what yet remained for me to do, should be my sweet employ.

Mary went to stay with Mr. Lathrop the latter part of November, on Thanksgiving-Day, and spent six or seven days; then took a ride, a fare from these improved ones. December had much damp and foggy weather. I soon was exposed to Mary's ear that the catarrhal disease was still two infirmities; but she cool reply: "If you only knew how much I suffered before bringing it, it very well not be."

She, however, woke me early on Sabbath morning, December 17th, saying, "Mother, she said I from her room a large amount of watery fluid. But she was so much better at the hour it going to church, that she thought she might, and I did. I the ride would meet Mr. Lathrop for the time of service, she said, I was again sick, went out into the open air, and waited till the congregation was dissolved. She met me with a sweet smile, as I arrived at the corner of the fifth street. But my mother did not feel ten minutes the worse, so we got out for home, then she said it made her head ache. After a little, she turned upon my shoulder, looked up longingly into my face, and said, "Mother, what shall I do?" I supported her, but I could tell we must leave.

She turned her ailing head in the room where we were, was given to great swelling of her eyelids, and then would I could get a drop of water. Here I found her with Wednesday evening, with the exception with which I was unprepared, and feeling that I knew the worst to do.

She had every effort subject to severe disorder, which passed off with the greatest ease, but now she slept and ate with a continued languor. She was weary with long disease, but she could not hold a paper book. I took her into my arms; but no, her head must go back to the

pillow; and as I laid her back she plaintively uttered: "Oh! that I could get health and strength." I desired medical advice; but I desired not to meet the bitterness which seemed excited if I asked love or money from my husband. However, a sense of duty impelled me, and on Wednesday evening, December 20th, at eight o'clock, I approached my husband for the last time, to make intercession in Mary's behalf. She was lying upon a bed in the south-west corner of the south front-room of our house, with her head to the west.

On the same side of the room with her head, a door opened into the keeping-room of Mr. Little. I timidly went out, half assured he would hear me for a suffering child's sake. I told him I would be glad to have the doctor called in the morning to see Mary. But, alas! I had approached my monarch when the golden scepter was not held out, and death must follow! With a manner which can not be conceived by those who have not seen, but which was too well understood by the wounded, fluttering heart of the sick child, he said: "I should think you had found out by this time that doctors do no good." I replied: "Scripture says, they that are sick need a physician." He said: "I know Scripture says so, but I should think you had found out better by this time. Well," continued he, "what are you going to do about it? Are you going to take a club and drive me? If you are, why don't you go at it?" I had often felt an oppression in the region of the heart when I had met his wrath, silently or otherwise expressed. But now, such was my agony, it seemed that death must literally follow soon, if I found no relief. I returned to Mary's room, noticing, as I retreated, that I had left the door open during this memorable conversation. I looked at the dear child. There she lay, neither moving nor opening her lips. I fell upon my knees before her bed, laid my head upon the same pillow with her own, and cried unto the Great Physician of body and of soul to take our ease into his own hand; and I had an answer of peace. Instantly was the distress about the heart, and the greater anguish of spirit, removed. And the unseen Angel of the Covenant did not leave me till sickness fled from my child, to return no more. But who shall picture the scene which was to follow in that furnace and that Bethesda? Why did God give me to behold alone a scene without a parallel, and yet deny me a scholar's pen or an artist's pencil? He is wise in all his appointments, therefore I patiently wait till he shall show me why. Nothing ever passed between my husband and self relative to the conversation about the doctor. The next day, he went of his own accord for Dr. Kellogg, who, at that time, resided in Egremont. The doctor was in poor health, the weather severe, and traveling bad. I do not know how many times he saw Mary, nor do I believe that human skill could have saved her after the blow given, through a physician being asked for her. The doctor came once in two or three days, until sickness in his own person prevented. Then we were too far from him to know the cause of his delay, and waited from day to day in suspense. We were remote from neighbors, except a family in a tenant-house. I had learned to think I must never ask for help to take care of myself or

children, while able to arise and walk. An aged colored woman had taken the place of the daughter who had charge of work through the summer. My husband was alone in his department of labor. The cold was so intense, that water would freeze near the windows in our room, and for seventeen days and nights, after I first asked a physician, was I alone with the suffering child, except as her father came into the room to bring the fuel, and the physician to pay his few short visits. She once asked me if I could not bring the wood into the room, and prevent a necessity for her father's coming in; but I told her I had not strength, and she said no more about it. He once told me he thought Mary did not like to have him come into her room, but I do not know what led him to think so. Soon after the scene of her father's anger, she said to me most tenderly: "Mother, do you love me?" "Yes, Mary." Soon the question was repeated: "Mother, do you love me?" "Yes, my child." No groans escaped her lips, but still the question came: "Mother, do you love me? does any body love me?" "Mary, my dear child, it has been my love for you that has led me to pray and strive for the preservation of my own life these many years." "Mother, I know it can't be but that you love me: but it don't *seem* as if any body loved me; it don't seem as if I was worthy to be loved." "O mother! does any body love me? does any body care for me?" "Poor Mary!" said I. "Don't call me poor; I know I am poor, but it makes me feel worse to be called so. O mother! O mother! does any body love me?" Thus she lay, and thus spake, desiring that I would not move or speak when it could be avoided, until she would sink from exhaustion into a short slumber.

"Mother, mother, mother," in a tone subdued, languid, feeble, and tender, was much of the time all that escaped her lips; and when I felt constrained to try to say a soothing word, she said: "You need not reply, mother; it makes me feel worse to hear you, but I must say something, I feel so bad."

O! how many hundreds of times the word "mother" fell upon my ear from those parting lips, in that last sickness, is only known to Him by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered. She sometimes sank into a slumber, which gave a refreshing rest to my own tried nerves, but each succeeding return from these her transient slumbers brought an increase of intensity to her sufferings. "O mother! do you love me? Does any body love me? Does any body care for me?" O mother! what does make me feel so? It seems as if I must run, and jump, and scream." All this time she lay motionless. Not a muscle seemed to move except her lips. Her voice only subdued and plaintive, till at last a sudden shriek burst forth, rending the air around; but she immediately spake with her accustomed voice: "Mother, what does make me scream so? I can't help it. O mother! you don't know what I suffer. Nobody knows what I suffer. No one can conceive the agony I feel." Thus passed the days and nights. She would remember the accustomed hour for retiring; ask me to go to bed, and as I leaned upon my couch, would utter "Good night, mother," in the same sweet tones as when in health. Her mind sometimes slightly

wandered, but was at no time lost to a full sense of all her distress. She often times said: "Mother, how long have we been in prison?" At another time she thought we were upon a boat, and once entreated of me to cut off her lower limbs. With these exceptions, she seemed like herself, except her uncontrollable sufferings.

On Saturday evening, sixth January, 1844, I felt my strength so far gone that I could not attempt to arise and supply the fire with fuel through the night, which, like several preceding, was among January's coldest and most blisterring in our region; I therefore asked my husband to sleep upon one of the beds in our room, that I might call upon him to replenish the fire. He consented, and took the bed at his usual hour for retiring. Mary then had sunk into her last sleep, till pain should come to the relief of her suffering nerves. Her father too slept, till her waking would awoke him, and place in his ears a "dead sound," the echo of which, I am persuaded, never forsook him till it was drowned in the strains which now flew from the "Song of Moses and the Lamb." "O mother! do you love me? Does any body love me? Does any body care for me?" and then the strain struck, which he duration and intensity could be compared to nothing in nature except the lightning's flash, and immediately the plaintive and subdued voice began: "O mother! you don't know what I suffer. O! this misery. O! this agony. It is insupportable by those who don't feel it. It is unutterable. It is indescribable. O my dear mother, mother, does my body love me? Does my body care for me?" The convulsions and shrieks of hers, with short intervals of breathless silence, filled the hours from middle till break of day, in that room, (shall I call it?) Ah! I knew not then where to class it.

Although Mary had taught me not to reply to her implores, I felt constrained to utter something, her sufferings continued so much longer than at any time before, with no repose by sleep. And as she repeated, and re-repeated, "Mother, mother, O mother! does any body love me?" I felt impelled to say: "Yes, my dear child, every body loves you." Then with some mind but none and scared, she said: "No, mother, you know some hate me." I said: "I don't know that any body hates you." "Don't know me?" "I don't know that she does." "Yes, mother, you know she hates me." This is probably the only complaint from that child that ever fell upon her father's ear. And though she seemed to pour her whole soul into her mother's ear, I had ever refrained from annoying her by telling her her own personal sorrows. This fainting of hatred from an individual, was the first, and what led her to faint so sensibly is yet to be revealed to the writer, as much as to the reader. Mr. Little rose at break of day and left the room. Mary continued her utterings a few moments, when her articulation became indistinct, her tongue seemed to fill her mouth, and soon she ceased attempting to speak at all. She was gradually sinking but looked at me, all gazing. I told her I thought God was about to cause her to leave me, and I asked her if she was willing to go? She calmly said: "I don't know." I asked her if her soul had pain, and she said "Yes." I asked her if she could

raise her heart to God in prayer, and she easily answered: "Yes." By a half hour's rest to all appearance, I was upon her to all knees. And thus she lay to the third day; from about to Tuesday morning, from a desire to take a last look of one who had given so much occasion for remark the last year, and the rumor of whose sudden exit had surprised them; or waiting when the last breath should tell of the soul's release from its prison-house of clay. Her father preserved his accustomed calmness amid existing scenes.

On the morning of Tuesday, ninth January I sat a long time alone by her bedside, bathing her brow, and washing from her cheeks the matter which had discharged from her eyes, and dried upon them during the night. As I sat thus employed, I gave utterance to some of my heart's deep love for the cherished one before me, as I would have done had I stood above her grave in a now-made grave. I left her bedside and took a seat near the stove, where I could warm myself and at the same time look up to Mary. Her father came into the room, stood a long time by her bedside, gazing in silence upon the form before him, and at the same time holding one of her hands in his. Suddenly I saw that hand clasped by his own rose to his lips. He imprudently upon it a kiss, laid it back upon the bed, turned his back to Mary, and again stood with his head over the stove by which I was sitting, the tears gushed forth from his eyes (which I had never before known to weep,) and fell, in drops, bat in streams, upon the stove. It was then to me a marvel. He left the room, where silence had not been broken since he entered it. I again sat alone where stillness as of death reigned. I thought I heard the very faint breathing of the word "Mother." I arose and went to the bed and looked inquiry at the child. Not a muscle moved; but there was a distinct breathing utterance which said: "Let me kiss you." I placed my cheek upon her lips. They moved not, but tickled was breathed upon my face. I said: "Mary, do you hear your mother?" and the still small voice of a brain uttered: "Yes, mama." "Do you see your mother?" "Yes, mama." "I said: "Mary, are you better?" She fixed her eyes upon me in silence, and I, who had so long read their expression, understood them to say: "I know not what you mean." I then said: "Are you very sick?" "Not very." "Do you remember that you have many times of late asked your mother if she loves you?" "No, mama," was breathed through those pale lips. I said: "You have been very sick, for a few weeks past. But do not remember it now?" She looked thoughtfully at me a moment, and then, as it seemed, with a smile: "Believe I do." She then seemed to know that her power to convince me was gone, and only at the love she would have shown. I now felt it was hard to see if A. C. C.'s God designed to restore to me the child whom I had viewed as dead. My husband seemed anxious to do what might be done. So far two physicians, Dr. Darman, of S. C., and Dr. McAlister, of Great Barrington. But the older doctor, and he could give no diagnosis. Mary was too much emaciated and too much prostrated to be restored. In attempting to remove or turn her body, the head no more

turned with the chest than if her neck were broken. Yet the breath of life chained her soul to earth till noon of Friday, January twelfth, 1849. In the mean time, she occasionally gathered strength to answer a few inquiries in the same still, small voice, which could only be heard where a deathly silence reigned. But her meek, and quiet, and loving soul spoke through the mild lustre of her eyes, and as friends came around her bed she gave them a parting hand, to speak the farewell her lips might not utter. One of her arms was strengthened so that she could move it, but the other remained completely paralyzed. And when she could not speak, she could raise the right arm to express a negative or an affirmative. At three o'clock of her last morning on earth, I arose from my slumbers and asked the watcher in attendance (Miss Mary Wilcox) to withdraw and give me her place by my daughter's side. I found she could no longer speak, but retained all her consciousness. I asked her some questions relative to her present wants, naming something, and saying, if you wish it, raise your hand. She expressed her wishes in reference to any thing I thus named. I then said to her: "Mary, are you willing to die? If you are, I wish you to raise your hand." She looked at me with an earnest, loving, uncomplaining look; but her hand was motionless. With an anxious heart, I said: "Mary, do you wish to get well? If you do, raise your hand." She fixed upon me the same look, and her hand remained motionless. I then said: "Mary, do you desire that God's will be done in respect to your living or dying?" Instantly her hand was raised. With a full heart I said: "O my child! that is just as I wish you to feel; and just as I wish to feel myself." No sooner did I say "just as I wish to feel myself," than her hand was more quickly raised, to be longer held up than at any other time. Thus was I told, with an eloquence which mortal tongue can never utter, the depth of love for the mother in the heart of that dying child; and the still deeper love for the Lord her God. What could I ask more? I addressed her in the poet's words:

"See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms."

I said to Mary: "Your mother submits and yields you back to God, to dwell with him as one of Jesus' lambs." This was our last conversation on earth.

At nine in the morning of that day I stood by her bed with a garment in my hand, designing to change her dress, as I thought her gradual sinking might continue a day or two longer. She then did by me, as she had for two or three days been doing by others, gave me her hand as a token of farewell. I understood the token, and said to her: "Mary, you can no longer pronounce the 'good-by,' but I'll remember how often and how sweetly you said it during the past summer." It had been my custom while she was in the dark room, to go in and inform her whenever I was to leave the house. She would wait a little, to bring her mind to acquiesce, and then most pleasantly say: "Well, mother, come and tell me when you are ready to go." When my bon-

net and shawl were put on, I would go into her room and say, "Now, Mary, I am ready;" and the child whom I fed, and dressed, and combed, and washed, for many months in a darkness as dense as that of the grave, till I daily longed to behold her features once more, would come to me, imprint the kiss of affection, and say, "Good-by, mother," in tones more rich and sweet than I can express. I folded and laid aside the garment I had designed to put upon the dying child. Soon her difficult respiration confirmed the suggestion given by the parting hand. Friends and neighbors were summoned to her bedside. The difficult breathing increased, and I felt constrained to go to my closet and ask my heavenly Father (if it could be consistent with his holy will) to grant the waiting spirit a speedy and an easy release. I went back to speak to Mary for the last time, till I, with her, shall awake at the sound of the archangel's trumpet. I said to her: "Mary's sufferings are almost over. Angels are waiting to convey her spirit to Jesus' bosom, there to remain as a lamb of his forever. Mother will be coming soon; perhaps very soon." Then Mary departed; yea, she flew away to be at rest. And as the Angel of Death touched the fair form Mary was now deserting, there was a dissolving view upon the countenance, such as no human artist can imitate. The King's daughter, all glorious within, could not so drop her mantle that it should not bespeak the character of her who had worn it. As I closed the shutters of those windows which would no more need the light of the sun, or of the moon, one of the weeping friends, Miss Julia Roys, who sat by, said: "Why, Jane, how can you be so calm, and close the eyes of your departed child?" Ah! she has since forded the stream of death, and now she understands "why."

And what was to be the effect of this unlooked-for affliction to Mary's father? He had fallen to weeping. Yes, he who had long put on the stoic, and set all trials at defiance, must now weep. The promise is; "Though weeping endure for a night, joy shall arise in the morning." But a long night of weeping was before him; yea, a night of seven years. And ere that long night closed he told me he believed he had shed barrels of tears since Mary's death.

He had been laboring, during a long life, to justify himself by the deeds of the law. After the former deaths in his family, he began to feel some need of Gospel. He took to himself a partner in life, in whom he had confidence as one taught of God, and who, had this confidence continued, might have assisted him to find the light of life. But some body readily understood that I had married one so much older than myself from no other motive than love to money. That being the case, my professions of love to God must be hypocritical. He had failed to use his reason in regard to duty to the wife, until its light was put out. So I see the case. I did not so clearly see the truth then as I do now.

His first wife loved another man more than himself. His second wife loved his money more than himself. And no possible or positive proof could convince him to the contrary. But the spirit that troubled him was a dumb spirit, suffering none but himself, single and wedded, to know its workings, until, alas! the blows that

were desirous to correct or take vengeance on the erring, had then in the living victim. The consciousness had passed from below him, but his mind was fixed not to be removed from his mortal vision, and now the waters of his eyes like those from the rock scattered by Moses followed him in all his journeys till the last scene of his own dissolution should reach his soft realm. Then, as I believe, being converted after his life, he died and lived. The opinion of more, not being sustained by those with whom I have to do, it becomes me to proceed to give my reasons for the faith in me concerning this thing.

Mary was dead; and the dead must be buried—the “bed of death” is filled. The fair form which a little before had emerged from the dark room, so pure, tall and graceful, was now washed and cold, and by sleeping in beauty. Glorious still! No costly perfumes or splendid decorations were needed to charm the eyes of its mother or Redeemer. Nothing was wanting; no, nothing but a sepulcher, where she might sleep till morning. A glorious morning whose day shall know no cloud.

But when shall she be buried? Where and what shall be the funeral services? And whether again assisted by the bell? Mary was of a joyous spirit. She had ever looked forward to annual anniversaries with delight and anticipation, particularly that of her own birth. But now, the mother recalls that Mary had within a few months frequently said: “Mother, I seem to dislike to have my birthday come again. It seems to me that to be *too young* is better than to be older.” Her birthday had not yet come; so let the world go round that a child of ten years is dead. And let it be told also, that giddiness with contentment is at a nub at that age, even where *time* is seen and felt.

I repaired to the house of my pastor, to learn if he could preach a funeral sermon for her on the afternoon of the following Sabbath, at the church. He was then engaged in preparing a funeral sermon occasioned by the death of a very aged saint, (widow of Rev. Mr. Tutler,) to be delivered at that time, but would adapt it as far as he could to the circumstances of my child. And on the Sabbath, January 14th, 1849, at one o'clock P.M., Mary was borne, in her coffin, into the church in which he walked out sick four weeks that day. The day over her remains was tolled on the words: “We walk by faith, at least by sight.” Oh! how did they learn then feel their appropriateness! After the services a last look was taken; and rumor has since told me that it quite astounded them saw that no others of the household gave proof of stronger love to Mary than myself. If weeping is proof of love, why should they not? They believed on whom I leaned was invincible; mortal eyes, the joys I experienced, mortal hearts around me. The air on that day was heavy, and every breath that I inhaled as I followed my child to her grave, seemed as desirous especially of my invigoration by Him who came to bind up the broken heart.

We returned from Mary's grave to our lowly dwelling. A light had gone out. My husband, that night, complained of Mr. Bradford's severe judgment of him in the funeral sermon. Such a thought had not occurred to my mind. He

then once more opened his lips in a soliloquy on which they had frequently conversed. I had prayed, and had proof that his prayer was unanswered. The night after Mary's death he felt that he could not sleep through the sense of burying her. He sought help of God, and evidently was given leave that his prayer was heard, and he then assured he could not have been satisfied had he not had an answer to prayer. The food of my hopes was in the thought that an angel had now gone to be with the feet of our Father in Heaven, where he always would not cease till we should consider her. But I, also, might have no direct part in the work of winning him, for I could not wait alone, and he dare not. I am anxious. I and my young child must yet be supported, and peace with his motherless children I might. The “reluctancy” of his mind was overcome but confirmed by Mary's death. About this time he uttered a saying to the wife contained in a mystery for time to reveal. He said: “I am going to have a conservator.” That like many of his short sayings, was as a herald to me of a chapter which must be read in the dark. A conservator—Intensity. He had said nothing of it in anxiety for many years; except there were a few days while Mary was in a dark room, that when he was alone in my presence he would repeat his prophecies in a howl unlike any that I ever heard from human voice. I was ever silent; but when he came in dark in his countenance, to tell me he believed he had been a little out of late. What this conservator meant I knew not, and dare not ask, lest a spirit that would obey me was seeking for a conversation where with might find an excuse for striking the heart which could now bear no more and live. Soon after Mary's death, his half-brother, Noah Bradford, deceased in Chicago, requesting some property to him and his young son by the former wife, and appointing them executors of his will. This was an event looked for by the family. Lucas, the eldest son of Mr. Little, had but ten years at the head of the mercantile establishment which his father had built up, and he was now sole proprietor. Two other sons were married and had farms of their own. The only remaining son was with his uncle in Chicago at the time of his death—was executor and personal legatee of his estate. The two daughters were exceedingly fond of him, with her brother and the other with her mother's brother. The nose to which I had so long looked forward seemed now to have arrived—the time when no interest in our house should divert my husband from the truth, and he should gradually learn to see more as I was; should in his old age enjoy a repose from labor in a peaceful home. I knew that Lucas, younger of spring, had no representative in his private concern. I knew that his son had urged upon his uncle most ridiculous and absurd. But I stood still, waiting for law and reason to assert the right. I had been told that all of his children had for years talked of their father's living with them, and sending us to my father's house. But I did not believe that their plans in that thing would be attempted by him.

Never do I think he would have believed it when first he yielded unduly to them. He concluded to go to Chicago to spend the summer. He asked my oldest brother, who had possession

of the old homestead of the Roys family, to board myself and son. My brother consented; and as my father was then living with him, retired from busy life, and having at his command a horse and buggy, I was placed in circumstances most favorable for restoring health. After arranging for my board, my husband one evening caused an extra fire, and asked me to withdraw while he should have a conference with his children. Next morning he said he was ready to take me to my brother's as soon as I could be ready; that he had concluded to sell the farm on which we lived to his second son; that he should also divide among his children most of his personal property, as we should not have occasion to use much of it. I had never interfered in any way with his business affairs which he chose to keep from me, or inquired, Why do you so? and felt no disposition to do so now. I told him I would be ready to go next morning. Before retiring that night he told me it would be necessary that I should sign the deed, which would be ready on the next Saturday, and they would either take the deed to me or take me to the village. I believed that I could not "do justly," (a thing which God requires of man,) and sign the deed, without a condition. He had valued his farm at five thousand dollars, and I said: "I will sign the deed if you will secure to me five hundred dollars." He said he should not do it; he did not think of any such trouble; and added: "I despise hypocrisy." I wished very much that he might pursue the business of distributing, for I felt assured it would remove a strong temptation to deception and waste in his house. I believed that the expectation of something from Chicago increased the solicitude concerning the sharers of the house; and that I might do all that in me lay to promote peace. I told my husband at that time, that if he would secure to me a thousand dollars I would sign a quit-claim to all he possessed, or ever might possess, and ask nothing more from him than my board (if I should live) during the remainder of his life.

Had he been himself, as when I married him, or known me as he would have done if no wrong influence had come upon his mind, he would doubtless have done it. But he had committed himself to other counsel than mine. He confided in that counsel and in the power of his own strong and steady hand to execute its will. Whether its name be "legion," or "trio," or "unit," is not for me to say. But its disastrous workings I have read, and will now attempt to write. Nothing further was said to me about the deed. I went to my brother's to board. My husband gave a deed of the farm to his second son, and of his real estate in the village (the birthplace of Mary) to his eldest son. This he had held at three thousand dollars. He went to Chicago; was thrown from a stage and broke his leg. Charlie was very sick with the scarlet-fever in April after his father left. This again left him with very weak nerves, and myself worn and feeble. I was not able to do my own washing or sewing through the summer. Yet my body required exercise and my mind occupation; and my friends very generously contributed to these objects. I did what I could to compensate them, and left the rest with God. My husband returned in autumn. He gave me a cold hand. I endeavored to interest him in conversation, but

he only gave the monosyllabic reply. When we retired, he took a separate bed and spoke not. He soon made arrangements to return to the house where Mary died, to spend the winter. My strength did not allow me to do without a hand-maid, and for the first time in my life I was served by Irish help. My husband was "dark," as Irish Mary expressed it. Charlie was subject to sudden and severe inflammatory attacks affecting the brain. On one occasion he was playing as well as usual at twilight, when he half-playfully said, "My ear aches," but continued to complain till he raved, except as he sank into a short sleep, from which he would awake with screeches, and springing from his bed. His father went next day to Town Meeting without having laid off his coat or rested his head through the night. He that day told a daughter-in-law he had no reason to think Charlie had long to live. Knowing my husband was intending to go West in the spring, I wrote and obtained a situation at Eaton's Neck, L. I., where I, by teaching a few pupils, could have board for myself and son, and one dollar a week. I was not able to sit up through the day when I entered upon my second stage of teachership. But I had learned to go forward, though weak, when the pursuit of life seemed to demand it, trusting to Him who teaches that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. When I returned in autumn, my husband had returned for the winter from Chicago, and was stopping with his daughter, who married one year before, and commenced house-keeping in the spring. I stopped at a brother's, and my husband called to ask that Charlie and self should be allowed to stay through the winter at a dollar a week each. His request was granted. I was yet waiting the time for which I had ever hoped, when I should enjoy a peaceful, quiet home, and at last apply to my husband's "malady" the remedy he had so long since discovered. I had in autumn become so strong as to believe that I might, in a hired house in the village, where the intellect, and heart, and soul could be fed without serving guests in my own house, do without hired help. Before I left the Island, I consulted a man who owned a house on the Plain in Sheffield, and found he would hire to us the second floor for thirty-five dollars per year. I ventured to write my husband and tell him the terms, suggest that it might be a good home for us, and ask him to reply before I should leave the Island. Before giving further particulars of my husband's course, I will copy such letters as he was led to address me, from which, as from those addressed to my former self, the reader can draw his own inferences.

SOMONAUK, 11th June, 1849, Monday.

MRS. LITTLE: Your letter which was mailed the 3d May, I did not get till last Friday, 8th June. Where it had been so long, I do not know. I received intelligence of Charlie's sickness by letter from Anna, but not till he had got better so as to run about. I was thus spared the pain of being left in suspense about his getting along. I went to the interior, seventy miles, in the stage, on business, and on my return, had the misfortune to have my left leg broken, both bones between the knee and ankle a little below the middle, by stage accident.

The roads were awful. I happily had a friend on board, in the person of Eliz. barrel. I have been acquainted with him for a long time. He was for many years connected with the Hon. the Bank at Chicago, first as cashier, then as president. He took measures to have my leg bound up so as to keep it straight, and with the assistance of the other passengers, got me into the stage and brought me here, three quarters of a mile, where I still remain. It happened seven weeks ago last Friday, the day I received your letter. Mr. Burrell stood with me three days, and then Frank got here next day, and staid five days. I am sixty miles from Chicago.

The house in which I am confined is a log-house, eighty feet long, and known by the name of the four-story house, but the stories are all on the first floor. I have been well accommodated and well taken care of. The family have been exceedingly kind and attentive to me. I have not yet been out, and can bear most of my weight on my lame leg, and get about pretty comfortably on crutches. Shall probably go out soon, perhaps to-day. This is the first letter I have written since the accident, except a few lines to Frank while braces up in bed. I might have done need writing letters a few days earlier, but had not the conveniences. I am in hopes to be able to walk in a few days, and return to Chicago. This accident has so much interrupted my business, that I may not be able to return till October. My bodily health during my confinement has been good as usual. Give my kind respects to all friends.

Now a few lines for Charlie.

MY DEAR SON: Your father felt very bad to know that you had been so sick, but was glad to learn that you had got better. I have also been confined to my bed, not from sickness like yours, but with a broken leg. I lay upon my back four weeks without getting off the bed or turning over, but am now much better, so that I can sit by the table and write this letter. It is a long time since you and your mother wrote to me, but only three days since I got the letter. I hope I shall have another before long. Do you go to school this summer? If you do, I hope you will have a good teacher, be a good boy, and will learn to spell small words. Has your Uncle Levi got your wagon done yet? If he has, I suppose you are almost ready to begin to draw hay? In the part of country where I am, we see things which you do not see in Sheffield. Amongst other things are the great prairies. Do you know what prairies are? I will try to tell you. A prairie is a very large parcel of land without any trees upon it, and in some places no trees in sight. It is all level or nearly so and we can see a great way off. It is covered with grass and flowers in summer, and looks very handsome. And then there are wild bees running about in the grass, and a great bird which they call the sand-hill crane. When it stands up and stretches up its neck, it is almost as high as Uncle Charles. I wish to write a good many more letters, and so will bid you good-by for the present, and hope you will be well and happy till I see you again.

From your father,

MR. LITTLE.

I will here explain. Charlie, when he was sick, would often say, "Mr. Little" when addressing his father, though an unfeigned affection of his mother. I would be glad to write out here, in former scenes, the full correspondence, but the letters addressed by myself to my husband after Mary's death were all our property and not mine. I am sure that I referred to every letter from my husband. I recall that I once spoke of my joy in the thoughts of having been permitted to introduce Mary's departing spirit to waiting angels, as the link to carry upon her maternal inheritance. I once said, "How much as wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life as old age, how old will Mary appear in comparison with matrons who have outlived their three score years and ten!" He may have thought I designed a rebuke. But I could not realize that my joy, in respect to Mary's blessed estate, was not his joy.

CHICAGO, 24th Aug. 1849.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: Do you not think your father has been gone a long, long time, and do you not want to have him come home soon? I assure you, my dear son, that however long the time may have seemed to you, I have little doubt that it has seemed much longer and more dreary to me. You have had your cousins to play with, and I suppose have got your new wagon done long before this; and you have probably been to school some, and I hope have been very well since you had that bad spell of sickness last spring; and I hope you have enjoyed yourself very well. Yes, I hope you have been happy. But with me it has been very different. I have been mostly amongst strangers, a great way from home, and for a long time unable to get about at all, and another long time had to walk with crutches; and oh! how often I thought of my dear Charlie, and longed to see him! But however slow and languidly the time has passed, the summer is almost gone, and autumn will soon be here. I am now so far recovered that I get about very comfortably, and time does not hang so heavily upon me. My bodily health has been good ever since I left home; so that, with all my trouble, I have great cause to be thankful to the kind and good Providence which has sustained me. I wrote to you and your mother a number of weeks ago, and have been expecting a letter this good while. I think I shall be home in October, and perhaps the fore part of the month. I hope you will be well and happy till I see you again. What does your mother bid to do this summer? Is she pretty industrious? I do not suppose that you can well answer these questions, but perhaps she can answer them for you. There seems also to be another difficulty: you are not big enough yet to read this letter, nor to answer it if you should wish to. So I don't see but you will have to be dependent on mother for both. Remember me to grandpa, to mother, Uncle Charles, Aunt Pamela, the children, your cousins, and all others who wish to think of me, if there be any such. Be a good boy, and I say you have had a letter from your

Affectionate father, MR. LITTLE.
Master CHARLES HENRY LITTLE.

These are the communications from the husband and father, addressed to myself and child

during the first season of his absence from me since our marriage.

He returned in October, and took us to the farm he had put into the possession of the second son, where our family consisted of himself, myself, Charlie, and "Irish Mary," as Charlie termed her. He was gloomy and silent, but not wrathful. No accusations were made; no explanations asked or given. He assisted me to go to the situation I had obtained upon Long Island on the first of May following. Two weeks after I entered that field I addressed a letter to him in Charlie's name, to which he replied as follows:

SHEFFIELD, 25th May, 1850.

MY DEAR CHARLIE: I received your letter of the 13th inst., a few days ago. I was very glad to learn that you got safely to the end of your journey, and that you are quite well. You seem to like your home very much, and I hope you are very happy. But if you continue to eat five times a day I do not know but you will grow so large that I shall not know you, sure enough, when I see you again. I saw Ellen and Charlie Bartholomew a few days ago, but I had not then heard from you. They are very well, and seemed to be glad to see me. The peach-trees were all in full blossom when I was there, but the season is remarkably cold and wet and backward. Few of the farmers are yet through planting, and some have not yet commenced. It is truly a discouraging time. I believe your cousins are all in good health. Emily was here yesterday, or rather the day before, to get Elvira's letter. She came at noon from school. I hope you will be careful and not go too near the water. The ocean is all about you there, and there may be danger of getting into it if you be not cautious. I hope to hear from you again before long, and hope you will not forget your loving father,

R. LITTLE.

Mr. CHARLES H. LITTLE.

P. S.—Anna sends love to Charlie, and I think many others would if they knew I were going to write. I have not seen Uncle Lent and Julia since I got your letter, but think I shall soon, and will then do your love to them.

My husband went to Chicago for the summer. I do not find in my possession any letters from him while there in the summer of 1850. I still indulged the hope that the "malady" of his mind was curable, and that opportunity was soon to be afforded me of ministering under circumstances favorable to such a result.

As I have mentioned, I ventured to suggest that he should hire rooms in a house upon the Plain, and asked a reply before my return to Sheffield. He replied as follows:

SHEFFIELD, Friday 15th, Nov. 1850.

CHARLIE AND HIS MOTHER: I have only time to write a few words. It will not be convenient for me to comply with your request respecting a certain house you mentioned. I hope you are both well, and suppose you will be home before long; friends are well, so far as I know. In haste.

R. LITTLE.

Tell Charlie, father would like well to see him.

The above did not arrive before I left Long

Island for Sheffield. I stopped at a brother's, as I have stated, and Mr. Little called and contracted for myself and boy to stay through the winter. Avoided seeing me except in the presence of others. Some time in December he called; said he wished to communicate to me in the presence of others; that he desired to make me the offer of seventy-two dollars a year for my own support, and seventy-two for Charlie's, which he said would pay one dollar a week for the board of each, and leave twenty dollars each for other expenses annually. He told me that he had given notice to the public not to trust me on his account, and asked me if I would accept his proposal. I told him I thought that as my strength then was the amount was too little. He left, and a few days later the following was brought me from his hand by the school-children.

MRS. LITTLE: Although it is painful for me to dwell upon this subject, it seems to be necessary and proper that it should be pursued until an arrangement shall be concluded. With regard to the proposal I made to you, I know of no particular reason why it might not be continued, as I gave you to understand. But if my trials should crush me, in mind or body, it might be interrupted, and there may be other unforeseen events which might produce the same results. In my present state I am not willing to entangle myself with bonds of any kind, and I suppose you would not expect it.

As respects dear Charlie. I did not intend it as any thing permanent, for the reason that increasing years will necessarily bring increasing wants, and I do not intend that he shall suffer for want of supply while I can supply him. And furthermore, after a suitable time, if I live, I shall probably prefer having him with me, than to paying for his board abroad. I suppose I can have a place to stay with some one of my children while I remain upon the earth.

With regard to furniture, it is my wish that you take away every thing that you brought with you, and leave to me all our old furniture, together with what has been manufactured in the house at my expense. Many of the old articles are of little or no value; and I think it would be doing injustice to others to have the best or most useful selected out.

Thus closes the epistolary address of R. Little to his chosen and wedded self. I understood the causes of this depression, as I could not then assist others to understand. Yet hope of a cure did not forsake me. I looked upon this as a crisis where amendment might begin. I petitioned a reply, in strong hope of helping him into a happier life. I would gladly insert it here, but can not command it; neither can I recall it distinctly. I know that I urged him to take whatever he felt that he could, in justice to others, use for his own his wife's and youngest child's support, and hire the rooms I had mentioned, where I should hope, by dispensing with visitors, to be able to do without hired help, and would accept twenty dollars a year each, to cover other expenses than board for Charlie and self; and would gladly do all in my power to make his life comfortable and happy.

He called soon after, and said to me: "It won't do for me to live with you. Such would

be your interest in entering upon a will's portion, that if I should succeed to a widowhood alone, my children might have the inheritance. I should not wish them to have it. But, Sir, you know that no better course was open before me. I few days later Mr. Little came to tell me that I could still be provided for a provision; expressing my hopeings in finding in my great book a rule for every emergency, and quoting the passage from Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, 7th chapter, 15th verse:

"My bath was much troubled by these troubles. Still I could say: "My soul is staid on God and kept in perfect health."

I had no idea of asking any one to open a board school for the reception of my child on at regular pay week. I needed but little food, but I needed a room and quiet, with opportunity to walk abroad and go up to worship with the congregation. I therefore contracted for the rooms I had desired my husband and to him, and was making preparations to keep house on the 1st of April, 1851, when my husband came to me, saying that he could not live by my self upon the allowance offered me, and I pursued that plan, he should withdraw from me the money agreed upon. But as my brother no longer remained to be paid what they had done, and no one else, probably, was engaged to do it, he was led to take back his word, and I was allowed to take possession of a house of my own, where dissension and strife might be avoided; and to order a house where a conservatory had no foothold. My husband, though a pattern of consistency in all business transactions with me, knew, was, under the influence of conservatism, led to practice the maxim of refusing to pay a sonor's demand for his wife and minor child till the end of the quarter, although he had given notice to the public not to trust any sum to his account, and we were without a dollar in hand. The things which I brought with me on my marriage, to my husband's home, consisted of a bed, a chair, his own dressing-table, both of wood and glass, with crockery bearing the emblem of peace, with a reference to Isaiah 11:6, and five articles of furniture, amounting in worth to one hundred dollars or more. Before taking possession of my prematurely widowed home, I addressed a line to Mr. Little, inquiring if he would supply me with such articles as were worn out and broken of what I carried, to which I received no reply; and the first or second year I was obliged to purchase shooting and hunting equipment, I was unable to do it. I was also the first or third year of my new experience to do for myself and boy, without hiring any other services than a little sewing; my friend understanding that I lacked strength of body and of purse to serve or entertain them. I said no tax of the kind upon me. Charlie had an attack of illness the first winter, and Dr. Chapman visited him twice. It had been my fortune to receive from Berkshire Teachers Association, a prize of five dollars for my essay on "Exerting an Alarming Interest in School Duties," a few weeks previous, and thus was I prepared with cash in hand to pay his physician. On receiving the fourth quarter's allowance on the 1st April, 1852, I paid up my last bill for the year's expenses. My soul was greatly refreshed through being where my position could be accurately defined, although

the pain of feeling that the populous did not consider the causes which brought me to this unprecedented position must be endured. Now, They were endowed with enlightenment when we considered that the man between Mr. Little and his wife is dissolved. What is the cause? was it surely naked, and too weak to stand? "We don't know, but we do know that a man in Mr. Little's case was not dissolved by his wife without some cause." This, of course, was a truth, as there is not an object in the universe, either in mind or in matter, which is not the cause.

I was told during the first year of our separation that Mr. Little said if any supposed that difficulty between him and me had caused it, they were mistaken. I was told that reason to whom he had confided himself, saw him writing under an impression which they had not power to suggest, and that the daughter with whom he stood, remarked, "Is Esquire Little in your line?" replied stoutly: "His body is there."

Soon after the expiration of the first year of my separation, intent on Ralph Little, Jr., sent to me a complaint, desiring that I would release my claim to a part of the farm he had from his father, saying he had no means to raise money, and could not afford a lot for cash, if he could get the land and so removed. I had never intended a dispensation, so far as I knew my own heart, to withhold a right or reasonable request from one of the children. I told Ralph I was willing to do anything to assist him which I could do in justice to myself. But it was difficult for me to judge of a proper course in such a matter, and that I thought it belonged to his father to treat for a provision for me, instead of himself. He replied: "I believe pa is crazy." I said: "I have long thought your father insane upon the subject of a provision for myself and children, but as long as I stand alone in the opinion it avails me nothing." Yet not willing to stand in the way of his prosperity, and not being able to interfere in trial to my mind of taking over matters with those who saw my case in another light than myself, I said: "If you choose to confer with my children, I will do what they think is best." After several conferences, an arrangement was agreed upon by all parties interested. And I received a deed of twenty-one acres of meadow-land, in consideration of my son's giving the deed whereby my husband conveyed to his sons Ida and Ralph all his real estate in \$1,000, which he had held at eight thousand dollars.

The evils of this new state were, by this arrangement to be substituted for the seventy-two dollars which I was to receive annually for my own support. Pay for Charlie was to be continued annual. This net of nine, which was added to by myself purely to oblige Ralph, brought a new burden upon me—that of looking after rent and taxes, as well as uncertainty in regard to the time of receiving the wherewithal to pay my own obligations. Beside, there was one side of the field unfenced. Ralph told me when the proposal was made, that he had contracted for a fence to be built. The rails were on the ground, most of the post-holes dug, and the fence would be completed in June. But the fence was not made. After laying was over, the neighbors' cattle pastured on the field without paying; and

eventually the fence timber was taken away, and no explanation given. I never asked any; for I suppose that men and larger boys understand themselves and I have no idea that it becomes me to call them to account. They have a Master who will not neglect His duty. He is allowed to keep a Book, and in his own time he will unloose the seals thereof. He is no respecter of persons, but whosoever feareth him and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him. All the children of Adam go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies. They must be born again before they will love and obey the truth. But phrenologists will tell us that untruthfulness is more largely developed in some than in others. This fact or result has its cause. Doubtless, one cause is found in the sharp business tact of merchant fathers. I doubt not it was so in the case of the sons of Jacob. When children who have such an inheritance become motherless, the humane feel bound to believe all that they say, without asking for proof, or considering their temptation. Thus, instead of restraint, is culture; instead of religion, perverted nature.

I thank God that with all my trials he has given me to live, and teach my offspring to love the truth, and obey the truth, let it cost them what it may.

There being an unoccupied academy opposite my hired rooms, I was solicited to teach a few pupils in the building, during the summer of 1852, the second year of my unexampled widowhood. To this I the more readily assented, because I chose to watch the effect of my boy's application to books knowing that I better understood his powers to endure mental effort than a stranger could. He was now seven years of age. His natural mental activity, and his sicknesses affecting the brain, had made it necessary that he should be diverted from study, rather than urged to it. He was greatly delighted with the idea of being in school, and particularly with going to unlock the door and ring the bell, a given time before the opening of each morning's session. In a few days I discovered that his health was waning, and contrived as many ways as I could to find errands or diversions for him away from school. Having been one afternoon to the store, of an errand, he came into my school one hour before the time for closing, saying: "Mother, I am sick." I took him upon my lap, and said: "School will close in an hour." He sat a moment, and said: "Mother, I can't wait till school is out, and I can't walk home. What shall I do?" I said: "I will write out the record now, and go home with you." I began to repeat the names of the pupils, when he laid his head upon my shoulder, and said: "Oh! write the marks, but don't talk." I bore him home in my arms, and laid him upon the bed, when he desired me not to move about the room, but to sing the little songs I used to sing to him. This was early in May. I looked from my open window, and seeing a neighbor, asked him to go for a physician. The physician arrived in an hour or two. Charlie was looking wildly across the room, and entreating me to send away the big boys, or moving his arms vertically back and forth, and saying: "Mother, why don't the bell ring?" He soon commenced boring his pillow with his head, and talking in a low and incoherent manner, while he noticed nothing that was said to him. None

who saw him expected him to recover from that illness. A portion of calomel was administered to him during the doctor's first visit, and afterwards homoeopathic doses of aconite and belladonna. As nothing seemed to soothe him so much as to have some one continue squeezing a cloth from a vessel of cold water, and with it stroke his brow, this practice was continued almost without intermission for three days. Then his low muttering ceased, his fever left him, his extremities became cold, and the purple beneath his nails told that life's current was about to cease its motion, when it occurred to me to immerse his hands in warm water. I did it, and found that the purple was removed from beneath his nails. I then had his feet placed in warm water with the same results. But while attending to his feet, his hands resumed their former appearance. I then caused them to be again placed in warm water, and in the mean time caused some potatoes to be cut in slices of a half inch thick and laid upon the top of the stove, and turned till they were as warm as could be borne by the flesh. Then as soon as the water could be wiped from his hands, I caused these slices to be bound inside the palms of his hands and upon his wrists, and as soon as this was done, his feet were served in the same way. I then thought of some wine I had in the house, and had just taken the bottle in hand when my physician entered. I said to him: "Doctor, is my boy about leaving me?" He looked at his half-open and motionless eyes, and said: "His eyes look very bad." I said: "I was about to give him some wine as you came in; what do you think of it?" He inquired: "Can he swallow?" I replied: "I wet his mouth a moment ago, and he swallowed then." He said: "It may be well to reduce it a good deal so that it shall not strangle him, and try it." We did so, and finding that he swallowed the dilution, the doctor said he wished he might have a little weak chicken-tea. I immediately set a vessel of water over the fire, and went to a near neighbor and asked her to let me have a chicken. She took a handful of corn, stepped to her door and threw it down before a brood of late chickens, which she thus reared in the winter, and as they were eating it, she stooped and caught one and wrung its neck. I ran home, took a sharp knife and severed a leg and a wing from the body, and peeled off the skin, and put the limbs into the water, where they were boiled five minutes, and in fifteen minutes from the time the chicken-tea was spoken of, the doctor was feeding it to the patient. In a few minutes the doctor said: "His fever is coming back, and I am glad to see it." From that hour he began to amend. In a few days he was able to be carried into the open air. He had, while recovering, seasons of delirium, which he since distinctly recollects. On one occasion he called very loudly for his mother, and on my telling him that I was his mother, he expressed the utmost contempt. He now recollects that he thought I was John Doten. He at length became able to walk, and helped himself out of doors one day, but on arising the next morning, could not bear his weight upon his lower limbs, though otherwise as well as the day before. I had been conversant with a case of chronic debility in the lower limbs, of a child on recovering from disease upon the brain. I

was impressed with the importance of restoring strength before this disability could be overcome. I accordingly made haste to go to the sea. I borrowed money, hired a boat to draw my child in a hand-cart at the railroad depot, and in the afternoon of the day on which Charlie first complained of his infirmity I went to Hartsell in the ears, took a night-boat down the river, and next morning took ears and came for Huntington, L. I., where I took private conveyance for Northport. Through this journey I carried my boy from one seat to another, except as I could find a stranger to assist me. While at a hotel in Huntington, a stranger came into the room and inquired what ailed the boy, having noticed that the stage-driver took him from the stage in his arms. I told him his case, and he remarked it would be a long time before he would recover his strength. But said I that if I would place him under his power as a psychologist, he would put him upon his feet in an hour. However, chose to pursue the course I had marked out. After arriving at my destination in Northport, I found myself suffering intensely, around and through the body above the hips, from my exertions in carrying my child.

My husband secured a towel with camphor, with which I enveloped the disengaged portion of my frame. This relieved me from pain, but not from weakness. The next morning after our arrival, Charlie slid from his bed and exclaimed: "Why, mother! I can bear my weight." He found there a playmate, went out upon the grass to play, and before noon called me to see that he could stand without bolting to anything with his hands, and before night he called to me to come and see that he could walk a few steps alone. We rode on to the Neck, where we had once spent a summer, and in a few days he was so far restored that I returned to Sheffield and remained by a stool. But on asking Charlie to go over and ring the bell, he said: "Mother, I don't wish to ring the bell any more. The last time I rang it the big boys came from the other school and pulled the rope away from me, and I got a bad fall." In August, a child of the family occupying the first floor of our home sickened and died of dysentery. The next week I had a very severe attack of the same complaint. My husband, who went every prison to look after his business in Chicago, had returned, and my boy was taken to stay with him. An excellent nurse, in the person of a young woman, who, the winter before, took the same box train rags in the population in our place, was employed to take care of me, at a charge of three dollars per week. Every person remaining in the house had the same disease as myself. In two weeks I recovered so as to have my child taken home. During my sickness my suffering was most excruciating in the region where serpents had existed since the illness of my boy. Nothing but the application of cold water gave relief.

Being about the time of my recovery solicited to go to Eaton's Neck, L. I., to teach, or to send a teacher there immediately, I wrote a lady in the person of Miss Emma Holmes, who would go as soon as released from her engagement for the summer in Sheffield. I therefore went on to open the school, and introduced Miss Holmes to it on her arrival, and to explain to her my own method pursued in the school; my main object

being the restoration of strength by the journies, rest, and change of scene. For I found that the only power I possessed for curing a invalid, in which I can lay no claim to the character of physician or healer, I was myself of the advantages to be derived from our County and State. I wrote to a relation in New Bedford, a wife of the Rev. Mr. T. C. Tuckerman, who had resided there till at New Bedford, the latter part of November, and members being allowed to travel over the railroads for half-holiday, and gratuities I had been offered the latter, I could not let go to them in my circumstances, and at my loss, and had the year previous invited Charlie to spend a few days with me on Thanksgiving week, I intended to send Charlie to spend the whole week with his father, if I should be accepted; and if not, to go on to my brothers in the same school district, and to go myself to the Convocation. I returned, and took a few pupils into my own rooms for the winter. But before the close of winter, I was obliged, on account of Charlie's weak nerves, to discharge my school. I lived one mile from church, and Charlie was now unable to endure the air of a congregated house, and not willing to be left alone through the day, while I went out to church, and as present rooms could be had beneath the Town Hall, (a new building near the church,) for thirty dollars per year, I removed to that building early in March of 1853. On April first, 1853, or at the expiration of my second year's widowhood, I had given my notes for something like seventy dollars, beside expending my income. I well understood that the sicknesses which increased my expenses had arisen from over-exertion, and resolved to be more wise for past experience. I attempted nothing but to do for myself and child, as our necessities required, and the third year I paid all dues contracted during that year, at its close: those who extended hospitality to the thus widowed and fatherless, understanding that all that remained unpaid by their companyship was left to the Lord. Having some friends in Michigan, who had frequently solicited me to visit them, I was induced, near the close of the fourth year, which had been spent nearly as the third, to appropriate the money used in paying rents and supplying our table, to paying traveling expenses, and commit myself to the hospitality of friends, in what had till recently been considered the Far West. I went with my child to Detroit, by way of Niagara Falls and Canada, about the middle of January, 1855, where I remained till the latter part of April. I then went to Grand Rapids, by way of Kalamazoo; and the latter part of May went into the Wild Woods, or a new town ship in the timbered lands, twenty or twenty-five miles north from Grand Rapids, where we spent the time till the latter part of November, with a brother, whose wife (one year married) died five weeks before our arrival.

This was an era in the history of myself and son, inasmuch as it gave us to appreciate, as no others of the family could do, the starting point in the history of the head of our own divided household. I informed him while on his business in Chicago in Charlie's name, speaking of the novel scenes around us, and of our interest in them; myself indulging the secret hope that he might be induced to return to Massachusetts

through that part of Michigan and give us a call, and, perhaps, conclude to take up there a humble home in which to spend his winters with us, so long as his business required his presence at Chicago through the summer. I did not presume to ask him to do this, because I had, when we were all in Sheffield, invited him, verbally and by note, to dwell with us, to which he had made no reply. He only called to make quarterly payments, and on town-meeting days, or to bid a good-by to Charlie when about to go West. He said but little. His fate seemed inexplicable to himself. His countenance and tone seemed a prayer for relief which his soul disdained to utter. He at one time told me that he was generally able to keep his countenance in the presence of others, but when at work alone, weeping was his relief, and he believed he had shed barrels of tears. I thought, when in Michigan, that if he would see fit to join us so far from his "Conservator," he might, like the subject of an absent psychologist, have power to judge for himself, and act for his own personal benefit. But the true workings of his mind were to be developed in a way that I could not mark out. I find in my possession but one letter of his after his open desertion, in 1851, till autumn of 1855. It is as follows:

CHICAGO, 22d May, 1852.

DEAR CHARLIE: I have learned by Anna's letters how very sick you have been. I longed to be with you and give you comfort, but I was far away and could do nothing to give you relief. I have heard of your getting better from time to time, and now learn that you are in a fair way of getting well, which is a great relief to me, as I felt very anxious about you until I knew you was better. I hope you will be protected from a return of your disease, and be quite well soon.

This is from your affectionate father,
RALPH LITTLE.

I will here mention that this was the year when my expenses were so much beyond my income, by reason of sickness, and that when my husband made the quarterly payment, October first, of that year, he told me he had paid the girl who took care of me when sick, and abated the amount. I was afterward pained to learn that he canceled it by turning it to pay a demand which he held against her father, a poor man. Also when he paid the next quarter's allowance he abated a dollar for Charlie's board Thanksgiving week, while I was gone to the Massachusetts Teachers' Association. He also spoke of abating a dollar a week for Charlie's board with him during my sickness; but I ventured to beg, and with success, that he would do so much, as a neighbor, toward bearing the burden of our sickness, inasmuch as there were those who would have done it, in addition to their other gratuitous assistance. I mention this to show that the unnatural state of his mind about defraying expenses for sickness on one side of his house was not removed. The next date of his is addressed to my brother, in Detroit, and is near the close of his own life.

SHEFFIELD, 7th November, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I yesterday received a line from Jane, requesting me to send to you the sum I was to pay first October. I should have sent it

sooner, but had no directions. I here inclose eighteen dollars, which is intended for Charlie's expenses. I suppose you have an understanding with her, and will know what to do with it. Intend to have it registered at the office, and hope it may arrive safely.

Respectfully yours, RALPH LITTLE.
Mr. JAMES A. ROYS.

Hope you will be good enough to forward the within few lines to Charlie in some way.

R. LITTLE.

SHEFFIELD, 7th Nov. 1855.

DEAR CHARLIE: Your last letter to me was a long time on the way. I should probably have answered it sooner but did not well know where to direct. It has been rumored that you had gone to Iowa. I am glad to learn that you are well, and hope you are spending your time happily in that new part of the country. Have you been to school, so as to learn to write yet? I hope you take lessons occasionally, if you do not go to school. I should be very glad to have another letter from you soon, if convenient. It seems a long time since I have seen you. We have never been apart so long before. But I trust you have not forgotten your father. It is not convenient for me to write more now. Hope you will be gratified with even this short letter, and say it is better than none at all.

Your affectionate father, R. LITTLE.
Master CHARLES HENRY LITTLE.

The next date is the latest, and to me bears the impress of a finishing-stroke of a mind deep, and strong, and calmly mad.

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 24th, 1855.

DEAR SIR: It is the request of your sister Jane that, what money I send West for her use, should be inclosed directly to you. I here inclose eighteen dollars for the first of January, 1856. It is for Charlie's expenses. It is probable that I shall not send any more until I learn something about Charlie, and how he is getting on. I have much anxiety on his account; I fear his precious time is being spent without that improvement which he ought now to be making, and which is so essential to his future well-being. I am much at a loss what course it is proper to adopt with regard to him. I have thought that if you were willing to take him and bring him up in your business, (in case he would be contented to stay with you,) that that might be as well as any course that I could adopt for him. I should expect still to help him on until he should be able to earn his own living. I hope you will consider the subject, and give me your views as soon as convenient. Do not think me hasty; I have had the subject in contemplation for a long time. While my health and strength shall be spared, I shall expect to be back and forth through your region every season, and shall always call and see him.

Yours respectfully, R. LITTLE.
Mr. JAS. A. ROYS.

Please forward the inclosed to Charlie, wherever he may be, if you know. If not, retain it till you ascertain. It contains a dollar. R. L.

SHEFFIELD, 24th Dec., 1855.

DEAR CHARLIE.—To-morrow will be Christmas. That day, to be sure, will have gone by before you get this, but still I wish you a Merry Christmas. Hope you are well and happy. Did you get my letter by way of your Uncle James? I have not heard from you since I wrote it. When do you expect to come to Sheffield? Hope you will write me a few lines when you get this. I have been a good deal unwell for some days with a bad cold, but am now nearly well again. I have received one dollar for a New Year's present.

From your affectionate Father, R. LITTLE.
MISTER CHARLES HENRY LITTLE.

We will now look after the manner in which Charlie's time was being spent, after leaving Sheffield, nearly one year before this date. Shortly before we left, Mr. Little came to my brother's, where we were making ready for our journey, and led Charlie by the hand to his stopping place, (a distance of two miles,) to make him a visit of a few days. When Charlie came back to see his hair was all wet with Massachusetts rain, and he complaining of a constant headache, caused by letting his head while resting with a hat. I soon tired him of doses of various agents, and I told him, until he was so far recovered that I set out upon my journey to Detroit. But the motion of the ears hurt him so bad that he was unable to sit up during the journey. After stopping in Detroit, he, in a few days, seemed better; but a regular headache again returned with a good deal of feverishness. I consulted a Hemo, another physician, who only prescribed the same remedies I was so much dreading, but advised me to repeat doses at much shorter intervals than I was doing. He soon mended, but was troubled through the winter with a hacking cough, which was greatly irritated on going into the寒风寒风; so that his uncle was sometimes obliged to ask him not to come to his store, because his cough, for a time after having been in the cold air, was to his nerves "as a two edge sword." In April, however, after the snow was off the sidewalks, and weather fair, I taught him to play, and learned the art of making kites. He furnished himself with kite-poles before going into the country, near Grand Rapids, and during the month of May, commanded the admiration of the people in the families who extended to us their hospitality, by his wonderful exploits in kite-flying. When we went, the latter part of May, to the northern part of Kent county, to his uncle's, in the township which has ever been named so on his uncle was engaged in hunting bear on the prairie, where, the December before, he and wife recently a bride, took up the residence in an unbroken wilderness. Charlie was able to assist, by gathering and throwing chips to intensify the needed fire, and as soon as the work was finished, by dropping corn and potatoes for the planters. Then, the rainy days were spent in making shirts, and Charlie took the business of picking samples at a certain rate per thousand. His uncle sharpened a light axo for him, that he might assist him in chopping when the planting was finished, by cutting the smaller trees. Charlie was delighted with the idea of clearing, and ardently longed for the day when his uncle would be ready.

But the first day's trial gave him such a headache that it was many days before he was relieved, and he was not able, through the summer to resume the work of chopping because of a rush of blood to the head. He only kept the self comfortable by frequently dipping his head in a basin of water. There was still a time when his hair was dry, from sweating till night, so dependent was he upon the summer breeze. He was the companion of the birds, and greatly enjoyed the privilege of talking freely with one who had been four years in his country service in the Navy, and three years in the gold mines of California, and who now, by reason of his recent recovery, did not go from mining feasts in the company of a set of two-thinking men.

I had taken with me such books as I wished him to study, but knew the health forbade close mental application. He enjoyed in making smooth paths and bordering them with flowers and vegetables. He also rejoiced with me in seeing a growth from our seedbeds more rapid and luxuriant than we had ever before dreamed of. But he most enjoyed still in mind the present and the past as well as inquiring concerning the future. One day as I was sitting, with no one else present, he said: "Mother, what do I do when you are not?" I replied: "Charlie, we must leave that with God. I know, when a child, had similar thoughts, but my mother has died, and I have been provided for." "Well," said he, bursting into tears, "you are brother and sister; but my brothers and sisters don't care any thing about me." I said: "You have the comfort of knowing it is not because of any wrong you have done them. Their wives will love you arises probably from their desiring to have you share in their father's property." "I don't care any thing about my father's property," said he, sobbing; "I want somebody to love me." Then, thinking of his cousins, and rolling through his tears, he added: "There's Edie and Carrie, and George and Eddie—they will love me." I will here copy a letter, addressed by Charlie, with my assistance, to "Uncle Frank," editor of *Worchester's Youth's Cabinet*, after our return to Sheffield.

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 1855.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK.—I think that none of your adopted nephews and nieces more highly appreciate the favor of having a pen friend, and almost as we are furnished by the authority (so to speak) of the *Cabinet*, than myself. I am indebted to real uncles and aunts for the favor of a home on earth. And the pleasure of the different places I occupy as a temporary home, by the contributions of my adopted uncle, aunt, and cousins, through the *Cabinet*. Still greater for Aunt Sue travel near where I am staying. I should be very happy to invite you to call, if so to do all in my power to entertain you. My Uncle Ross, of Detroit, told me you called at his house a few days after I left there for the West last February. But I must tell you I have an uncle who is helping to "get Michigan out of the woods" with whom I spent the previous summer; and although I enjoyed the novelty of a new country life in a township not numbered organized, and where the families had come in within less than a year, where was not a

house or any other public building, I can assure you that communications through the post-office, from uncles, aunts, or cousins, adopted or real, were never so acceptable at any other time or place. And now, Uncle Frank, I wish to ask one thing of you in a whisper. Please don't scold, for I do so dread being scolded. It is this: If I furnish a new subscriber for the *Cabinet*, will you send a copy of the forthcoming volume to some very nice little girls whose acquaintance I made in the new settlement, and who loved dearly to read my *Cabinet* when I was there? I know very well that this does not come within the limits of your premiums. It is only a proposition of mine that you and I together make a donation visit, where so many privations are necessarily felt. Perhaps we may, at some future day, meet there, as it is only about twenty miles north from the rapidly rising city of Grand Rapids, and on the line of a contemplated railroad. If you say, no, please admit, if you can, there was no harm in asking; and if you say, yes, please direct to Reuben Jewell, Esq., Laphamville, Kent County, Mich. At all events, send the *Cabinet* to my Aunt Angie, who has decided to take it for the benefit of her pupils, and has authorized me to order it for her. She will forward the pay. Address, Miss Angie Roys, Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Your affectionate nephew,
C. H. LITTLE.

Uncle Frank responded in his *Cabinet* of March, 1857, as follows:

CHARLES H. LITTLE: You'll make your way through the world. I'm sure of that. What a persevering Yankee! I couldn't resist your appeal touching the subscriber out West. The *Cabinet* is to be sent as you desire.

The only domestic animals we were able to keep in the forest home, were a yoke of oxen, named Buck and Bright, one of which had a horn knocked off while roaming in the wide pasture. Charlie had heard his uncle tell of riding on horseback in the company of Colonel Fremont while in California. After the last Presidential election, Charlie wrote his uncle on his own responsibility, and making his own inference, he said: "How does Buck's horn get along? You will have to change his name now, as you are a Black Republican, that is, a Fremont man." His uncle, in reply, says: "As for a Black Republican, I never was one except while burning logs. A Fremont man, never." To show how my way was prepared in Providence for that summer's residence, I will copy some papers, the date and authorship of which must tell without mistake:

NORTH OF ALGOMA, May 4th, 1855.

MY DEAR SISTER JANE: I received yours of the 28th April on the first instant, and now, seated in my forest home, nearly a mile from any human being, surrounded by so luxuriant a growth of timber that the woods are inaccessible of a night, I will try to reply.

It is certainly an alleviation of sorrow to know that there are those who truly sympathize with us in affliction, and I thank you from my heart for the expressions of interest which your letter

contained. Would that such sympathy could restore to me what I have lost. What I have lost, did I say? What the world has lost in the departure from its precincts of superior talent, unpretending excellence, and unbiased Christianity, such as departed this life with Mary E. Roys. But she can no more be recalled. We can only lament that one so young, so formed by nature to receive and impart happiness, can dwell no more among us. But I feel that such lamentation is a selfishness in ourselves; for who would recall one well beloved from beyond the "dim valley of death," to share a lot in a world like this, where all is vanity and vexation of spirit? As you truly observe, the period since we parted has been to me one of life-experience. It has been full of the depths of joy and grief, but no one but myself can ever appreciate either. Early in the year of my married life, almost before I had learned all the superior mental qualities of my Lizzie, qualities which, when known, caused the deep love I before felt to border on idolatry, I thought I discovered almost certain symptoms of consumption. I can not go on in detail. You, I believe, are one of the few who know something of my nature. Imagine what must have been my life for almost a year, when I knew, (or at least reason told me,) that I must soon lose her in whom I had centered all my affections—when I heard her planning, in tones so faint with weakness as to be audible only to the ears of love, long years, ay, almost ages of prosperity and health, and knew that in a few short days, (alas! how few!) she would need no more earth plannings. You offer to come and assist me in house keeping. How gladly would I see you installed as mistress of ceremonies in my lonely domicil!

But I fear that you would not be content to stay here in the woods long. My society is the birds, and my neighbors (that is, near neighbors) are the wolves. But come and pay me a visit, and judge for yourself. My mother-in-law thought, when she left me after Lizzie's death, that I could not live here after the loss of my wife. But I thought I could live nowhere else. I sometimes think that, for my years, I have had too much world-experience. When very young I was allowed to have my own way, because I would not take any other, and now, at the age of thirty, I can look back over a long and dreary life. Nothing that I loved was ever long near me. I was but a boy when mother died. My school-friends never remained more than a term in the same school. Soon after I was of age I left all. Since then I have been a wanderer. I saluted the Emperor of Brazil, made my obeisance to the President of Chili, and touched my hat to the Queen of the Hawaiian Empire, helped to take from Mexico her richest province, dug gold in California, and walked through the halls of the Montezumas, nearly died in the city of The True Cross, (Vera Cruz,) was nearly a bachelor, was married, and am now a widower, aged thirty. Truly

"Kingdoms and nations in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old—
But I would still survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive."

Yours truly,
JOHN E. ROYS.

I went to pay my brother a visit, and judge for myself, and though my first impression was that I could not stay long in a house and clearing so limited, I soon learned that my resources and duties were proportioned to my strength. The house and furniture, by reason of the late mistress' feeble health, had been made more comfortable and pleasant than our stronger neighbors yet remained. I had never seen my recently departed sister's slay. A lady of the place told me that she heard her physician say that she was too beautiful to die. And as my brother would dwell upon her excellencies, or exclaim, "How lovely would have enjoyed this!" when we two admired the luxuriant growth of vegetation, or partook the first fruits from human culture, or that portion of earth's wilderness, my heart would turn sick, and recall the thoughts penned by this brother before he left the house of his nativity. I will transcribe them here:

"Though life is short—though misery, and want, And pains last, and hope unreal'd, Are stamp'd indelibly on every page, Yet'st ev'ry bosom dear. We cling to life With an untiring grasp. In worthiness, Perseverance, and undying fears, Is God's reward; but when the sum of time That man can fairly claim is past, Are all lost! Then we are like the leaves, For the first frost has come. As the leaves A bright blossom can depict, So is just now our life, when we are still. Tell it not in Gath, How I live! When ev'ry soul wishes still to grasp the day, When, when the dazzling splendor of the world Around us fails, and a gloomy stillness, Swallows up the joy of life, and death, And the weeping friends fond farewell, Sings joyful to the last pale instant."

"I saw a being, in whose beauty eye
Shone more than in the sun; and then mortal happiness,
Whose features were dimmed by wit and worth.
His eyes were few, and his lips apart,
With a smile he bade me sit down,
And placed the wide robe in that last growing,
With his own fair hands from under his head.
He lay very low, failing by the power of grace,
Came to me, and my heart did stir up
The languid and weary spirit, and stir up

"Again I saw him, when the last, gay
He lay upon me, and I have
To see the soft, look of quiescence,
And all-pervading joy, that yearns like
Hath to let my heart to lay the last
Now it was suddenly struck of thought,
As if it never all off the last.
He yet laid hand of grief. Around his stand
A throng of friends; of them friends, who had hearts
In their fleshes; who were as fitly spoke
Were no lusty geeth, but his own.
Should he be filled with a burden such,
Then dwelt with me the music of the soul.
I saw him lie low, and the sweetest joy,
There was no love for me, nor for few.
He was a lotus, well and well on earth,
Where every thought, where every wish or care
Said, "I care not for you." He saw his friends
Go on with affections of love, saw them go
That was reflected from his eyes in them,
And he was satisfied. He said, he wished,
For nothing more. What a cruel mortal ask?
But all the soonest joy must have an end.
A crimson upon his face he took,
He labored breathing, at his faint, last cough,
Should but too plain he had a secret fear;
That dread friend, Consumption, was at work,
Sapping the very fountain of his life.

"Again I saw him. He had just been raised
From a land of languish, and was placed
Upon a cushioned seat before his door,
To gaze on nature far the last, last time.

It was a summer evening. The birds
Were all silent, and the bright, low
Gentle moonlight, casting the verdure of
Nature's garden. There, in a grove plain
A shrub held its pale, pale bloom,
Hanging like a white drop of water,
There perched a bird, the wren,
With golden breast reflected, a share
Of splendor far too bright for mortals eyes.
All the low, sweet, trailing flowers speak
Of the month of June, and summer time.
She, from earth and earthly scenes,
Is the way of beauty and nobility,
Is loved, is envied, by the wise,
As it is by the foolish, by the
A, torn, and beaten, fly to shelter,
Held in well to bear? Where are died
The glories, to be, what they had,
The glories, to be, what they had,
A, torn, and beaten, fly to shelter,

"Slow and mournful, slow and
Approach the village, hermavard. Silence
They feel, when in the measured grave
Was the youth snatched from the living,
The young, who had mortal life,
Fallen, now! Who, though bright
Life's way, did not the round
On thoughts of him, Consumption's latest victim.

"Consumption's latest victim" seemed
to call to my heart from the p's of this
confidence as if the ringing boy had, in his
last, brief flight to utter a roar which reverberated
through the deepest fields of grief. But it was
destined to know in later years. At the time
this brother left the Navy, he went to Boston,
who, I now find, in the name of his
disappointment, that if he should die before his
relief term expired, he would be able to obtain
it through friend's petition to the Secretary of
Navy to that effect. In the summer of 1841, he
wrote a friend, desiring him to make such a
friend drew a petition, in which, to show
the unnatural state of his mind when he
left, he said, I leave a poor litterer, and
to himself when about leaving Boston:

"Look, 'tis me, mortal, you see,
Telling the truth, as I tell it."

This petition, having been signed by many of
the wise men of our own town and country, including ex Governor Birge, and James Bowditch,
M.C., was forwarded by the latter to the
Secretary of U. S. Navy.

The following correspondence resulted:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, July 31, 1842.

SIR: The enclosed copy of the certificate that you
in the station held a conference with your son
at least of the twenty-fourth ult., for the
charge of John E. Ray.

I am very much obliged, your obedient servant,

W. BAILEY PAYSON,
Hon. JULIUS ROSEKILL, Jr., M.

WHITEFIELD, July 31, 1840.
MRS. RALPH LITTLE, ST. JOHN'S, M.

MAMAN: I regret to receive your letter
which I have just received from the Secretary of
the Navy, in reply to my letter of the twenty-
fourth June, which was unanswered by all the
paper you left with me. I regret also to say
that I now see no probability that any communica-
tion of the kind can be successful. I wrote
every thing which was proper, I think, and the
good upon which the refusal is placed seems
to put an end to hope in the matter. The ex-

igencies of the service on the Pacific station are known to be quite imperative at the present time. You have done every thing which affection for your brother, and regard for his wishes and feelings, could prompt you to do; and have done all in the best possible manner. I think you must now leave the matter in the hands of an overruling Providence.

With much respect, your friend and obedient servant,

 JULIUS ROCKWELL.

SHEFFIELD, July 12th, 1849.

HON. J. ROCKWELL, Pittsfield, Mass.:

SIR: Receive the thanks of my family and self, for your kind efforts in behalf of my brother. May heaven generously shower her choicest blessings upon yourself and those dear unto you, for this act, indicating the principle of expansive benevolence within your soul. I calmly acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence, hoping yet to see what I now believe, that all is wisely ordered.

Mine has been the pain of following in fancy, both in my waking and sleeping moments, that brother, afflicted with privation, and oppressed with wounded sensibilities, as he has journeyed and dwelt amid the perils of the deep or greater perils of war: a voluntary exile from his Berkshire home and Berkshire friends; contemning the selfishness of those who sacrifice at the altars of wealth or pleasure, yet seeming likely to become the victim of an undue devotion at the shrine of knowledge.

Mine shall be the pleasure of telling him that Berkshire's wisest heads and noblest hearts have been engaged in his behalf; have done all in their power to procure for him the favor he desired. And this, as a cordial,

"Shall inspirit and serene"

his heart when again subjected to the trial of crushed hopes, and perhaps cause the blessing of him that was ready to perish to return upon his benefactors.

Upon me, as an elder sister rest the care and solicitude once felt by an affectionate mother, but which ceased with her heart's last pulse, ere this son, upon whose brow her faith had caused to be placed the seal of the everlasting covenant, committed his destiny to the foaming billows. I know that if he shall survive these adverse scenes, the school in which he has been placed will have imparted unto him lessons of wisdom, and given an energy to his character indispensable to true greatness. May he yet return to bless what he left with the curse of a too generous heart, and reward his benefactors by himself becoming a benefactor in his turn.

Nature had endowed him with generosity above his fellows; and in doing as he would be done unto, and judging others by self, he committed errors that brought upon him those "dark ills" which he attributed to "Fate." May experience correct these errors of his, and he yet be made to feel that fortune smiles.

With high respect and unfeigned gratitude, I am your humble servant,

 L. J. LITTLE.

I will here copy a separate petition which I felt compelled to address to the head of the Navy Department, and which was among the papers alluded to by Mr. Rockwell.

SHEFFIELD, Mass., June 23d, 1849.

To the Secretary of the U. S. Navy:

HONORED SIR: My brother John was born at Sheffield, Mass., August, 1825. He belonged to a numerous and respected family, who were confined to the humble walks of life. Nature had endowed him with a superior genius and an aspiring heart. He early resolved on an education, though possessed of no pecuniary resources save his own hands and time. He long pursued his object with high hopes, and made praiseworthy progress. His talent and character gave promise of good. But from pecuniary embarrassments, and lack of sympathy in those whom he loved, (and who loved him with the same strength of affection, but, from lack of similar experience, were totally unqualified to put forth a sympathy adapted to his case,) his path became dubious or blocked with insurmountable difficulties. He suddenly resolved on quitting his course, and plunging into the wilderness of the world, without a guide or fixed purpose, where he believed some path would eventually open before him, in which to see his way more clearly. He left his friends without communicating to them his change of purpose, except by a letter dropped into the post-office at his departure. He enlisted in his country's service, and sailed for the coast of Mexico, aboard the U. S. ship Warren, Independence, nearly three years since. That vessel is lately upon our coasts; several letters have been forwarded to his address, and his friends have waited a reply with intense anxiety until yesterday, when a letter was received from his hand, under date of May, 1849, mailed at San Francisco. He is aboard the U. S. ship Warren; says there is at Monterey a schoolhouse in good condition, vacated in consequence of the teacher's leaving for the gold regions; that several persons who have become acquainted with his qualifications, are desirous of obtaining his services as teacher; that it is impossible for him to obtain a discharge there; that he feels himself in a state of abject misery through being confined from a sphere in which he considers himself endowed to move, and that he desires his friends to ask for him a discharge from his present service. I am aware, sir, that it is not woman's province to counsel in matters pertaining to her country's government. But woman may pray, not only to the Lord of the universe, but to the lords of this lower world, in behalf of those whose interests are dear unto herself. I, therefore, prefer my prayer to those empowered to decide my brother's destiny, with reverence and submission, that he may be released from those fetters in which fate seemed to have bound him, and be permitted to enter the path now open to his view, in which he may hope to realize his laudable desires in the pursuit of his favorite object.

With deference and respect, I am your humble servant,

 L. J. LITTLE,

Wife of Ralph Little.

In behalf of my brother John E. Roys, marine on board U. S. ship Warren, coast of California.

Accident has placed in my hands a scrap-book of my brother's, from which I will copy some of his lines, written during the year of the correspondence above:

TO S. G. C., 1849.

Certainly God knows I've been through
This world's dark path now, and though
Ay, you may say, a sorry sort of it,
Still, O, I have written well,
The world has seen my pen,
(Yes, we all do, I suppose,) that was
Written by a poor old woman.

I have written well on the broad world,
On the wide world, who writes well,
Explain to me, you will,
That I have written well,
That every soul will say,
How true I am, that is, that they
Would never write such words
On the broad world.

And I wrote on Maria's paper,
With all the strength I had,
We thought, most moving to resistance
The world's badness,
There were those still that were near,
With us, they were very dear,
There were others, dearer still
Our hearts are full.

And where the last of the two
Saw them, there were many,
With us, and the others, too,
They were very dear to us,
The ones that were near us,
The ones that were very dear,
But, as you know,

Certainly you are about friend,
A friend to us all,
You give us hope to spend
A quiet life,
You give us power, year by year,
We feel your strength, like a sun,
A mighty sun of years, to know
The quiet of friends.

TO V. S., 1849.

I was a child upon the earthy land,
Left from the group of the strengthen'd land;
My motherland, where I could not stay,
Our hearts became peculiar to thy eye.

All we did, we did to please
With the broad strength of a powerful world,
Where friends are few, and the world alone,
A friend to us, remains to us all.

I grew through the broad world, year by year,
How bounded by the narrow paths of life;
And her grace, which was with me, seemed to
Abide with me.
The thoughts of death to mortal I would not reveal,

She always pitied—she stood near to my feet
She spoke, "I wish that that might never repeat,
I wish you could, like I, never again
Hear such words as these." When mortal lips
Are silent, then I speak.

And so, I speak, I speak, I speak,
On the way of life, I often speak,
But few understand, and those few are few,
From the mouth of my heart, then I speak, I speak.

You see, we do not speak? To be honest about it,
We are few, and the world is full of others,
Where friends are few, and the world alone,
Are few, and the world is full of others.

"Where many indeed appear to the sight,
That the world is full of all the various delights,
And the world is full of all the various charms,
The world is full, I tell you, of all the world.
To be honest, you will not understand me when
Away from your country, like a pilgrim."

Sixty-five, however, I think, is not too old,
You have strength while it goes on now, while it
lives?"
"Blessed! I pray, I thank thee for it,
For the days of my life are now, and I could

not dwell where my kindred used to dwell,
Where a brother's body is laid to rest,
Where a friend of mine is lying low,
Or where a wife is laid to rest in silence."

"A home under wild trees, or a garden for a land,
In the world of all creation, of all creation's soil,
I fear, the world, where's the money to buy,
Or land for the location I have in mind."

"To have a kindred friend, where no crosses I pass,
Is what I desire, and that is what I will have,
What I will have, I must have, nothing less,
If I have no mortal, then I may not."

"You are right," I say, "but—See your country and
friends,
Where I never was found, and where friends used to
Honor and happiness, but the rest was lost,
Nor shall my heart of hope be lost."

TO ORION WALKER, 1849.

Step out, step out! You're free and I
Have crossed from my name to yours,
At the end of the day I go,
I have forgot a name, but I never

A thought has Burke's name through me,
He is not likely to follow me,
I pray you will be forever at ease,
From all those who trouble you all.

For I have memory, for I have eyes,
Of days past, present, & to come,
And from the looks of memory I look
To you, as long as memory last.

And if we never are bound again,
A friend or a brother, a sister or son,
Two or three, a family group,
To think that your name is here.

TO THE SAME.

Wear out, wear out, the weather cold,
Gird up, gird up, the world's cold,
Fit every one of those things bold,
I never shall be worn out, though.

To walk the world, how I love it,
To measure the world, how I love it,
And then to run upon it,
To run at five miles an hour.

The world is full of joy,
The world is full of pain, you know well,
We've got to go through both,
And not it takes all day to do it.

We work all day, and we're done then,
By then, I mean to dinner,
I used to know how to work, I used to think,
But every day I grow weaker.

I write in York, at G. & J.'s table,
You see I do not go to bed,
And I am not ill, you see,
Was your Bill, I mean, John Pauline?

WILL YOU GO TO THE BIRMINGHAM? (81)

Will you go to the Birmingham? Those words will come,
At the time when you are too sick to move,
Will you go to the cold climate? The world has to share,
We're not you, we're not you, we're not you,
You can stand in the world, but the world can't afford,
A life of such scenes of trouble, your borders,
Only go to the Birmingham, and remain but a year,
And you never understand such scenes of trouble.

Will you go to the Birmingham? Why should you refuse,
We're not you, we're not you, and we're not you, you know,
You're not you, we're not you, you know,
There's no place like home, that's the way to go,
You're not you, we're not you, you know,
(A) we're not you, we're not you, we're not you,
And with you, I mean you, you can get along,
When once you have got away, you'll be gone.

Shall we go to the gold-mines? What say you, my friends? We are ready to use our best means for best ends. Shall we go to the mines? It is vain to conceal The heart-burning longing for gold that we feel. It only remains to decide which is best, Our own honor, or wealth? Be it plainly exprest! There is no way, at present, the one we can gain, And still let the other unblemished remain.

Shall we go to the gold-mines? We're long used to roam, But still we have friends and relations at home. Shall we leave them forever, when honor is sold, And we have in exchange a few ounces of gold? Or shall we, eluding each eye on the strand, At midnight return to our own native land, And, crouching like criminals, creep to the door That never admitted dishonor before?

We will go to the gold-mines! We have but to serve A few paltry months more, and we never will swerve From our promise! Our honor shall never be sold Though we were to receive for it mountains of gold! When our term shall expire, and with faces of men We can meet friends or foes, (we shall fear nothing then,) We will go to the mines, or wherever we will; And with consciences clear, all our bags we can fill.

But if haply by that time all digging is staid, And a "stopper" by Government on it is laid, We yet have a hope that for what we have done In the strife when the gold-mines from strangers were won,

Our friends won't desert us, although we shall come With pockets quite empty, at last, to our home; And that leaving no blemish or spot on our name, We shall go to the "gold-mines" of Honor and Fame.

Thus was there an opening for me to do for myself and son and the "brother born for adversity," in a twofold sense, without hired help by dispensing with visitors. For when my brother told me that the ladies of the new settlement were promising him that they would come to visit me as soon as their duties at home should allow, lest I get lonely, and leave; I replied that I should stay longer if they did not come. This was not because I did not love society, or had not a proper regard for my fellows. But I knew the measure of my strength, and because I would live for my child's sake, I would not attempt if avoidable to go beyond it. However, our summer rambles brought us in contact, and my interest in the children being discovered, I was solicited to engage to teach a school for the winter. To this I cheerfully consented, in case health permitted. A school meeting was had and arrangements made for clearing the ground and erecting a school-house. The first team that went to Grand Rapids after this meeting brought a stove, designed for the school-house, for which twelve dollars were paid. This, for lack of shelter, was placed by the wayside in front of my brother's house. I felt an ambition for laying the corner-stone in the department of Primary School education in this new town of a wilderness yet to blossom as the rose. But the chills of autumn brought on an attack of lung-fever to my boy, followed by a hacking cough, and I knew I must not think of caring for him, and for a school. So the business of preparing a house was delayed till another year. My brother, the latter part of November, contracted for chopping by those whose family were to occupy his house, and board him. My prematurely fatherless boy looked on silently while the contract was written out and signed. Then he retired behind the bed-curtains, and on my looking in upon him, I found him silently weeping at the thoughts of his home being again broken up. We returned to Grand Rapids the last day of November, 1855, intending to spend a few weeks, and then go to St. Joseph's

county to see friends who had been kindly soliciting us through the summer to visit them. But an attack of chill-fever in my own person prevented. I was upon a sick-bed, in a comfortable log-house, five miles to the south of Grand Rapids, on the plank-road to Kalamazoo, when the papers from my husband's hand last copied reached me. I had concluded to return East as soon as strength should allow. The first time I felt able to go out, I rode to the city and paid my stage-fare, leaving orders for the stage to call for me. And on Monday, 7½ A.M., January 21st, 1856, at the hour when Mr. Little closed his eyes to open them no more upon the scenes of time, his repudiated wife and child turned their faces homeward from their western tour. Next morning at six we were at my brother's in Detroit. My brother told me he had waited to see me before he should reply to Mr. Little's letter to himself—said he should say to Mr. Little that he was persuaded Charlie must have more exercise in the open air than his business would give him. The Thursday following, a letter came to Charlie from Anna, saying that his father was dead. That when he was dying, she asked him if he had any word for Charlie. He said: "Tell Charlie I wish for the blessing of God upon him." She asked, "Any thing more?" and he answered: "That is all." Charlie had, after receiving his father's letter, and while waiting for me to recover, printed a little daily, till he had made an epistle for his father. He was intending to inclose it with his Uncle James' reply. As soon as he had word of his father's death, he inquired with weeping: "Mother, do you think pa knows now that I have written him a letter?"

Early in spring I returned to Sheffield to look after the duties that remained for me. I was without money, the rent for my meadow remaining unpaid, and the renter having left the place. I could sell the meadow for enough present pay to liquidate my debts; remainder to be paid eight, nine and ten years from date of notes given on mortgage deed; giving me an annual income of between seventy and eighty dollars, after deducting taxes. This, as I supposed all understood, was the provision for my own personal support. After thus disposing of this matter, I next waited to see how Charlie's support was to come. I looked week after week in the county papers to see when a notice should appear calling the attention of those interested in the estate of Mr. Little. Nothing appearing, I invited Mr. Ira Curtiss to wait on Lucius, the eldest son, and inquire of him concerning Charlie's portion of his father's possessions. He was informed that there was nothing for Charlie that he knew of. His father's affairs were all settled, and his father died possessed of nothing.

I had learned, while anxious to know duty that I might do it, not to wear myself out with anxious thought, which, instead of adding to life or its comforts, detracts from each. There was a testament in my hands containing a writing in which I had a personal interest. "Thy Maker is thy husband," and "Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive," were as good currency with me as any paper extant. Not that I looked for miraculous supplies, while I folded my hands; but I looked that by daily reaching to Him my hand in faith, and following

the intuitions of his providence, he could lead me in a way that I knew not, even in the way everlasting. I found my strength had ne'er failed since leaving for my Western air. I was never troubled to find useful employment for all the strength I could command. But the care of my own child, in addition to the attempt to pay my way in part by caring for others, drew from my wasting energies faster than the supply we furnished, and each year a child found me more feeble than its commencement. Then I felt, but did not see clearly a way of relief, as much as my principal was to remain unpaid for many years. My brother, (to whom Mr. Little had by his last will directed to commit my boy, with the intention of paying his way for a time, which intention I presume to have been of course) at his own expense, took upon him to search for these possessors. Commencing respecting the Bulkley estate, from Spafford and Tucker, Attorneys and Commissioners at Law, Chicago, Ill., commenced in June, 1856. The first states: "The papers in these are voluminous, and their examination a matter of some time. Otherwise you would have heard from us sooner in reply." One of March, 1857 states: "We have never yet been able to get a full reply from Mr. Francis Little, surviving executor, to our letters of inquiry concerning his operations." The last statement is as follows:

CHICAGO, Feb. 6th, 1858.

DEAR SIR: You desire us to write you our conclusion in regard to the matter of the Bulkley estate. You will recollect that by the provisions of the Bulkley will, Ralph Little was bequeathed to one fourth part of the estate remaining after the payment of certain specific legacies. There was in the hands of Franklin Little, surviving executor of said Bulkley, on the 22d of May, 1856, \$51000.50.

So far as the records were concerned it did not then appear but that a proportionate share of this sum was applicable to the satisfaction of Ralph Little's sole legacy under the will, but it has since been shown that Mr. Little, before his death, drew from the estate all that he was entitled to under the will, and that therefore no balance remains for distribution among his heirs. Regrettably the success of the conspiracy against Mrs. Little's interest, we remain

Very truly yours,

SPAFFORD & JONES.

J. A. ROYS, Esq.

My brother, the first year after my husband died, proposed to purchase a little house, where Char and I might live without paying rent, as much of the time as we chose. He named a place near the R. F. H. station, at the foot of the Taconic range of mountains, which border our town on the west. But instead of me, if I knew of any other I would prefer, to name it to him. He wished me to make myself comfortable, doing what I felt able to do, and look to him for money to balance my accounts on the return of each season for annual settlement.

This would place me in the neighborhood of four older brothers, who were agriculturists, and give my boy opportunity to learn and practice proper work for such a lad. I most cheerfully accepted the offer of a home, where a portion of

the waters from the ceiling and reverberating mountain at the door of my child's bed were conducted through pipes to a room in which I could prepare food for my little knot. A barn, and two acres of ground covered with orchard invited us to take up our charge a cow and fowl. Charlie took hold of farm work with too much ardor for his strength, and chronic diarrhea kept him from laboring as he desired. Yet summer brought its varied delights in this rural district, where the mountain on our west like a giant rose in a weary land, cast upon us its refreshing shade. But winter beneath rocks stripped of their verdant covering, and clad in a white garment of snow to the very hem of the earth, and calculations had ensued led the physician more than ever to the summer's increase of health. While those who were strong enough to bear the climate were in a truer though inferior state, I found my powers steadily declining through a sense of undischarged obligation, owing to over-exertion, and winter colds; and in the summer of 1859 a loss of appetite and digestive power, and of power to labor or to care, united to an occasional sinking, which I attributed to an ordinary malady, but determined to take an effort, by going abroad to prolong life, with its mortal powers, for the sake of my boy, who yet prized the life of his mother more than the money it should cost to preserve it.

By riding over the hills and among the valleys of New-England, with my own private convenience, avoiding conversation, by stopping at intervals to rest when weary, I, in a few weeks, enjoyed a sense of a new hold on life. But the calls of autumn soon told me that health was again on the wane. I advertised in the city of New-York, and also of Baltimore, for a situation as a governess teacher, and while waiting to know if my Master would, in his providence open a way for my escape from a winter of death, through one or another of these channels, brain-fever brought me low. I was alone with my child in my house, when prostrated, and the Great Physician of body and of soul, who heard my prayer and sent his Comforter when I called unto him from the altar where my first-born drank of her Savior's cup, and was baptized with his baptism, was present to bless and to heal. I saw my own case clearly. I had, in the person of my child, a wise servant. He knew enough of brain-fever to be ready to use the less soothing attentions — to speak, to move, or to refrain, for the greatest hurt from me. Through the neighbor and I understand why I did not consent that any one should come into the house to do that, except as he called them at my request. I had written back, because he had expressed strong sensations. Cold, wet towels about the head and neck, with bathing my feet in warm water — and, finally, were all the service or rite. And I, till midnight, never enabled me to take a full meal. This he could do for his master's, where he took his own meals and lodged. I was at my own bidding, but here in the house through the night, and several hours at a time through the day. I was at the portal of death, and a deathly silence was (I felt it) the only comfort in which I could then live. Not a sound could fall upon the ear which should enter a thoughts, or rather urge the mind to feel. I was living in an

idea. But how shall I describe to those who, looking upon the outward appearance, thought me very lonely on that sick-bed, the true state of the case! Let them imagine, if they can, one lying in a room delightfully illuminated, who feels that not a muscle may be tasked as an inlet to the senses, who for once opens her eyes and looks upon a congregation of pure and spotless beings, whose loving countenances, beaming with delight, are all turned toward her as they sit in an attitude bespeaking that they are in attendance exclusively on her account, understanding that breathless silence is her present element; who sees among this congregation sainted parents and sisters, husband and child, pastor and Christian brethren, and having glanced a look that shows the fact, shuts the eyes, and enjoys all the comfort such a view imparts, while she lies motionless as inanimate clay. Then, as the hours pass, imagine this host breathing, not into the ear, but into the heart, the most precious truths contained in the Scriptures; and strains of music, sweet and soothing, not heard but felt. And then giving blest assurances of a glorious future; yea, a future of endless glory. And not only this, but an assurance that her earth-work is not yet finished; that she shall live to act an important part in the drama in which God unfolds his designs to the children of men. Let them imagine this and they have a view, as near as I can picture, of the real comforts I enjoyed in that lonely, disordered, and widowed home, where help seemed far, and death nigh. As soon as returning health enabled me to sit up, I felt that I must immediately leave the scene of my domestic cares. I had suffered a burning sensation about the vocal organs, while my fever lasted, and on arising from my bed could only speak in a whisper. I repaired to a brother's, feeling that a few days would strengthen me so as to return to duty. My brother was one morning about leaving for the village, and I was giving him instructions to do a few errands for me. This was after my voice became restored. While speaking, my tongue refused to articulate distinctly, and I knew at once that palsy was the cause. I felt no oppression except in the center of my forehead, and distinctly perceived that the effort to think intensely while instructing my brother concerning my errands, had been the exciting cause. I immediately retreated, dismissed care and thought as much as possible, and felt a relief. But on taking hold of a vessel to raise water to my mouth, I discovered that my right arm had been deprived of a portion of its power. Yet, not till attempting to go up a flight of stairs did I know that this diminution of power ran throughout the right side. I could not place my right foot first and raise myself, but could advance by continuing to raise the left foot first. I had no medical advice. I desired none. I could read my case clearly. The labor of explaining it to another I could not safely attempt. I could, after an hour's silence, speak a few words, and then felt that the nervous energy of the vocal organs was so nearly used that I might not proceed, lest total and confirmed prostration should result. My mother had a brother who early in his married life had palsy, depriving him of the use of his right arm, though he lived to rear a family. She had a sister (still living) whose right arm has been paralyzed twenty-two

years. I had had from my mother a detailed account of her brother's case. He was at first no more affected than myself. A physician was employed, who bled him a day or two after his attack. From the hour he was bled, the strength of his partially paralyzed arm withered. After it was completely prostrated, a voyage to the sea was resorted to without any avail. I saw at a glance that the only chance for me to escape confirmed paralysis lay in seeking a warmer and yet a bracing air, and in total exemption from care. I knew the attempt would be attended with difficulties, and with an expense which I could not have thought of incurring for any other object than to save life. I had a home, with stores for the winter, and my merchant trusted me till my interest in April enabled me to liquidate my indebtedness to him. All that I possessed beyond this consisted of notes from D. K. Savage, of Sheffield, one of four hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1864; one of five hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1865; and another of five hundred dollars, to be paid April fifteenth, 1866. These notes being secured by a mortgage deed of a tract of good meadow, I presume some one might be found who would, in obedience to the command, "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not away," loan me the amount needed to pay my way to a cure, if so be a cure might be obtained, and take this security. A brother, who had ever been able to assist me to money when needed, told me he then found it very difficult to raise money. I felt that I must leave home as soon as possible, and on Saturday after my paralytic attack named the next Wednesday as a day on which to set out. I then began to take thought respecting the packing of a trunk, which I intended asking a sister to do for me, but as soon as the effort to care in that direction commenced, I felt a return of the symptoms of prostration. I saw that I could not endure the excitement of making ready, or of a parting scene with my boy or brethren and sister, or of endeavoring to convince those whose silence told me their doubts, that I could go forward unattended. I therefore asked my elder brother to let my boy take me to the village on Monday afternoon preceding the Wednesday I had fixed upon to leave. He consented, and while my boy was making ready the team, I stepped into my own house, which I had left as soon as I was able to be off the bed two hours at a time, and in twenty-five minutes from the time I entered it I left with a parcel in hand, put up in a newspaper, designing in my own mind, if Providence permitted, to go a sea-voyage to Florida. My brother said he would be in the village the next day and take me home if I chose. I found, as I anticipated, that the ride improved my strength, and on Tuesday morning, I leisurely put on a dress, having worn nothing but a wrapper since sick, and at two in the afternoon took the cars for Hudson, N. Y. The two hours' ride gave me an exercise in kind and amount such as I could endure and such as I needed. I then took a night-boat down the river, the motion of which, as well as that of the cars, tended to distribute the fluids and nervous energies equally through the system.

My merchant loaned me ten dollars as I left Sheffield. I left a line for my friends, telling them I felt that duty demanded the course I pur-

and that they should bear from me daily. I stopped with a brother in the city of New-York, who had, a few days before my arrival, come to me loan-keeping, in name, his first wife only a few hours to see me in later his own family. Here at the same I avowed I was favorably situated to rest, or ride, or walk as best compensated with the present of health.

I for a few days devoted myself to studying how to alternate rest and exercise so as to earn the greatest sum in strength, and my recovery was becoming very rapid, so that I anticipated a literal application to my own case of the beautiful Scripture portion: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." But as I anticipated to incur for borrowed money, that I might pursue the course so exactly adapted to my case, I had to learn that none to whom I should apply could assure me. I find assurance from the most authority sources that there was never a time when money was so hard to be raised in Sheffield as then. Sheffield, too, was the place where my husband had astonished me a few years before by placing in the press a notice cautioning the public not to trust any one to his account, and the public understood "any one" to mean me. Though I did doubt the justice of the deeds of my mortal husband, I had no misgivings in relation to the providential care and goodness of my Maker. I knew I should not hurt and die for lack of supplies, and that were a greater good than to pursue life's journey. I desired my boy to come to me in the city, and take with him the trunk I could not care for when I left.

I was not unused to straits in which I could find no guide other than an Unseen One. My walks in the city had led me to discover a daily Union Prayer-Meeting. Here I was permitted to hold in a note, over the signature, "A Stranger," asking united prayers in my behalf that God would guide me aright. I understood that it is an useless to ask guidance from God as from man, unless we go forward. I continued to address those whom I supposed to be able to command money to live, (in Sheffield and vicinity,) and at the same time to ask for references, that I might, if able, do a little in the way of teaching or caring for young children, to enable me to stay near the sea. While I was thus perplexed, and asking for a right way, the truth was forced upon my mind, that the time had come when God would have me arise and ask for just aid in behalf of my child. I believed that, though a cloud rested upon Sheffield too dense for light to penetrate, in reference to our case, the truth might now be taken into a light where, after being real and acted upon, they should return to dispel the clouds.

The mystery concerning the "Conservator" was now clear to my own mind, and I felt it my duty to remonstrate to its workings, inasmuch as it had neither been legally appointed, nor legal in its transactions. I knew that the lawful husband of myself, and the natural father of my child, at the time when he gave his real estate in Sheffield to his eldest son, was then worth thousands of dollars, after paying all his dues, (including his wife's legal claims,) independent of his legacy at Chicago, and he had then no minor child but my boy. I knew that he had,

by his labors in Sheffield and vicinity, an income, more than equal to support him the time of those events to the time of his death. I knew that the law of our land demanded that a father who has the means does provide for a minor child. I knew that my boy was well beloved of his father as my child. And when John Brown solicited to withdraw a moment of his labor to carry out the principle, no less however, of a right to a child, I remembered that my call to duty lay in the direction of bringing before the tribunals of justice in my own State a parallel case. How could I, judge otherwise? I could not command a dollar of my own dues, and my child had not a dollar of his own. He had arrived at an age when the law recognized him as "guardian" for the fatherless. But he had nothing to guard, except a mortal body, with a slender constitution, rendered more feeble by the trials he had endured through losing his will in an contest from his father's Louise, and knowing that his mother's name had been brought so low as was possible without being charged with crime I knew, better than any other could know, the danger that his anxiety about me might impair the own health; for when I left him, his eyes had been too weak to allow of his sitting by fire or candle-light, since an illness he had in August, arising from a stone-truss upon his hip. In my deep solicitude, I called to mind the promise, "Leave thy fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive," and to make the promise more sure to me, by an increase of faith, I took my request, through a written note, to the Union Prayer-Meeting. A letter told me that he had become poisoned, and his head much swollen, through the accident of poison-syrup being mingled with the fuel. But my thoughts reverted to the fact that strangers had agreed with me touching the time I had asked of God, and my heart rested upon his promise. I succeeded in getting my boy and trunk to the city the first of the year, and on my arrival, found he had been endangered by a kick against his stomach, from a horse, but was so near the animal as not to be seriously injured. He brought with him the silver I took with me to my husband's home, at the time of my marriage. By pawning this, I was enabled to meet every exigency, until a way was opened for me to redeem my silver and prosecute my journey. In the mean time I had opened a correspondence with persons ignorant of my history, but conversant with law and justice, to ask counsel in relation to my duty to my child. My cares and perplexities while writing and writing were a check to the returning springs of life, and in addition to the feeling that I seemed as if compelling a brother to bind me, who had not promised for such an event, soon brought upon me the symptoms of increasing debility in the weakened members of my body. About this time I noticed "Swedish Movement Cure for Paralysis" upon the door of an office in the Cooper Union. I reported to this cure, and found a providential help sent to my case. By spending one hour a day where exercise, passive and voluntary alternating, tending to restore equilibrium in the system, was had, I maintained my ground until the last of February. This being the approach of the season which ever tried my health, when feeble, and a lady who was spending the

winter in Florida writing me that she had taken with her money which should be at my command on arriving there, at the same time giving me an order for money to pay my passage, I left on the last day of February, 1860, in the steamer Star of the South, and arrived in Savannah, Ga., on Saturday the 3d March. Was detained here till Wednesday following, when I took the St. Mary's, and arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, next day.

The sea-sickness I suffered wasted my strength and flesh rapidly, so that a friend from the North, on first meeting me, told the lady who aided me to take the voyage, she did not think I would live a week. But I was already feeling that this waste of animal which had been touched by palsy, was as necessary as is the fall of verdure, touched by autumn frosts; to a return of the springs of life; and I felt that such a waste, or reduction, could not have been effected in my case through any other means than by sea-sickness, without extinguishing life's flame. My strength gradually though slowly increased during my stay through March and a part of April, those months in which I had so often found my strength wasting at the North. Then the heat became so great that I dare not remain longer, as I could not take the exercise necessary to promote circulation, without exciting fever. I concluded to take a sail-vessel on my return passage, thinking I could now endure a stronger potion of the sea-sickness remedy. And I did endure it. But, happily for me, though greatly to the annoyance of the strong, our neat little schooner (Julia Smith, Capt. Orlando, of Cape Cod) was tied, by its anchor, to the bed of the Delaware, at Breakwater Harbor, from Saturday, 28th April, to Friday, May 4th. A few days of convalescence being thus granted me, I was prepared on arrival at Philadelphia, (Sunday, 6th May,) to go next day by railroad to New-York, where I stopped till June, the better to recruit exhausted nature, and to wait till the chills of spring had passed from Berkshire's hills and plains. I then returned to the town from which I had glided so imperceptibly away the November previous, that my village friends, many of them, had not found me among the missing, or upon the list of invalids. I had two or three dollars in hand, and was now in the town where I had tried in vain to borrow money, and in a state of health which forbade a pressing care. I passed from the ears to the hotel, and inquired of Mr. Miller, the landlord, if he would board me a few months on trust, telling him the condition of my finances. He consented, and I took up with him my home. Yes, *my home*. I have a *home*. I have always had a *home*. I expect to always have a *home*. I thank God for that system of legal civilization which secures to me an everlasting *home* on earth; and for that Christian system which secures to me an everlasting *home* when earth shall be dissolved.

The idea of the "Conservator" may now be clearly seen. To my mind it reads thus: "Go to the homes of your benevolent brethren, and tell them that you are *too poor* and *too weak* to have a *home* of your own, and they *must* take you in."

I have never indorsed this idea. I shall never indorse it while of my present mind. Whether that mind be sane or insane, let competent judges

decide. Perhaps the "Conservator" in this work was doing to others as it would that others should do unto it. I should not be acting in obedience to the golden rule, were I to follow such a fashion. My father and mother are passed away. My brethren are my neighbors. God bids me withdraw my foot from my neighbor's house, lest he be weary of me, and so hate me. My father and mother were among the married pairs who, though unlike, moved in harmony before the family band; and as a result, they presented to the world the good and pleasant sight of brethren and sisters dwelling together in comparative unity. I, the elder, mother sister, shall not voluntarily do that which God instructs me tends to stir up their hatred towards me. For however benevolent the impulses and slow the hatred of the more genial, the same elements enter into the composition of every human heart. Therefore the universal law of Scripture is applicable and profitable unto all. But how can I withdraw my foot from a neighbor's house, if I have not a *home* of my own? And how can I have a *home* of my own, if I have not strength or money?

Shall I go into the public ways, and pray God to send the manna from heaven to feed me? No, for the days of miracles are passed. Shall I go out without gold, or silver, or notes on paper, to offer in exchange for the supplies necessary to sustain life? No, for that would be departing from the blessings of civilization. I shall avail myself of these blessings, and have a *home*, a lawful *home*; the best *home* God empowers me to select, whether that *home* be with the rich or the poor; in city or in country; on land or on sea; a hired *home*, or a possessed *home*; a *home* in a corner of the house-top or in a wide *house*. If I have a legally appointed conservator, guardian, or master, I have to consult his instructions, and obey them in the Lord. But if I am a widowed mother, without such protection, I understand that I am head of a *house*, and am concerned in the truth, "he that neglects to provide for his own, and especially those of his own *house*, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." At the time I consented to adopt my brother's proposal, after my husband's decease, and accept his proffered gift, I indulged hopes that I might be able, with Charlie's labor and my own, to live upon my income, and only feel obliged to my brother for gratuitous rent; but we both suffered loss through over-estimating our strength; and when my boy's father had been four years dead, the brother whom he addressed, as his last worldly act of which I have any account, had furnished me in money (as a gift from his own earnings) the full amount agreed upon by my husband. Had I felt less pressed by a sense of obligation, a less sum would (I doubted not) have supplied me. When I was compelled to relinquish this *home*, I felt sad at the thoughts of my brother's disappointment, and as soon as I had looked at my affairs with my own eyes, I advertised my brethren that I should act independent of their advice; that instead of trying to board at half pay, quarter pay, or no pay, I should seek the necessities of life, and pay the market price. I could then only write the "what" without giving the "why." As I reviewed the "Conservator's" work, I saw that one dollar a week each was the offer for board.

This, at first, was no more than half pay. At the decease of my husband my stipend was reduced one-half, which gave only quarter pay. When I was obliged to quit my grandfather's home I had nothing but instant means, where reduced to no pay, except as so slender would trust me, and now I felt compelled to try the experiment of moving far away from my kindred, nearly to the flush.

Before going South, I wrote my eldest brother, (the only remainder of my house who could in years, than myself,) to ask him if he would permit my boy to stay with his family at two dollars per week for board, and if he or another brother should have work for him adapted to his strength, pay him for his work what it was worth. To this he consented, and Charlie left for Mass. about the day before I departed South, having enjoyed the advantages of city rambles, air, lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the Cooper Union, and Sermons to Young Men, by Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, in the large hall of the same building; his eye having strengthened so that he could look at the philosophical and chemical experiments where serous interest between the burning gas and the sky. These advantages rendered him richer when he left than when he entered the city, and the sum from whom they were derived no poorer in present resources, and we may hope richer in prospective harvest. I had the satisfaction of seeing him go voluntarily, that what I regretted most to leave was these lectures and sermons; and when Rev. Mr. Smith proposed building a church in the upper part of the city, to cost six thousand dollars, and I stated that if each male in the congregation then present would give ten dollars, the sum would be raised at once, Charlie remarked, on leaving the meeting, that if he had ten dollars to give any where to build a church, he would give it there.

When I was about to return from the city to Sheffield in June, I felt that the time of duty was not clear to me, and I presented a request to the Fulton street Meeting, during prayers, as a widow mother and a Christian woman, that I might be guided in the appropriate duties of my sphere.

Having become established in my home at this hotel, I sent a line to my son, asking him to call and see me; and also noticed my friends that I was able to receive a short call from one or two individuals daily. I also took daily walks of from one to two miles. I then had a room to which to retire, and put out domestic care, inflate the lungs, apply cold soft water to the more oppressed parts, by spongeing, or wet towels and rest upon my bed, or take up the pen, as duty seemed to dictate. I learned from my son that he had accepted an offer from his elder uncle, to work from May 1st to Oct. 1st for twenty-five dollars beside his board. This was a provision for the summer if health continued. But Charlie had never been through a summer without being laid aside from work by illness in some form. In case of illness now, I could not take him to myself, or longer nurse him as I had formerly done. How then should I, like the wise ant, prepare for such an exigence? I addressed a line, before leaving New-York, to his eldest half-brother, inquiring if I could receive the money his father agreed to pay to far Charlie's support, without

asking for it at the hands of civil law; and requested an answer before I should leave the city. But I received none.

My next avowed duty did not extend the town in the domain of the town which I gave birth and residence to my husband.

In the town of Sheffield, Berkshire Co., Mass., through the proper authorities for acting in behalf of its poor.

The undersigned respectfully represent that she was the second lawful wife of Ralph Little, late of Sheffield. That she ever sought, so far as in her power, to perform the duties of a faithful and affectionate wife and prudent, industrious, frugal wife and mother. That her husband, from a peculiarity of his mental organization and circumstances in life, became the victim of a mania which disengaged him from a natural discharge of duty toward his family. That the influence upon his defective mental vision, of the *occulted power*, where a practitioner is introduced, completely unbalanced his reason upon the subject of a provision for his second wife and her offspring. That the result of this frenzy has been to destroy the brains of the second wife; cause fatal disease of the brain in their first-born; a desideritator among his brethren of a inferior son, their only surviving child; and the bringing down to the grave with sorrow of his own venerable head.

The undersigned further represents that in the providence of God, she can not now command the means of making a home for this son. That the only place where she can exact one at the hands of civil law, is the home for the poor in the town of his nativity.

Believing that the time has arrived when the truth of her opinion, as now given, can be known in open court, she places her son at the door of Sheffield, desiring that, as his natural guardian, the town ask the court of Berkshire, so to convey the debts by which her husband conveyed to his elder sons certain real estate in Sheffield, as to give the discredited son one seventh portion of said real estate, together with the use of said portion since the decease of his and their father in January of 1856.

Respectfully submitted,

Laura J. Little,
Widow of Ralph Little.

SHIEFFIELD, June 18th, 1870.

After preparing to take this last step, I recollect that at my eldest brother was chairman of the board of selectmen, which caused a regret, for I know it is hard for men to have a sister looked upon as "a strange woman," and harder to no end before the world as her defender or advocate. He had stood by me when waves of trouble rolled over me, next to my refuge to Him who was on the "wave of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He used me his full proportion toward using hospitality without grudging, and I am now looking to him still not to be compelled to make his own home a private hospital for the reception of the weak of my house, because the bonds which bound the strong to feed them are broken. Therefore, I went forward with my work. So far as human encouragement is concerned, I stand alone. My first intention was, to arrange the writings in my possession, leaving a

bearing upon the case, according to their dates, and then write out the facts to which I could testify before any tribunal empowered to try and decide my suit, so that I may be ready to give an answer to any who shall ask, What are the proofs in the case? About the time I was entering upon the work of examining manuscripts, I received yours, containing the inquiry which I quoted at the beginning of this, my chronic epistle. I now seemed to have found an answer to the inquiry which I had for many months been carrying daily to God, namely: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

I could more easily give my reasons for my opinion of slavery, and the proofs I could adduce to substantiate my opinion of duty toward my child, in a compound form, than in any other, inasmuch as the Creator had given them to me in that form. Having sought to unfold some of the darker passages of my hidden life, by copying from original records, and adding some notes by the way, I will proceed, by practical application, to endeavor to give you to see slavery with my eyes, and to persuade you that I am not deceived in my present view. In my private journal I find the following:

August 17th, 1834.—This afternoon, at Mr. Rogers's. Interested in reading anti-slavery publications. Am convinced that I, and most others in these Northern States, have had but little light on the subject of slavery, and but a faint idea of its horrors and its sins, as existing in the Southern States of our celebrated Union; or of the undue prejudices amongst us all, in relation to persons of color.

From the following letter, may be derived an inference of my own opinion, one year later than the above date.

NEW-MARLBOROUGH, July 13th, 1835.

MY DEAR Miss ROYS: I received your communication by the hand of S—, and was highly gratified with the sentiments of friendship and respect which it contains. It was no intrusion on my feelings, I assure you, but was received with all the cordiality of a long-cherished friend. I also feel a pleasure in the reflection that our acquaintance, though accidental and slight, has resulted in our mutual esteem and satisfaction. I think you however, worthy a little reproof for the undeserved commendation you bestowed upon an individual so unworthy. I indeed hope I am a Christian, but a most unfaithful one; a sinner, if ever saved, by grace, infinite and unmerited grace. This is all my boast, and all my hope. You mentioned last summer. I, too, often think of the happiness which I enjoyed in your society, and that of the other Sheffield and also New-York friends, as pleasures gone by, and probably in relation to some of them, at least, never to be repeated. This is the signet which is stamped upon all our earthly enjoyments. But it is a feature in the character of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, that separation is unknown.

"The fearful words, to part, are never heard above."

How, my dear L—, will the pleasures of Christian intercourse be increased when, free from sin and its flattering influence, we shall be

permitted to enjoy, not only the society of the just made perfect, but also of angels, and even of the benevolent Redeemer himself, whose presence fills his children while on earth, with such unutterable joy; the joy of pardoned sinners; the joy of being raised from the lowest state of degradation and misery, to the anticipation of the highest perfect blessedness of which our natures are capable. What love is this? How does all the vanity of earthly pleasures shrink into contemptible nothingness when brought into competition with those which flow from conformity to God. They are not worthy to be named with the same breath, or weighed in the same balance. I would I were more influenced by the former, and less by the latter.

You say you trust I am enabled to rejoice in view of several things. You will recollect them.

Yes, I do rejoice, especially in view of the benevolent enterprises of the day. It is not among the least of the privileges which God has bestowed upon us, that we are permitted to live in these ends of the world, when he is exciting his children to more spirited action in His service than formally.

Among the various other benevolent enterprises of the day, we behold the Anti-Slavery Society just emerging from a storm of opposition poured upon it, not only by the world, but by those whose names stand foremost on the records of Christian benevolence. But the cause, I trust, is God's, and will eventually prevail. More than two millions of oppressed beings in the United States have cried, and their cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; and he has come down to deliver, and he will deliver, though it be by the destruction of their oppressors.

I shall ever be glad to see you or hear from you.

Yours respectfully,
ELECTA SHEPHERD.

After taking possession of a separate home for myself and boy, in 1851, I supplied the lack of society to my child, as far as able, by reading to him, a half hour of each evening, from works designed to entertain and instruct. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was put into my hand by a neighbor, and thus slowly perused. As I proceeded, day after day, my heart swelled with emotion too big for utterance, in beholding in Eva a delineation of a character so like the child I had given back to God two years before. The utterance I needed not to attempt, for none but God could understand my case, and he could read the heart. One, among mortals, has been led to say to me, that he was similarly impressed while reading the same work, although at the time he read, he was on the Pacific coast.

In January, 1859, I was with a circle of friends convened at the dwelling of your late grandmother. I found there those whose duty it is to qualify themselves to judge of matters pertaining to their country's government, that their influence as performing members of the body politic, may be upon the side of "right," whose opinions upon the subject of slavery were antagonistic. I very naturally suggested some ideas, when my former pupil, Mrs. Dowd, gently reminded me that I once commended abolition movements. I told her, as we retired so as not to be overheard, (for I perfectly understood that woman's experience

no argument with me,) that God had brought me into a higher state of place, where my principles could not be a lower order of abomination. Took from me a spirit which was not wholly that of pain, to whom the sense of brotherly love for his countrymen had been a great perplexity; that other's principles as near to destroying the very existence of peace, it put on the form of an angel of light in the orb of human sympathy; then came its power to judge according to appearance, to speak all of the absent, to be told all, and without loss of time in other's estimation. That I had left your bethel in a field willing to perish, and I eagerly fled up for its reception. I held a tasting of all the savours, but half a dozen was swallowed by its influence my heart had been dead, my flesh-born reprobate, my lay man in a nest from his father's house, and my own reputation brought "very low," and the bringing of it low, indeed, without an explanation, or less. I ran, by the strong hand that led me forth trustlessly from my father's home under a pale pale sky, so dimly dimmed, of love and grace till death.

Do you see, why—six times to Mrs. Dowd, and of others? I answer, Mrs. D. Lal, till within a month, for many years away from Shadrach, and I could tell her my own opinion without being asked, in the few—President that giant tree, a fire which I had long stood in as a swineherd and littleness, waiting to know what day I went to God. I would suffer it to make of me.

In the autumn of 1859 a little before sunset, one Sabbath evening, I heard the expression, from one who was passing my house: "A fire on the mountain." I looked, and saw a column ascending into the air from beyond the lofty summit in the rear of my dwelling. By the time the stars were apparent in the sky, the mountain top was the scene of a brilliant display of fire-work, which increased in splendor, till the shades of evening deep in darkness. At mid-night I arose to see what night's fire-workings were to my astonishment, I saw a more grand and glorious spectacle than I had ever before beheld, or than I looked forward again till I awoke from my last long sleep. The whole extent of the city, visible as Sheffield's western landmark, a landmark which no neighbor can now see through taking away its original name, given by the red men, was white, at its upper and far west extremity. Although I never break open the blunders of my boy during the night-watches, if I can well afford it, I don't get rained to argue him and my son to go out to look at a midnight scene upon Goliath's theater, such as he is not liable to my day, and that not excepted in his. Long did we gaze and admire. But right off her curtain, and another scene—*I—I*. The flesh and malleable way down among the forms, whose members are a part of the weight of the families whose titles hold them. The coming and liberators of the land-slain must be staid, sober, strong, and hardy men all be born, if fit to fight the raging foe. As I listened to the complaints and cries of females who, in their solicitude for the safety of father, brother, or possibly, were wishing that the calamity might rest upon the

head of him who inflicted it, I sat down to muse. I sat at the foot of a burning mountain.

My fire, in a hollow, had a red, red glow, casting its light upon a column of fire, from the base of a large, open, roundish mountain, from whose base a column of smoke, wail'd that poor pray'r, and hung upon the crevices, or wail'd as the smoke may be, have their pavers return into their own houses. And next, and then who kill'd the fire, consider the possible or probable results. Did they do as they would that a ne'er-do-well do unto them? But perhaps they have not done them. Well would they have their houses burned! A tiny spark may have even a large to burn. Well, though I, there is no spark on earth capable of kindling a fire that has not a body, and would it have been so easily burned? "For while the meat is hot, it shall be measured to you." Behold, how great vaunter a little fox is. But I know have before me a striking figure of what God has permitted to be done to my own earthly inheritance. "The tongue is a fire."

A little farther on, and another fire broke out upon earth, unlike any before it, but more stupendous for its report than for its brightness or its grandeur. Its reverberations shook the earth, and whizzed mankind with wonder. I sat in my room at the foot of Old Tappan, (New Mount Everett,) and as I looked at the press, I reviewed the past.

I recalled that, in 1831, a brother Abolitionist met Mr. Garrison, who had in his day been a scholar and a teacher, but was then living beneath the infirmities of years and an overwrought nervous frame, who accosted him with:

"Well, have you got your sword ready?"

"Yes, all the sword I want—the sword of the Spirit."

"Ahl but that won't do for G——," naming a leader of a band, whom I then supposed going forth under the banner of the Prince of Peace. When I learned of the treacherous movements at Harper's Ferry, my heart gave to the odds of 1831 what it then withheld—the honor of being the chief judge in new and difficult cases. Our pastor, Rev. Mr. Bradford, ever refused to admit to his pulpit those who would advocate anti-slavery movements.

Though dear had been the school, I thanked God that he had converted me from the error in my way, in maintaining an opinion founded in pride.

As I looked in the pictorial at the Langdon and Astor, his visage portraying the hero of Harper's Ferry, with the heat of his own lungs lying by his side, victims of his own parent, I saw a sight which took hold of my heart and sympathies. The fallen countenance of this hero, his fate inexplicable to himself, and his refusal to accept release from the command of a mighty high heaven to bestow it on the hour of uttermost fate, clinging to one fixed purpose with an unflinching grasp, though beaten and earth-purposed, all bore the most striking resemblance to the countenance and the course of the hero of emancipation from the bondage of a second marriage. The latter had evidently looked for an improvement in his house as soon as the long contemplated blow should be struck. But Shadrach can testify to the truth he is said to have

uttered to a brother-in-law through his first wife, into whose company he fell while traveling, that he could "not hold up his head." He had taken up no carnal weapon, therefore no carnal weapon was taken up against him. For seven years was this strong man bowed, yea, he bowed his head as a bulrush. When not looking over his accounts, he labored alone in the field, if not wet with the dew of heaven, wetting the earth with his tears. His vigor had not abated. His locks were bushy and raven, with not a trace of the frost of time upon them. I had, in my attempts to get access to his heart, once told him I desired him to help me preserve my affection for him, that I might comfort him when the infirmities of age should come upon him. But he only gave me a contemptuous laugh, more like my boy's when I told him I was his mother at the time he thought I was John Doten, than any thing else to which I can compare it. Yet no mention was made of his insanity, so far as I know, beyond what I have named.

When John Brown took up arms at Harper's Ferry, the work of his maddened brain was soon cut short in righteousness—the remainder of his wrath restrained. But there were some who had been slain by this wrath; and does God today make inquisition for blood, as in the day when wrath first raised the carnal weapon? If so, to whom does the inquiry come: "Where is thy brother?" Who shall take up the wail for the unfimely separation of husbands and wives, and parents and children, by those whose skin is colored like their own? My heart has been made to feel upon this subject, but it trusteth in the Lord. The Judge of all the earth will do right. He will correct the wrongs committed by earthly, self-constituted, and partial judges, whose strong wills can not bend to God's will, after being committed to an opinion.

When my husband had made the last proclamation, not openly, but, as it were, in secret, of his purposes toward me, his work, too, was soon cut short. A fever succeeded the cold he spoke of in his letter to Charlie. Rumor has told me that the last night of his life, as he lay in his chamber, his eldest son being his watcher, the daughter with whom he staid was ready late at night to retire, but felt that she must first go and see her father. She went to his room, where her brother was lying upon one bed and her father upon another. She asked her brother how her father was, and he said he guessed he was better, as he was more quiet. But on looking at the father she saw that he was failing; and, on her asking him if she had done all for him that he could expect since he had had a home with her, he said, "Yes," and then added: "It takes a woman to know!" I thank God that he has permitted me to hear of such a confession from the lips of my husband in that honest hour. It speaks volumes to me. It tells me that he saw the mistake of a lifetime in a moment when God had brought him into straits which should compel him to look to the Rock higher than himself. Ah! could I have been with him, and through my ministrations brought back the ebbing currents of life, as in the case of my boy when apparently dying, I doubt not he would have been a converted husband. I doubt not he is in heaven the spirit of a converted husband. I think his own pen recorded the

proofs of his yielding early to revengeful wrath toward woman. I think he palliated instead of confessing his own faults, and therefore became blind to them—that he aggravated instead of excusing woman's, and therefore laid the foundation for a blind madness toward her. But had there been no intervening obstacles, with what he had gained by past experience, I believe his second marriage would have been happy beyond the average. And although God had wise designs to fulfill in suffering his expectations to be disappointed, this excuses no sinful deed by which his heart was turned against the mother-in-law in his house. And so I think in the case of John Brown; whatever praise comes to God from his wrath, those whose willful or mistaken faults led to that wrath, must repent of their own sins before they can enter the world where wrath can never come.

"It takes a woman to know!" What does it take a woman to know? How best to dress the child? rule in the mechanic's or merchant's shop? minister at the public altar? or stand at the helm of government in town or city, State or nation? No. A new question had come before the mind, of such urgency that, for the time being, it set all other questions aside. It has been told me that Mr. Hamlin Savage (a Christian neighbor) called, and Mr. Little asked him what he thought of his case; and as Mr. S. studied to reply so as to produce no check to the efforts of the physician who sought to restore health to the mortal man, by saying, "I think you a very sick man, but think I have known persons recover who were as sick as you," the sick man fixed upon him an inquiring gaze, one of the most intense scrutiny; and after the visitor had withdrawn, said to his son: "Mr. Savage thinks I won't get well." Days pass on, divided between hope and fear, till at last the written verdict appears. The prisoner is the first to read the sentence of death, for it is first unfolded to the inner man. But as its signs become visible to eyes without, woman is the first to read. Yes it takes a woman to know when and where death begins its work. Satan understood woman's physiology when he planned to bring primitive humanity down to death. God understood it when he planned to bring fallen humanity back to life.

Satan has lost none of his powers of understanding since that time, and God has lost none of his. I have been permitted to know how the mind which has had its powers concentrated upon the work immediately before it, so that the past is out of view, can and does, under a burning fever, see the past life at one glance, as much as does the artist, who lays down his pencil, and steps back from the picture, the individual lines of which have so long fixed his attention, that he may have a view of the whole. I can therefore appreciate, knowing as I do, the history of that dying man, the confession from his lips: "It takes a woman to know."

Let us now take a retrospect, and criticise as we may be able the picture which truth held up in that trying hour to him who had no opportunity to improve by the addition or erasure of a single line. My letter will not allow of my going into extensive detail. But a few important particulars will assist to guide the judgment. At the time Mrs. Birge (sister of Mr. Little)

made us her last visit, one week before her own death, she expressed to me the desire to make for her brothers a general statement. She knew that he had a way of freely & personal injuries concerning his spiritual leading said that her first wife had told her so, that it might be true; that he was repelled her when she felt constrained to try to intercede in the moral and spiritual welfare of him & his children by saying: "You want me to throw my children into hell, and then jump in on top of them."

Still, after she had passed away among the redeemed, her wife, concerning his own soul, began to inquire after the way wherein he had stood. Hence this nice Zenward very cautiously; but as he was no man to put his hand to the plow and look back, progress was, in his case, a most certain. He was too glibber to think at all converse, and read and pray, with reference to a future life—attended public worship, and consoled his family in the same. And when I asked him for a yearly portion to enable me to give when the voluntary offerings were used in the church of which I was a member he handed me five dollars, which though less than the tithe of my two incomes, was thankfully accepted, and divided according to my own estimate of their importance among the standing charities of the day.

Had he found the door into the fold he was now seeking, before he came upon a stumbling block and rock of stone, happy had it been for him.

For had he found Christ before leaving his confidant in my society, he would have been able to keep him. But there was one who knew his weak point, and took advantage of it. He had gone in that direction while building his earthly house, and as the Scripturists are to be must reap accordingly. My husband, and my family, my husband & myself, were first discovered without, and the conviction of the truth of my hypocrisy in the matter (it true in every other) was forced upon him by the combined influence of a class as varied in their motives and their characters in any other order of abolitionists, in secret or open avocation. As he gravously and without explanation withdrew from me the support he had given went to furnish, I ventured to plead, bearing my poor share upon God's Word. When he declined giving me money to contribute, I told him I found in the Scriptural instructions to bring to God a voluntary offering, that it should be as much as a sumptuous gift. I could determine that among the various religious contributions of the day. But he put an end to prayer for that of course, by saying: "I believe that God Almighty is able to carry out his designs without your little mean, scanty donations." I, of course, believed all that, but I believed much more. I did not think my husband ever turned to Christ. I only made a provision at his disposal, so far as to my necessities. If he desired that, then I had occasion to offer another prayer, not to him, but to a creature. I was a prayer for a submissive spirit. And I have learned that this is a better gift than to be empowered to give. But while God was saying, in the events of his providence, or by carrying out his designs, "According to your faith is it unto you," my husband seemed to see me to be

the deserter, the author of all the mismanagements in his house. But with a spirit, as it were, between two worlds, the scales fell from his eyes, and he opened his lips before the mortal vision of his half-bred portrait, and pronounced "woman" in a manner that blotted out his own handwriting against her. I could not let them, in that strong light, go unrebuked. I said my say to him, "Why pervert their name?" and that he plunged into the bushes a silent number of years, there to dwell in an idea of hell, and as he reviews the life's journey, reflecting on the truth, that "Every woman before her house, being converted from the error of former faith, saith: 'When a man marries he takes upon himself a very great burden.' This is the case in general, let us wife what she may." Scripture says of a virtuous woman, that her price is above rubies. Woman, in his house, I well believed the Scripturists. He had four daughters. And what had been the result? Of one class of his children he had said, constrain them not, and that class had won't his love with dwelling in a spirit I am unable, where a mother could not obtain. The other had lived, one to the age of ten, and the other four years in the same house, and dwelt in peace and love with each other, and toward all. And the latter class had been brought under constraint by the woman whose spirit was wrong, or her judgement not much. And he had lived to see dedicated most strikingly, in his house, the fruits of the spirit that first mother desired to foster through the aids of religion, and the fruits of the spirit he did foster without religion. Let us be thankful that he came to a right mind ere he entered upon an unchanging state. And now I have gone over the ground which affords visible proof of my husband's inconstancy. If his own writings and deeds, as shown above, do not prove an irrational or a lawlessly wicked man, I am not a disbeliever of such. The latter I disclaim. I believe my husband thought him fit one of the most rational among the sons of men. And I believe he was looked upon by his neighbors as such. And I believe he thought he was doing right in seeking to redress the wrongs he had inflicted upon his helpless children by a second marriage, although he turned a blind eye to justice or mercy toward the misbehaving side of his house. Whence, then, the less for this monomania? How far the cause lay in the fact that in his father's childhood, and in his own, there was a second marriage, I can not say, or how far in the fact that his own spirit, when very young, was unduly provoked to anger, or tried by poverty. To make money and to save money, very naturally, in his own status, became a absorbing theme. Next came the fear that woman, in her weakness, would make too great demands upon the treasured stores. And while he waited, and doubted, and feared to commit himself, he grew angry, or at least impotent, that the fair one of his choice did not lose herself in her devotion to him, so as to forsake all other lovers, and wait in suspense for his sake.

While in patient, he wrote his remonstrances, and thereby confirmed them, and through keeping the same in the home of his wedded life, he had the satisfaction of having a silent reprobate.

Alas! how costly the satisfaction! A few years after my marriage I was visiting with my husband, where was present a teacher, (Mr. Simmons,) who urged the claims of the science of phrenology upon his disciples. I met him with such objections as then existed in my own mind, and inquired to know the utility of the science, if it were indeed founded in truth. He replied that it might aid parents in guiding the education of their children. I said I should probably study my children by observing their native promptings, independent of phrenology, even if I understood the science. The argument closed. But before the evening's visit closed Mr. Simmons asked my husband if he ever submitted to examination by a phrenologist. He had not. Mr. S. then said: "As you are chosen to decide the debate at the next meeting of our Lyceum, I have taken the liberty to study your development a little, and would think you lacking in the organ that enables to trace effects to their causes, and thus helps to an accurate judgment." I was struck by the remark, and felt somewhat enlightened in regard to the mystery that hung over my own head. Still, I only laid up the saying in my heart. Last winter, when my boy was in the city, I went with him to Dr. Fowler, and had a written examination of his head. Providence has answered for me the question which I put to Mr. Simmons. The boy must come to an age when he will be guided more or less by his own judgment, though he can not so well observe himself as others. The utility, then, consists in having the counsel of a professional man, who can read his case as his mother does. For, if the boy has in his hereditary nature a tenacity of opinion and strength of will which will make him remarkable as a man, and is yet easily influenced by persuasion; has a strong affection for his mother, yet finds it difficult to honor her opinion, and withal has his dwelling in a community where the popular voice (blended with silent workings) has put down the mother's opinion "very low," it is surely well to have help, so that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word of truth may be established, ere the child shall have blindly committed himself to an opinion, the consequences of which are to be important and lasting to himself and house. I am thankful that I was permitted to take away the silver I carried to my married home, and leave it in pawn till I should be able to pay the stranger whose counsel came to the stricken and widowed mother in a time of need. While Dr. Fowler was telling Charlie the things which I knew of his peculiar nature, it occurred to me that it might aid me in my attempts to guide him against opposing obstacles in the way of right, to have my own phrenological character written. And it was done. Of this I will speak hereafter.

I will stop now to tell you, that as I have pursued my work of writing, time has pursued his flight, and this page finds me at a point in his cycle bearing date November 22d, 1860. I continued in my home at Miller's Hotel till the frosts of autumn admonished me to depart. Then having found a friend in the person of the Ex-Committee man who first installed me teacher of the institution which taught me to read, who bought my notes against Mr. D. K. Savage, and

cashed the first, I came to New-York, hired a furnished room near the Putnam House, opposite the railroad depot, where I can resort daily to a ladies' dining-saloon, and be served by a very pleasant young lad to what food my necessities require, by paying what it is worth. Take care of my room and person, after ordering coal and kindlings, having ascertained that servants can be had if I shall fail so as to need them. Can ride the whole route of Fourth Avenue cars for five cents, walk then a few blocks on Fulton street, and attend the world-renowned prayer-meeting, and return at the same charge. Am one mile from the temple dedicated to science and art by Peter Cooper, (now a resident of the city,) where the disciples may congregate at any hour from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., without money or price, on condition only of good behavior, and of being under the care of parent or guardian, if under fourteen years of age, to a "feast of fat things," served up in the reading-room, picture-gallery, musical, mathematical, philosophical, or chemical classes, lecture-room, or chemists' laboratory. May walk the spacious halls, or broad and solid stairways, and feel as much at home as upon the sidewalks of town or city. This building, too, being in the line of Fourth Avenue cars, is readily reached when I can not walk. Another delightful resort to which I have access is the Central Park, where a pleasant day may be passed amid beautiful scenery, with the eye lost to city scenes, the journey thither costing six cents. And lastly, the churches. Yes, New-York churches.

I once spent six months where I did not know of a prayer to God being offered within six miles of me, except in the closet, and that closet consisting of the secret chambers of the soul, or the

"Bower where the pine and the poplar have spread
And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head."

Over our head, I should say, for God had left me one who should accompany me in all those journeys. While there, my lips, one day, seemed touched as with a live coal from off God's altar, as my heart burst out in the stanza:

"The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do."

That stanza was my daily song. I had with me no hymn-book, and recollect no more. But while spending the winter in my secluded mountain home, the following stanza became my prayerful song:

"One privilege my heart desires,
Oh! grant me an abode
Among the shrubbery of thy saints,
The temples of my God."

And that prayer is being answered. Yes, I have been spared to recover strength, before I go hence, and to taste something of the joy the ancient prophets must have felt when the temple at Jerusalem stood in its grandeur, and its stateliness, inviting the waiting assembly on holy day. I live alone, and being nobody's wife or daughter or sister or teacher, I can go forth in the garb of a servant, and offend no one; for servants are permitted to go in the public ways and into the churches. And then the alliance of the churches

to carry the good news of religion live into the houses and by-ways of the poor and degraded.

To you ask, Is it your business to labor in any of the compartments you have named? I answer, No. My first object is to get an interest in physical strength and health. My next is, to write this letter; but being the only active portion I have attempted within a year, which I have found myself able to prosecute. And I wouldn't trouble to print it even this, were it not for the opinion that I can extract from the latter at any moment when I feel fatigued, and find relief easier in total rest, or counteracting exercise and thought. And, further, it is naturally fatigued, that ninth leads the physical man. So I mention to you the pleasant time there are with my health, although a poor and weary woman. Yes; the joy of the Lord is my strength; the law of the Lord my delight, whether that law be found upon the inspired page, or in the field of nature or providence. Do you ask, What were the movements in Slaveholding concerning your action in behalf of your child? I will answer, "Yankee fashion." What are the movements of abolitionists in behalf of the distressed widows and orphans of Harper's Ferry? I have none. I can in confidence, to stand alone and remonstrate with the members of my church, and my country. My mind is easily led; the influence to do much worse than what I did not address, concerning the truth of my statement. One aim is to know, if pure & unadulterated, the love of the Lord. Is it so, that Charlie had nothing from his father? and is my ignorance at trial, the answer was, "No"; there were fifteen hundred dollars which he left the estate to have." Now I have to say for the enlightenment of those who read, the first word was false, the rest may be true, except that there were fourteen instead of fifteen hundred dollars. Charlie has never had so much from his father since the quarters pay of January, 1856, accompanied by a dollar for Christmas or New-Year's present, a used article of his wearing apparel, a pillow, a pony, a tray or a tool.

Now I hold was not his father to give. Had I not given it to me. He did not give to me the power I had to command the world; but, if he could, I let it to me in exchange for that power. The last gave it to me. Francis for a legation. I upon the Scripture, give him or to a man as to the weaker vessel. It was perfectly natural that the masters should thus judge; but a right estimation would have caused the law of the mind to wear against the natural law of the members. Another injury has been made by one of that class, which is at liberty to stifle the honest relations and their working in communities, namely, in old nurses who did not live in Sheffield until the calamities in our house were overpast, but who, on hearing of my repudiation, inquired to know the cause; and could only gain that it was because I could not work. I would go to my kindred and stay with them a time and have my work. Of this charge I have only to say, I went to my kindred when too weak to do for myself and children, to get the help I could not command at home; and always returned as soon as I felt restored sufficiently to take hold of my duties there, and often too soon for advantage to health. Another has said to me: "Did you baby

and give to your sister Angie her Bay State?" Certainly not. I have never commanded of the fact till I met not give to my father, he.

I have not given back even a tithe of the gratitude I have received from those so many years past, in any other language than paper or pencil.

I will now introduce Dr. Fosdier's definition of me the first hour I saw or heard of me:

Mrs. L. J. Littell: You are characterized for natural and decided individuality. Your mind is constantly employ'd. It is not too impossible for you to be lazy, or to take less care. You are in danger of overtaxing your mind, or of having one excessive pleasure. Your nervous system requires a quiet life, to render you liable to a long health and to a feverish state of mind. You must get all the sleep possible, and must use books to cool your brain before you retire, and then apply a cold cloth to your head, as you are returning.

You will need considerable freedom applied to the body, so as to call the blood away from the head, and more easily contract it to the extremities. Your attention is very great and your intellectual powers are exceedingly active, so that you are thinking as though there was a great amount of knowledge to be gained and that you had but little time to gain it.

You are too anxious, too polite, and too anxious to please. You have a very enough self-sacrifice and consciousness of your own ability to carry out your purpose. You are very persevering, exceedingly tenacious of your purposes, and strict in adhering to your principles, are naturally just, lenient and conscientious. You may be led astray by your prejudices, but otherwise you are very careful to do as you ought to. You're naturally religious, and have a high tone of moral feeling, are particularly sympathetic and understanding.

You are qualified to copy and draw and do different kinds of work.

You are refined and elevated in your manners and have a big sense of virtue and propriety. You are very fond of poetry, works of art, and everything that is beautiful and perfect. You are rather disposed to exercise the mind upon subjects that require refinement and perfection of style. You enjoy oratory about in excess, and have wished many a time that you could for the time better be a man and make a speech. Your reasoning, thinking intellect has the ascendancy.

You are much more interested in subjects that affect your philosophy than those that affect your perception.

Your memory of events is poor, but your memory of facts is good, and you have an unusual faculty for discriminating a large number of objects at once to notice. You have not a very strong imagination, nor originality in your style of telling. Your success in language depends upon your manner of mind, originality of thought, and expression of mind and action, not upon the organs of language, giving variety or copiousness of style.

Your taste is good and quite natural and methodical. You think they your work done with precision. You also have a very active sense of the ridiculous, and you enjoy tim, especially if you are all alone.

You have a great amount of energy, but you have not a constitution equal to it. You need more of the influence of destructiveness, but your combativeness is very active, and you do not allow any obstacle to remain long in your way.

You are very devoted to your friends; few are more so, and as a wife you were exclusive in your love, and you can not well love but one, for you can not forget your first love.

Your sense of purity in affection is one of the leading features in your character.

You have very strong attachment to children, and are not only interested in them as such, but are interested in their welfare and moral improvement. You are much attached to one place. You make many friends and lose none. Your power over others is threefold—it comes first through the affections; secondly, through your sympathies; and, thirdly, through your intellect. You would have excelled as a teacher, and had a good influence over your pupils.

You must strive to be more lazy, less thoughtful and ambitious, and take life more easily; be out-doors what you can, but avoid nervous excitability.

Said an intellectual friend, in looking over the description: "There is one statement that does not suit your character—a lack of self-reliance."

But I assured her I knew it to be in my nature; and that what in my history looks like self-reliance is God-reliance. Yes, if I am not destined to fall before the host that to-day think of me as a self-deceived, or cunning woman, feigning the weakness I plead as an excuse for not going to work after the fashion of my strong townswomen, it will be for the same reason that David did not fall before Goliath of the Philistines.

I have often said to my friends: "My call to duty lies in making the most of *a little*. A little school education, a little language, a little money, a little strength, and a little name." To be faithful in the few things God gives me is my duty, and leave the rule with him to distribute, after his own good pleasure. I have nothing that I have not received. My greatest gift is a large experience. An experience that has come from asking in faith for that understanding which is a well-spring of life; and now that its gurglings are in my heart, nothing can offend me. Nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God. Some of my friends have in years past disputed me when I said that my gift in language is small. I have simply enough to pour forth from the well-spring of the heart as I feel called upon. By and by my lips will be sealed, and my pen descended to my heirs, and then I shall need no language of words. Nothing can pass the "dark valley" but the heart's treasures.

One inquiry has pressed upon my mind ever since I came forth from the chamber where my first-born met her unprecedent fate. And that has been, What shall I do before I go hence, to prevent little children from suffering the abuses which have come into my house? The abuses to the children of the living mother, in separating them from their earthly father's favor, and the greater abuses to the children of the deceased mother, in separating them from the favor of their mother's God, their own heavenly Father. Now I feel called upon to come out from my

seclusion, and present to the children of this generation the martyr of the nineteenth century, whose dying agonies say to the spirit that kindleth the coals of strife and separateth chief friends: Put up now thine avenging sword. Leave vengeance to Him to whom it belongeth. Be subject to the powers that be, that are ordained of God. If those powers allow the master of the household to possess a wife by a second marriage, if the former be removed by death, or to possess a man-servant or a maid-servant, understand that it is not contrary to the law, given amid the thunders of Sinai, that he should do it; but it is contrary to that law that one should bear false witness against that neighbor; or covet, or steal, or kill any thing that is his; or incite any member of his household to refuse to honor its head.

I do not propose to enter the field of public strife with any other than a healing potion for its wounded victims. As a teacher, I claim nothing higher than the Primary Department. Into that department I am permitted to bring the law of the Lord, and to show that its violation brings death, just as surely if we violate it ignorantly as willfully. But death will be more bitter, in proportion as we had opportunity to know, and chose ignorance for the sake of cleaving to a darling opinion or practice. Now, if there be any sons of men who would come to me for simple teaching, while their government lies in other hands than mine, I will, in this letter, give them my opinion, the same as I gave to the youngest of my mother's sons, once my subject, but now master of his own house. And when I have done this, I will leave the matter, as I think he has wisely done. He said to me, after comparing our opinions: "I propose that you and I wait ten years from this seventh day of October, 1860, before we again discuss the slavery question." This brother is not fully committed, but has, like others of his class, a great deal to weigh which comes through the public prints and speeches.

My own education consisted in being taught to read, and then left to search alone for my author's thoughts. My system of teaching was an improvement of my own invention, (although existing out of my sight,) in which I not only taught my pupils to read, but assisted them, as fast as they read, to make their author's thoughts their own. Here lies my present argument. God is the author of the Scriptures, as well as the authority for all government. In the last commandment of his, written by his own finger upon tables of stone, (emblems of perpetuity,) he has given a most accurate and beautiful pattern of a house. St. Paul, under the Gospel, has given it grace, and Jesus in his new commandment brings that without which every house is cheerless. Never was there, since national existence was formed, a nation so dependent upon the carrying out of the pattern found in the Scriptures in the individual or family houses which compose the mass, as is the national body of the United States. Now, I do not believe there is any more oppression in the sight of God in those States which we call *slave States* than in those called *non-slaveholding*. But, alas! there is a great deal too much in both. And it arises from haste of spirit, and attempting to climb up to honor and stability in some other way than by the pattern

given. "From Abel not went the righteous man; then shall not meet thy neighbor's wife, nor his maid-servant, nor his maid-servant nor his ox, nor anything that is to neighbor's like in the possession." Would that ever be so in our land!—but every opinion put into circulation by an abolitionist and a friend during Freed-dom for his own work, or denouncing that at once becomes an appeal for the general pass in science, government, religion or belief, precisely from the world-held to be so valuable, as to prove to mankind one, who could easily disprove it in another, then it would then be the servant, the middle-man, or the less intelligent, less educated slave, and pay for each what they deserved. He can not pay for the virtues we can visit him with, until he give in exchange avatars of sin. It is not only true that the woman has no power of her own body, but the husband; but also that the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife. In the matter of slaves, the husband is master of the house, and has other pecuniary strings and leashes to hold him in his obedience, to decide for him, to be subject to the law under which he lives. I am well persuaded that the slaves will be the tenth column, and are less to be pitied than us, with whom also we rest upon them, because of their own base no right to mobility until personal and spiritual improvement is openly made, with reference to bring up the individual or else to the master. Every master of a house is master of assembly. If he be upright, his people are happy. If he be wicked, they are in trouble. This is also true of larger collective bodies. Where wisdom is concealed, it remains for the opportunity to wait before the Judge of all the earth; he who doth right, though he suffer in faith and patience to be long tried. Every oppressor's work will be returned into his own hands; every devil of Turk come to light. I believe that the most bitter situation upon earth is the master's bond. I believe that the greatest oppression is a certain order that bond. Yet I do not believe that the *bond of the master* would be broken if that bond were universally dissolved. I believe that God has given me a system of bondservants; and I believe that no where upon this Earth I is the institution of bondservants so harsh as that between the American master and the African servant. The master who fits himself for an elder in the American body, by being the bond of one who is fitting well his own hand, and a wretched soul which to gather immortal treasures.

You say, "I can tell you your opinion of slavery, now that you have seen it." Yes, I may say, as did the woman eager to see Mrs. Little. I have had a picture of the face of African slavery, and it doth not look as if it need be so very bad. My first view was at the Marshall House, in Jacksonville; and next in the streets and public grounds of that city. Then at the Johnson House, in Jacksonville, and lastly on the plantation of St. Isidore and vicinity. My first talk with a slave was with Jim King, the man who took me from Jacksonville, in his name, to the house of Mrs. Baxter, a distance of about eight miles down the St. John's river. I naturally made some inquiry about the place, and particularly about the church, and found Jim very well

indeed. He had been a good and ready servant, but never meant to reflect on Jesus. I am writing largely, as the audience must be allowed to my family when I write to step, and the world of them. "I do not say that there are better folks in the world, but I don't know where they are." I could not find time to transcribe. But about this "people." His impression which comes I thought of the Methodists or other evangelists, and in the course of the passage he gave his vision of the day by which we are. Not so much that he might perhaps profit. The man was, and when we sleep now in God it is easy to free ourselves, but when we go to memory of those for our own pleasure, we lose our religion, my friend Jim's was, and the comparatively even and happy member of the service. I had I am compelled with the language of my own Saviour, as I looked back to his bed, when, years before, I went before God to lay claim to a little land which make now the property of the leviathan.

SECTION III.

The 7th Oct. 1870, is the day for an all-day meeting of my brother and self to compare opinions respecting the evils of slavery.

What a world of problems will in this time be removed from the bodies which now support it. But where shall the removal? Shall it descend to their legal heirs? or shall it be plunged deep and cast into the depths of the sea? The Lord grant it may be the latter.

This can only be effected by an unfeigned communion of hearts. In ten years, many a strong man, and woman too, now so reading his or her self like a green bay tree, shall have passed away. They may be sought, but they will be found. Some, doubtless, will pass into a light while showing that *part of Jesus* is the first out in this life, others to the Devil, and will rejoice if any portion of love pronounced for them be timely poverty. Others will pass away to learn in the darkness of an endless death, that they would not learn in this, because their learning would bring them into a light which should reprove their darkness—leads by which they have drawn supplies to perpetrate sin, from the weak in their power, without paying according to the rules God has given. To let them learn that instead of paying for the promises less than the worth, they pay in misery more, for the crafty have to do with a God who makes not them as they make themselves. When they fall into his hands, they find that onto the crafty he shows himself crafty. In my talkings to the children of the our godly land, I would pass from the table of stone, lettered by the finger of a living man, on a mountain beyond the rolling waters, to a table of stone to which the wise finger is now pointing this nation's eyes. I have called American moral which for length and breadth and height, and depth, none nearly resembled the Divine moral than has any other, in the most measure. I said to myself this edition a passage to be written on moral beginning thus, "Lord, I believe; help thou me to understand," and ending in this words, "The God of Jesus Christ must be a discerning ready. The Sermon on the Mount can not be

a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Now if we turn to the Sermon on the Mount, we find the Preacher (not "merely human") closing thus: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

One of these sayings, namely, "But I say unto you that *ye resist not evil*," has been perverted by sympathizers with motherless children and African servants. Instead of taking to them the truth that children and servants are to honor those whom God has placed over them, in the fear of the Lord, trusting him to make all work for their good, they have been taught to search for *occasion* to resist them as evil doers; and God knows how many of those whose unsubdued tempers are the plague of themselves, their families, neighborhoods, and churches even, may righteously trace the *cause* to this *unrighteous sympathy*.

Another saying of our more than human Preacher closes in this manner: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It was this undue thought for to-morrow which led the father of my Mary to deny to her the servant needed in the hour of weakness and pain. And when she awoke as from a death-sleep, and received strength, through his strong hand taking hers affectionately in his own to raise her hand to his lips in silent prayer for only a kiss of affection, his heart of stone was turned to flesh. Yet was his mind in darkness. And wherefore this darkness? Says the Preacher we are quoting: "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" But what proof that the eye of Mary's father was evil? When I accompanied my husband to Franklin, the place of his early abode, (in September, 1840,) as we were passing over a mountainous road, he recalled and related to me a scene of his early life, the thoughts of which still afforded him satisfaction.

He said that when a young man, living in Connecticut, he had occasion to go West one autumn. A poor widow of his acquaintance owned a horse which she could not afford to keep through the winter, and thinking he might sell it for her to a better advantage at the West than she could do at home, she offered him the privilege of riding it, if he would put it off for her as well as he could. When he reached the place where he related to me the circumstance, he met a stranger of whom he made some inquiries, and finding that he wished to purchase the horse, struck a bargain, and exchanged the horse for the stranger's watch, and what money he had,

amounting in all to something more than twenty dollars. When he returned to Connecticut, he called on the widow and asked her to set a price to her horse, which she declined doing. He waited a long while, and several times solicited the widow to name a price, but in vain. He then hit upon the expedient of getting six dollars in fifty-cent pieces, and taking it to her as the price for the horse. She took it, and seemed pleased.

Had he known the Scriptures, and the power of God, as every American young man should know them, he might have avoided underpinning his own stately home with that which looked so much like devouring a widow's house, by taking such a commission from the weak woman who confided in his candor. God seeth not as man seeth, when vengeance against an evil work is not executed speedily. He had taken care that that seed-sowing should bring its harvest into his own home—when he, through *contemning* instead of *honoring* woman in proportion as she was weaker than himself had reared an instrument by which the woman of his own approbation should be robbed of his heart and his home; and he, living with houses and lands and money at his command, a solitary man, an exile from human or divine sympathy, a prisoner beneath the broad canopy of heaven, in darkness concerning wherefore God contended with him.

A friend whom I highly esteem has said to me: "Mrs. Little, I think it the strangest thing in the world, that you can be so attached to Sheffield."

I have seen much in Sheffield at which Jesus would say, "Be angry," but through learning of him not to let the sun go down upon my wrath, I have been able to keep my eye so clear, as to perceive that Sheffield is no more inferior to her sister towns in Berkshire county, than is Berkshire county inferior to her sister counties in Massachusetts, or than is Massachusetts inferior to her sister States in the Union, or than is our Union of States inferior to the sister nations of the earth; or than is the house to which my Mary was allied, inferior to the average houses of the land. From the Scripture truth that judgment must begin at the house of God, I think that I may claim for my house and my town superiority. But Sheffield is a branch of the body politic which is yet young. And "childhood and youth are vanity." Yet are they not to be despised. Oh! no. The glory and hope of the world rest upon our children and youth. What we need is, that the foolishness naturally bound up in the heart of the child, should, by some wholesome discipline, be driven from him, before the government of houses, towns, States, or nations devolves upon him; and if, unfortunately, any have inherited or usurped these responsibilities who were not chastened betimes, that they should be converted. But how difficult for man to be born again when he is old, especially if he have long willed to be rich. Here is a case impossible for human instrumentality to effect. But nothing is impossible with God. Let us then stand in awe, when God lays his hand heavily upon our strong men who trust in riches.

Perhaps there is a larger class in Sheffield than the average, who have obtained the greater gain than riches—"godliness, with contentment;"

whose hearts are hot, heads diligent, and souls weary in their own business, who are scattered in that they measure the value of themselves, and compare their lives with those of others, living that every man's constitution is endowed with power, but that it is not by virtue of right rule exactly the same kind of instruments. Here is probably, one cause of the success of my adversary. He had educated and educated from others my neighbor, and when the popular voice did not say that I had taught them all that was necessary, they, I did what I could, and fell under censure for not doing more. In this, I had a sympathizer with our sister States, whose fortune was different from that of their constituent. I can sympathize in their distress of the North, as we may find from my neighbors. My neighbors know I could do some things which they could not, and they did not feel so blameless themselves. I knew they could do some things which I could not, and I did not feel so blameless myself.

So, 6. 11 is a lovely spot upon earth — fruitful land. Of the first fruits of her increase is an offering up for the support of a law, for her poor. Therefore I can never go crazy through care of destitution. I shall earn my bread as before, I can truly say, nothing to do with it, will pay for it, and if ever I am destitute of power to work, or of money to live, I know where to ask a blessing by the authority of law. My mortal husband has paid promptly all that the law asked at his hands for the relief of the poor. I do not conceive that it will be any harder for one who has always striven to do right in the sight of God and man, to go to the poor-house, than it was for Paul and Silas to go to prison. I do not think that they, or the jailer and his house are now lamenting in heaven that they ever went there. I suppose that if I ever get to the bosom of the poor there will be no strong hand laid upon me to hold me from going abroad to obtain the pleasure of heaven as a remedy for the fever of my tried nerves; or from going into the public congregation to find help to divert thought from its wants, and worn-out nerves. It might indeed be a hard life indeed, but I will see to it that my debts, by contract, will not exceed my means, before I make an assignment of those means to those whom I have promised to pay.

I have lost none of my interest in the benevolent efforts of the age. I still pray God to break the band of the oppressor. I jingle heartily in the prayer for rulers and those in authority. But when I listen to the missionary who has spent twenty-five years on Eastern Asia's coast, and hear him tell of the abject condition of that people where *she* is the slave of *him*, and man the greater slave of his softer passions, I turn my eyes to the African servant in an American home, and regret that *he*, the woman and her lord are becoming mutual sympathizers while they live together, and that when they separate, it is not by mutual act; and that *he*, they may hear of Jesus who invites the weary and heavy-laden to come to him for rest.

"God speed the right."

APPENDIX IV.

On the 12th April, 1861, the tenth anniversary from the day on which I gave myself (to God) to the uses of my chosen vocation, I resolved to take a walk in the country above my head in the course of that day, at the earliest opportunity my feet not being tired, nor

"With wild and gay, and wavy locks."

The St. John's, the beauty of the then-splendid landscape, remembrance of the past, my memory, and my divine mind, I left the city, her banks on either side were bound with a forest of green, except at an occasional long break in the aisle of trees. I saw the wild-growing corn, when straightened by the hand extended to my chin. I picked the ripe strawberry from its garden-bed. I saw the small shrubbed with ripe red fruit from the mulberry-tree. I admired the bayonet and the palm, also the vine and evergreen oak, decorated with pendant leaves, which cast its shadow over the paths of the way, extending to near a hundred yards. I passed in gardens of blossoming roses, geraniums, violets, and other colorful flowers, reared by the cultivator's hand. I went forth into the forest and saw the wild flower pointing the thoughts to the hand of an invincible Gardner. I looked back over the intervening years, since first I entered into the bands which brought me under an oppression I had not felt, and my heart said to God: "It is good to meet at I have been afflicted, for now have I learned thy law." Yea, I rejoice with joy in speakable and full of glory.

I could clearly see, as a result of that meeting, that my husband was then the spiritual leader in the heavenly world, and myself a dear woman in the earthly. And I decided that when all the comforted, and even most trying influences of Mary's life and death in the young hours when she was rear'd, shall be presented in one sum before an angel in heaven, who loved her and bewailed her misery, he will join with me in praise to God for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men.

I have not lost my interest in the welfare of the mother-church. I am permitted to live and know that they are becoming more numerous. Five of the six are parents. They are the sons of the six publicly professed in Christ. On the 23d January, 1860, my beloved and revered pastor died in his sleep, after several months of their labor, and service to the cause of Jehovah from these words: "Be still, and know that I am God." His spiritual powers had worked as a preacher of righteousness. And on that day I have never heard of a dissonant note among those children. When they all have repeated, out of their parent's or the others' sins, but with that repetition which is destined to be repeated of them, their mother's prayers to God, and to the woman who was to suffer, will have been unanswered. She who bowed in tears will remain dry. God speed the right.

I suppose that no woman was ever blessed with a husband who kept him as clear from the vulgar and the vice of every class more completely than did the man whom I married, except as he dealt to them in retail trade. Now can he

found more regular and temperate in their habits, or more prompt and punctual in deal. Therefore did he transmit to his heirs a natural capacity for being greatly good. It only remains that this heritage be sanctified by the word of God and prayer, to secure to him a seed like Jacob's, in which the nations of the earth shall be blessed.

He never, but once, interfered in my government of my children, and that was only to say: "You must be careful how you treat that child, (Mary,) or I shall take her from you" Oh! how big with prophetic meaning was every word of that sentence! But now I view him in a light which shows him that all Scripture is profitable to furnish us thoroughly for our work on earth; that it is good to bear the burden in youth; that it is the parent who refuses to correct, that *hates* his child; and that no man can hate his wife, and not hate his own flesh. I view my Mary, who said to Miss Julia Roys, "No one knows what I suffer. It seems to me that my father does not care as much for me as for his other children;" in the presence of One who ever knew what and why she suffered, and where she no longer doubts the love of her earthly father; for who hath much forgiven the same loveth much—I view her as speaking to me in the language of the poet:

"I walk 'mid the palm-trees,
And drink of the rills,
That on earth are but types
Of what God here fulfills.
The joys of my childhood,
How dim they appear!
Yes, dim are the brightest,
When looked on from here.

"Then stay not, then mourn not,
Then yield not to fears;
The dowers love hath planted,
Oh! steep not in tears.
There's beauty, there's blessing,
On earth left for thee;
But bid me not share them;
There's more here with me."

Not only were my eyes feasted with the beauties April 12th yielded, on Florida soil, but my worn nerves were soothed as with a pleasant opiate, by inhaling a Florida atmosphere; and I assisted thereby to accomplish that almost impossible thing for me, "take life easily, or be lazy." In the mouth of two or three witnesses, qualified to judge, may a truth be established. My mother and my phenomologist agree with me that the severest school of my life, independent of outward forces, has been to bend my *will to labor* down to my power. While under my mother, I had the wise counselor, but when I said to my husband, "I would gladly have prepared something in addition for dinner, had I been able," and he contemptuously replied, "I see no inability to do any thing you have a disposition to do," I knew better than he could know, how hard had been the struggle to obtain the disposition to say; God's will, and not mine be done. Had he had faith in me, as when he married me, he might have believed a truth he could not see. With my tendency to excess, I had attained to the age of twenty-eight years without receiving a prescription from a physician's hand; and have no recollection of ever taking so much medicine as a cathartic, till twenty years of age, when my mother administered a potion of rhubarb to re-

lieve the neuralgia, produced by over-exertion, during the third summer of my teacher labors. There is a day coming when it will appear how great has been the cost in money to my husband's house, (setting aside physical suffering and that of the wounded spirit,) for attempting to place me in circumstances that should compel me to work. The first summer of my husband's absence from me, in a letter to our boy, under date of 24th August, 1849, he asks:

"What does your mother find to do this summer? Is she pretty industrious?"

I will give to the reader an answer to that inquiry in another section of this chapter.

Another advantage I enjoyed on Florida soil, was that of calling upon a strong servant to impart power to my right arm, when I felt its strength partially withered, by rubbing it with a foreign hand, until it seemed restored whole as the other. Here was explained to me the law by which Mary's hand arose to her father's lips in silent prayer for that last kiss, in the hour when he commenced to weep bitterly. By this service I gained a power which has enabled me to tell, through the pen, the truths God has led me to learn, by communing with him in prayer, and studying his word, his works, and his ways.

But Florida, with its beauties in March and April, and its balmy air, wafting the perfume of the sweet jessamine and the orange-blossom, has, in common with all other lands in and out of Christendom, its fallen, suffering humanity. And I am compelled to say that the scene which, of all others there, took hold of my heart's deepest sympathies, was a company of emancipated negroes. Their master had died, and their widowed mistress had taken up her abode in the city, and left them with a piece of naked land, to draw from it their sustenance in the worn-out stage of life. The only complaint of a *hard fate* which fell upon my ear from negro lips, was from one of these. And when the desolate mother spoke of her children away, I told her that I too was a mother; that death had taken from me one of my children, and that I was a thousand miles from the other; but I could still pray God to bless him. Then this mother asked me to pray for her. Such a request never fell upon my ear from negro lips at the North, much as I have labored for and with them. But at the time I, with others, publicly professed faith in Christ, there stood in the same company a negro, (Harmon Cooley,) who, a few years later, died so triumphantly in the Gospel faith, that Dr. Ticknor of Salisbury, Ct., (an old and professedly pious physician,) was heard to say that he would *give the world* to have his hopes of heaven as bright as were Harmon Cooley's. Yet I was told that Harmon Cooley was a bond-servant (slave) in early life, and never learned to read the printed page. Let the man whom God has made a negro be honored as such. Let the foolishness bound in his heart at the birth, be driven from it in early life, and let him read *animate* instead of *inanimate* characters (for so has God endowed him) while he works willingly with his hands; and look to God instead of man to explain why he was made a little lower than the order of intelligent beings who are ordained to be masters in American houses. It is said of Sheffield that her proportion of negro population is greater than almost any other town at the North. I have labored in

her pulpit, she would speak of good issues to many others, and never I upon the principle of cast religion; yet I am confident that where there is no one to answer a woman I taught, where read the printed page for instruction, there is an exception to the general rule. While of all the whites I taught, of those because who do not then read, but a few, there was exception.

Said the mother of Josiah Eliot to me: "Miss Roy, I have sent Josiah to you six times, and brought him as many fine books, yet he does not know his letters." Sir, Josiah was an idiot at the age of child, and I don't know if my husband had thought of it at the time of his marriage, but given him to me as a servant, it would have been good policy all around, had the powers of the sunken which we live allowed it. Josiah was exalted above his fellows while a school boy, for he was a pet with the most querulous woman in Sheffield, (the wife of Captain Lee,) who was a native of the South, and took his father from the land of bond-servants. Josiah and his sister were often invited to spend the remainder of Saturday afternoon at school in the parlor of Mrs. Lee, and treated to delicate fare stored further. When I told my brother, he was not with the wife, but that the husband of the white man now in our provost. I replied that were I whom I serve do not consent to legislate among Slave laws, letting states to future legislatures, I would, resolute parts that under a government where majority rules, a being who has a majority of all the blood should, under the law, be privileged as an American.

A second objection, a point to which my position I can readily conform to extend, lay in the danger that this system of bond-servants will go into new States.

I, of course, can not counter-argue neglecting to meet the wants of to-day, through fear that to-morrow we might be abundantly supplied; but through the neglect an important member of the family in his past recovery. Neighbors will demand to hear the judgment of a parent who would do his nearest to the marriage of an intelligent child, than his post-1861 minority, because the child does not offer the parent to dictate in regard to the new household legislation. God speed the day when our national body shall like the lion of Simeon, be so wisely ruled, in all its parts, that it shall be a privilege to be one of its lamb-like servants; and when every man, woman, or child shall understand that it is better to be a lamb-servant in the house of the Lord, than to wolf in the tents of wickedness.

I could only look for the judgment of prophecy, when none shall hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, and when that day is here, I believe there will be no confusion to the relation of bond-servant and servant, any more than to that of master and wife, or of parent and minor child. I seek that a more universal knowledge of God's Law physical, chemical, and spiritual, will break the bonds of prejudice, and set the oppressed free.

I call for the descent of the Holy Spirit to take of the things that are Christ's, and show them unto man, and lead him to be more intent in the pursuit of honor that comes from God, and from God fearing woman, and less eager for honor

from his unchristian and selfish fellow. And while I look God graciously meet me to render to what is best, in the previous pages, the appropriate and to his name be all the glory. Amen.

SECTION V.

I will now turn my attention to answering the query made to my child: "Is your mother proslavery?" And as my letter is going to be a kind of family-tree, I will first give a list of names in my child's house, in their order:

LEVI ROY,	United Hand,
THANKFUL CURTIS,	
CHARLES H.,	
L. JANE,	
HARVEY C.,	
ANNE R.	
PAMELIA,	
LEVI,	
ELIZABETH,	
JAMES A.,	
JOHN K.,	
GEORGE B.,	
ANGELINE, OR ANNIE,	

FATHER, MOTHER,

AND

SISTERS.

Amen in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a shelter sought!

LEVI ROY, Aged 78, 1857.

THANKFUL CURTIS, Wife of
Levi Roy, Aged 54, 1841.

PAMELIA ROY, Wife of
George W. SHARS, Aged 40, 1855.
Her Grave in Keokuk, Iowa.

ELIZABETH ROY, Aged 30, 1850
Her Grave in Aveyville, L.

A neat, white marble, in Sheffield N. W. Evergreen Cemetery, has the first of these inscriptions upon its face, and the second upon its back:

Josiah Roy, with his wife, Emma Adams, went from the old town of Wethersfield, Conn., some time during the last century, and built their log home in the wilderness at the foot of Talcott Mountain, (now Mount Tecumseh) on the present Roy's homestead, in Sheffield. Theirs, Adams, with his wife, Tryphosa Adams, succeeded to the possession, and their son Levi (my father) succeeded to them, when the wife Emma had been substituted for that bulk of flesh. From

the same town (Wallingford) went Jonathan Curiss, with his possessions tied in a handkerchief, and consisting of other commodities than banknotes or specie. But he had a knowledge of agriculture and of house-building. He purchased a tract of land in N. W. Sheffield, where, with honest industry and a spirit of enterprise worthy all praise, he built for himself a place and a name. He married Mary Jacobs, of Vermont. Her lineal descent has been traced back to the first governor of Mass. Her brother Richard, itinerant clergyman of the Methodist Church, (of which she was a communicant,) was drowned while fording a stream in company with one who could not swim. After constructing a raft, Mr. Jacobs loaned his horse to his neighbor and took the raft because he could swim; but by some means became disabled, and at an hour when he looked not for the event, landed on "the shining shore." Her brother Steven became Judge of the County Court. On her marriage she was endowed with a lady's riding-horse, a sum of money, and a condition on the part of her husband that she should ever be allowed to keep a horse to take her to visit her father's house. My mother was the second of the six daughters reared by this pair. She had three brothers, all older than herself. She had beauty, wit, and song. She married before she was eighteen years of age. I inquired of her why she married so young, and she gave the following solution: Her father carried on a great business, which kept many men about him to be served, and he thought that woman's work was nothing. Her mother was feeble, and her elder sister married when my mother was ten years of age, leaving her the chief maid-servant. She served faithfully, but was not appreciated. Her father, in the pressure of business upon his hands and mind, could not understand woman's real wants. Her mother, through not being understood, was compelled to resort (through protracted visits) to her father's house, and her church, for the solace which sensitive, suffering humanity must have to enable one to bear up under a burden of responsibilities too great to be borne without foreign aid.

My mother married a man nine years her senior, who, by honest industry, had a few hundred dollars in store as his own. Soon after their marriage, my grandfather Roys desired them to live with him, and take care of himself, wife, and mother. My mother had a blending of her father's ambition and her mother's delicacy; but having become weary of serving an ambition to be rich, she became ambitious to make her home attractive. And I hazard nothing when I make a public declaration before the multitudes who dwelt in her house, or partook of her hospitality, that no woman ever succeeded better in such undertaking. She revered her natural father as an honorable man of intelligence, industry, enterprise, and success; but she admired the faith, patience, and cheerfulness of the father and mothers of the house into which she had married. The praises of her grandmother Ennie, were ever upon her lips, as she entertained her children with stories of the past. The old lady slept with the fathers at the age of ninety or more, saying that her prayers that God would give her neither poverty nor riches had ever been answered. Probably this woman of

strong faith desired for her children the same blessing she asked for herself. But the hand of the diligent maketh rich. My grandfather found himself in possession of means to purchase a farm adjoining his own, which came into market in this manner: His neighbor Mr. Higby died, leaving a widow and small children, in an age when the body of the dead man was taken for debt until friends came forward as surety for pay. The father of the widow (Mr. Abraham Burrell) became surety, took the widow and children to his own home and cared for them, and sold their farm to my grandfather, giving him a warranty deed. Mr. Burrell was a rich man, and all was considered secure. When my grandfather had owned and improved the land between thirty and forty years, the Higby heirs, having found the deed by which their father received his title to the farm among the papers their father left, sued for the land. Mr. Burrell, to save expense, had dispensed with legal administration before he conveyed the land, and now he was dead. It only remained to sacrifice the land, or stand a suit at law, knowing the suit must fail, in order to be empowered to come back upon the estate of Mr. Burrell, deceased, to obtain the warranted satisfaction. My grandfather gave my father power of attorney to act for him; and at the time of my birth my father was engaged in a study entirely foreign to any thing fore-ordained by himself or friends, and which brought to himself wisdom at the expense of much money; for at the expiration of twelve or fifteen years, when a final decision and settlement were had, the Higby farm was gone from the Roys' possessions, and the old homestead burdened with debts. Yet the faith of our Grandmother Ennie did not forsake those who suffered through lack of sagacity in looking after titles to their earthly estate. Godliness hath promise of the life that now is; and a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. The staff of life has never failed, nor the crystal waters ceased to flow at the Roys' homestead since our forefather planted his dwelling there. This spot, now in the possession of my elder brother, was the place where my husband asked that myself and son might board at the time he left to execute his brother Bulkley's will in Chicago. My brother told Mr. Little that he would allow us to have a home with him while his (Mr. L.'s) business called him from town, at a charge of a dollar a week each. I took possession, hoping to be able by my services to make up the deficiency of pay, but was prevented in the providence of God, through the severe illness of my boy, and also finding that I had a diminution of physical power never before experienced when able to enjoy the society of friends.

The truth was, that while my husband was prevented from earning his bread because of a broken bone, I was disabled by reason of a broken heart. But this he could not see; and as he had no faith in me, he could not believe. I must have solace from a source where I was understood, or go down to the grave. And the Physician to whom I cried at the bedside of my languishing Mary, when paralysis in the region of the heart, (as I now clearly perceive it to have been,) brought relief to my then agonized nerves, sent, in his providence, the needed

reately I was then as now, able to write a little history out of the abominations of my heart; and to feel that I had a dear and compelling Friend in the Person of God who gave me dearly beloved to a cursed death that sinners might live. Beside, I felt it right to implore my intercession for the offenders who had manifested the baseness of him who caused the innocent wounds which put Mary to death by a slow torture, delayed the staying of the avenger's hand until the offending soul fled to a city of refuge. But in ~~the day of the judgment of my heart~~ I express what the world of mankind doth then so well contain, as at the present time, therefore have these writings waited to be copied into this section of my public epistle. I had a female friend, who, in our secret communings, expressed a hope of heaven through Christ, but desired to be instructed by me how to reach to higher attainments in the divine life. I counseled her to confess her faith before the world, by coming to the ordinaries of the Lord in a Christian church. She afterward told me that she decided to take my advice, and naturally addressed a protestant Christian upon the subject of personal religion as a leading step; and in doing so, spoke of having engaged in social prayer with Mr. Little. The person addressed replied: "Let Mrs. Little pray; her prayers won't go very high." And said the friend: "Though I have lost none of my confidence in you or in God, I can not go any farther toward entering your church, for that person was one of its members." Now I do not claim that my prayers go high, but I do claim that God comes so low as to hear every prayer for a right spirit that goes out of unsinged lips. I did not ask the name of the person, nor did my friend give it; but when the day of communion came, I met thus with my self. Oh! that it were my privilege to go to the Methodist church and hear Rev. Mr. Merriam, the stranger who can look at his hearer with an unprejudiced mind, and who seems so filled with the spirit of the Beloved Disciple. While I mused, a whisper in my heart said: "It is lawful to hear on the Sabbath-day." And trusting that my conscience was enlightened by the word and spirit of God, I went to the Methodist church, one fourth of a mile from the Congregational, on whose list my name is recorded. A few days later I was, for the first, questioned by the faithful to know my reasons for a specific deed of my own. They opened the way for the communication to my pastor, which I copy into this.

THE MARTYR OF 1849.

The year 1849 opened upon a child of ten years in a darkened room, upon a couch of suffering, the scene of which can not be described in other than divine language, the picture of which can not be portrayed save with the skill of a divine hand. This child was a lamb of Christ's flock gathered in one of the American churches. She was then and there expiring amid the flames of a persecution designed for the mother. That mother feels that she has survived this more than martyrdom upon herself, that she may plead with God for the perpetrators of this horrid deed. She says that against God, and God only, have they sinned, whose combüst efforts have effected the premature death of her

first born, her only and dearly beloved daughter. From the day that this mortally spited victim hath found in tortures terror nerves in the silent grave, the mother has but contrained to hold her gaze to see and another of her prey - friends to come them to see with her. I am apprehensive that heaven, to play its vengeance upon the persecutors, will they shall flee to the city of refuge on the side of Jordan. This mother now feels constrained to say the

"American Messenger" to present this narration of hers to all those praying hearts in the American churchs to whom this messenger communicates, that they will unite with her in prayer to God for all those who have in any way aided in this work of martyrdom, this slaying of a consecrated lamb, that they, through her death, may be pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world for the forgiveness of this and all their sins.

Brother and sisters of the American churchs, this is a fact, and no fiction. God is my only witness. Ask of him and he will grant the sanction of his approbation.

A MOTHER,
Sorrowing yet greatly rejoicing.

The foregoing is submitted to my much beloved pastor, with a request that he will prayerfully consider it, and if he can then judge it fit, forward with his approbation for publication in the *American Messenger*.

Yes, Mary hath truly fallen a martyr. The family where she has lived and suffered (from a regard to reputation) would never have pursued this work of hate so far as they have done had not a cloak been held up to screen them from the eye of human observation. A readiness to receive and propagate the representations given, has countenanced and encouraged the work. It has pointed every eye but Heaven's to the *mangled wrong* which a step-mother would inflict. It has shut out every eye but Heaven's from the *real wrong* which was being inflicted. This cloak has been fabricated and held up by those who have disregarded those plain and simple yet all-important commands of God. "Avoid evil-speaking," and "Judge not," or condemn not without evidence. Among the number who have performed this part of the work of death are found those connected with the church of the living God; the church where this victim was consecrated, and then where her death removed her; the church where the mother, for whom she has laid down her life, paid her earliest vows; the church which has had the mother's deepest sympathies and most fervent prayers, but from whose sweet communion she has long felt herself, in the inscrutable provisions of God, shut out. I feel justified in absolving myself from the communion. I feel that my "small voice" which has long so need so close behind me, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," bade me do so.

I ask your prayers. God will surely listen in reference to a case which is so exclusively at his own disposal.

Another communication to my pastor has the following:

Were my views confined to earth, or my faith like that of the Sadducees, the history of Mary's

sufferings and death, as known to myself, would rend my soul with agonies and distraction. But I view the hand of Abraham's God in all, and I rejoice with joy unspeakable. I know that she shall see of the travail of her soul, and be satisfied. I feel that I have labored with much sorrow and heaviness of heart for *ten years* to bring my child into the kingdom of heaven; but from the moment she took possestion of her Father's house, I have remembered no more my anguish, for joy that I have given to that world a blessed inhabitant. This, my joy, has been constantly increasing, as her powers and faculties are there unfolding to the admiration of the members of that blissful family. I confidently expect to behold her there as the "first-born" among many brethren. I feel that my gifts and endowments, small and imperfect though they are, are more unreservedly consecrated to God. If I rightly construe the leadings of his providence and his Spirit, he is asking my prayers and my pen. And this, for the present, seems all I have to bestow. To you, sir, I look as a spiritual guide. I ask your prayers and counsel. I ask that you will examine the inclosed communication to Rev. Mr. Buillard, and if it meet your approbation, that you will forward it.

From another I extract the following:

I have felt constrained to present my experience of God's faithfulness to such as may be able to receive it, to lead them also to trust him. While engrossed in this work I was providentially led to speak to a youth who has graduated, and is commencing preparations for a profession. I give you to read his replies, thinking they may induce you to pray the Lord of the vineyard to bring *his* talents and *his* service into his vineyard. I have a desire to copy the sermon preached on the day of Mary's burial, with such omissions as are needful. There was, in the case of the two individuals referred to, a total dissimilarity in age, but I judge not in character. The most beautiful exemplification, in character, of that principle of faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world, ever presented to my view, was in the life of Mary. I can not judge with accuracy how far you, dear sir, are prepared to receive my testimony. But of this I am confident, what you know not now you shall know hereafter.

I am yours, etc., in the bonds of Christian love,

L. J. LITTLE.

Rev. J. BRADFORD.

P. S.—Please return these papers at a time suited to your own convenience. L. J. L.

The papers were returned by my pastor in silence, and during the remainder of his life, no allusion was ever made to them. Thus was there an intimation to me that the God of the everlasting covenant would have me keep silence before him. So much as I did write was doubtless from the same kind of constraint as that which once led our Saviour to say: "If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out."

After Mary's death, my husband's first expression, as the tears streamed from his eyes, was: "She was a sweet, considerate child." He said, on the day of her burial: "I do not think Mary could have been induced to do any

thing she thought to be wrong." From that time, I can not recall that he ever spake any thing concerning her. His letters show the same. I proceed to copy some correspondence I had during 1849, when my pen uttered out of the abundance of my heart:

1849. . . . Yet such was the character of her whom I loved with the strongest and deepest love of kindred of which my nature is capable. I confidently expect to spend a blissful eternity in her society, rejoicing with her that our gracious God blessed me in making me instrumental in molding this character; a blessing compared with which earthly thrones and kingdoms sink into insignificance; a blessing which I have not purchased, have not earned; a blessing which I secured by accepting the invitation given to every one: "Come, buy without money and without price." Whatever providence may permit to befall me ere I cross the Jordan of death, I have the earnest of that blessedness in my soul, and can not doubt its realization in joys such as my heart is now incapable of conceiving. Had I been influenced by motives as selfish and worldly as may appear to those who look only to the outward man, far different would now be my experience. My judgment is with Him who searches the heart, in whose hand is my destiny, whence I am, and whom I serve.

The following I copy from the letter to my brother, containing the refusal to grant his discharge from the U. S. service:

1849.

"Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferred. It is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are off' by guilt and baseness earned.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth our care.
This noble end is, to produce the soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light,
And make humanity the minister
Of bounteons providence."

It occurs to me, dear brother, that He who leadeth the blind in a way that they know not, who is both far and deep sighted, sees it best for you to remain upon a man-of-war in time of peace, within sight, as it were, of the gold which would assist you in carrying out your favorite schemes, that your soul may, as in the furnace, be refined, strengthened, and beautified, before you shall be permitted to clasp those riches which show the virtues in their fairest light. It is the nature of mankind to be unreasonable and selfish. True, our selfishness works through different channels, according to our predominant propensities, but is one and the same principle still. This principle may be stifled and kept within certain bounds by our own efforts. But it is never slain except by that power which works within us a new nature, which creates the man anew in Christ Jesus. The new birth and attainments in holiness are an especial favor of God, conferred upon those only who seek in his appointed way. The principle of selfishness, though overcome, is not entirely slain in the Christian, even, until he arrive at the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. And as mankind are a community where a mutual dependence is

running through the whole, and were this principle is more predominant in young hours than others, how much more so now prepared to bear with unresisted inflictions! For in the first place, tremendous conflict will exist in such a soul; and in the second place, we, through experience, those myself, and we cannot conceive which experience, afterward turns us most easily. Then how wise to seek to be prepared to bear what we may expect to suffer! I have been taught in a severe school, but so highly do I value the learning I have gained, I would not if I might take back a single lesson. I believe my only daughter had completely mastered the discipline at the age of ten years, and triumphed aatter, through her deep sympathy for me, under those trials which I had attained power to endure. When the deep designs of God in permitting those times are unfolded in the light of eternity, how shall we all sing and adore!

To the youth above addressed to:

1849. . . . SISTER: In much as I understand that you are desirous of pursuing the study of law, I take the liberty as one interested in your vocation, of sending to you notes on the works of a very wise Author, one who has framed many of the most important and useful laws; likewise, of asking you to accept as a model a good-natured Lawyer, who, in character and talents, was probably never excelled by his fellow. Judging from my limited acquaintance with you, that "Examiner" is your motto and feeling that I do well in respecting the individuals whom you addressed to, I yield to the inclination of my heart, and present this subject to you in my humble manner. The examination is soon, it may possibly be my duty to say a word which will be to your advantage; from the words which I urge upon your attention, we find that the most frequent cause of failure is carelessness, and that we must not despise the smallest things. The Author to whom I refer is the Author of your existence, and of all things created. In your own frame, so curiously and wonderfully wrought, and in its principle of life,

"contains a hundred springs,
And does it not begin?"

You do, dear wisdom to plan and will the execute, establish law which man may be violated with impunity. So of the vegetable creation, and of the whole material world. He has ordained laws for the world of mind. The immutable rule here below, supreme to the regions of hell and heaven, and impartial law to angels. Man, in his first creation, was subject to this law; but he fell, and the soul of man was estranged from the One to whom supreme love was due. Every child of fallen Adam is created in his likeness, and is under condemnation. Not one can be justified or accepted for having kept the law. But the great Judge of the Supreme Court, where this law is sacred, has found out a ransom for the condemned, as many as will creep upon the terms offered before the time fixed for sentence to be pronounced. You will perceive that I consider you as having a personal interest here; a cause of your own to be disposed of which demands your

attention, and should I not use your presentation immediately as you desire, and when this letter shall reach you? The additional time given I refer to as a model for you to extend approach further, in order to review the treasures of Egypt. How long you are called upon by the great Lawgiver to decide whether you will cast in your lot with him, and trust him for a resuscitator, who has come to bring to earth the world, and take the inheritance. I know who at yester eve chose the former, and namely that I have seen or experienced as I have done; and I do also trust to urge that for the sake of your approaching trial, for the sake of those who you are bound to defend, and for the sake of the enlargement of my living Master's kingdom, you will receive the lesson and gift of a revised word, and become a disciple in the school of Christ. Cast your soul upon the love-monger of the Lord of the universe, who repudiates for past errors, and will make no faults in his Son. You yourself be governed and guided by his word, and you will be safe; acknowledge him, and he will direct your path to peace and usefulness here, and a glorious recompence hereafter. Then, whether in law and gospel, human or divine law, the law of the Lord will be your guide, your comfort, and your delight. L. J. L.

TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

1849. . . . MY DEAR GIRL: I feel constrained from the love I bore your departed sister, — the interest I feel in her recovery, — to address a word to you upon the subject of her recovery. Training. From the fact that notably far strayed in either of her homes, it appears to me that a very important duty devolves upon your self. Allow me to ask, if you do not — Let me warn you from a memory of that dear sainted sister, to the importance of your interesting course, to yourself, to how long you have remained — to your friends — in the service of every day, and to your God, who desires you should ever seek to promote, that you will endeavor by systematic effort to inform for yourself and tenderly hold with the truths of God's holy word, and to lead her young heart to seek him in prayer. But perad this is a word typical when you have already exerted. It is so often no one who has proved the failings of God, who encourages you to proceed, for in due season you shall reap if you hast not. L. J. L.

The youngest two of my mother's daughters, at the time of Mary's death, were at Patrons Seminary, M.L., taking the lesson of Mrs. A. H. Lincoln's "Patriot" to Northern girls, to fit them for teaching. And there she tarried, and waited upon them for her pay till they should soon fit her along.

I next copy a letter addressed to the youngest from Mary's sick-room:

Tuesday evening, December 26th, 1849.
DEAR SISTER ANDIE: With my paper upon the floor at the foot of Mary's bed, I can see she can bear the blinds no where else in the room, I sit with pen in hand to write a few words during the intervals in which she gets a little repose by

sleep, in answer to yours to her which came to hand on Saturday last. You ask her to write; but, alas! she has not so far recovered the strength of her eyes as to allow of her reading a sentence. Now I can not have sufficient light in her room through the day to enable me to read or write. I told her on Saturday I had a letter for her from you, and asked her if she could hear it read. She replied, "Not to-day;" and she has not since asked a question about it. I mention this to give you an idea how sick she is. Poor girl! She has before this been greatly afflicted, but was never so great a sufferer as now. Little Charlie thinks it hard to stay from Mary's room, or to be as still as is necessary, for she is very sensitive to noise of any kind. He came to the door, a day or two since, and handed me a paper he had folded. I thanked him, being desirous of dismissing him as soon as possible; but he soon came back to the door with a request that I would send it to Aunt Lib. He frequently asks if Aunt Lib and Linealine will not come back this summer, and weeps when told they will not. Olive is doing the house-work, and I have two beds in the south room. So you will perceive we are more comfortably situated to take care of the sick than last winter.

L. J. L.

The Thursday before Mary sickened, she walked to a neighbor's for the last time, to which reference is had in the following extract from a joint letter to my sisters in Maryland, in the summer of 1849:

Her countenance was pale, but expressive of a glowing intellect; her eyes sparkling with animation; a crimson flush sat upon her cheeks. She was clad in a green cashmere dress made from Angeline's, a pink apron presented her by Lucretia, and a plaid silk hood from Angeline's parasol-cover, lined with cherry red. I am sure I never saw her so beautiful at any other time. Mary had not external beauty; but the beauties of her mind had fixed their impress upon her countenance. Could I present you a correct daguerreotype likeness of her appearance at that time, it would be highly gratifying. But, my dear sisters we have only to wait that glorious morning when she shall awake from the peaceful slumber which has come over her, a child of "ten years," the same in height, in shape and in feature, arrayed in glorious robes, with a countenance heavenly and divine, and with "imperishable" stamped upon her nature. Yours, dear A., was the first infant head over which I poured the fervent prayer, after my own espousals to Christ. I then thought I loved you with a love that a mother's could not exceed. But no; there have since been disclosed to me deeper fountains of love in my heart than ever before were fathomed. But the dear, cherished object has been, by the great and unerring Householder, removed to a happier home than I could furnish, where love is unmixed and unceasing. Perhaps He may mercifully order that you shall yet perform the kindly offices of daughter and sister to my bereaved self and child; that your hand, as in

"Filial love, shall close
My eyes in their last sleep."

when my spirit soars to a reunion with the loved and departed, in that world where sorrow

and mourning are unknown. Be your soul prepared by grace divine for these or any duties or events unerring wisdom may appoint you. You, dear E., wrote one year since of your pupils mingling their tears with yours, in sympathy for Mary when shut out from the light of the natural sun, and all those pleasant objects whose sight delights the soul. But had you known the truth, and proportioned your sympathy to the degree of joy or wretchedness experienced—

The finishing of the sentence is not upon paper in my possession.

To show that God gave me solace through other channels than his word and Spirit, I copy from my correspondents:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 25th, 1849.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I sincerely sympathize with you in your affliction, though my feelings are mingled with the deepest self-condemnation at the thought that had I been more persevering, or more self-denying, the change of climate which you sought as a means of restoring health might under God have been successful, and Mary have been long spared a blessing to the world, and a source of comfort to her now bereaved mother. God has wisely concealed from us the knowledge of future events, and left us to be guided by principle, and to leave results with him. You express much gratitude for favors received during your short and to me pleasant visit with us. If I was instrumental of imparting pleasure or happiness, I am grateful for the opportunity. I have often put the question to myself: Why, when I lingered as it were, upon the confines of the grave—why was I raised again to health? I felt at the time that perhaps my heavenly Father spared my life, that I might be the instrument of leading others to that Saviour whom I profess to love, and whose sufferings I thought that I in some measure appreciated. But the world has had a strong hold upon my affections, and I have done little to advance the cause of the Redeemer. Yet why trouble you with a recital of my own private feelings, when your heart is bleeding and broken? Neither will I presume to point you to a source of consolation, for you learned the true source long ere I learned to bow in submission to the will of my heavenly Father. You ask me to pray that the sufferings of the loved and lost may be the means of salvation to others of her family. Gladly will I do so, thankful that we are invited to come to a throne of grace and ask for spiritual blessings upon those near and dear to us.

CORDELIA.

HAMPTON, Va., March 6th, 1849.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: We have daily demonstration that this is a world of change; and though in looking back through a course of years, we may be able to trace the hand of an All-wise Providence, and see that in truth *all things* work together for good to ourselves, yet there are changes that we feel to be sore trials, and the cause of their necessity is veiled in darkness, which requires the utmost stretch of our faith to penetrate, so as to discern the afflicting hand. I have received, with heart-felt sorrow, intelligence of the death of Cousin Mary. I had pictured to myself the development of her character and the expansion of her mind, until in imagination she stood before me a woman of rare

and the and the man that is to start a opposition for such a powerful and terrible task. But the position does happen to me, to enter thereon. You are permitted to rear the bird, but the cross must remain unbroken. It is to do in heaven, and have power, dominion, reason for protection, that he has given you to train the tender soul with so much vigour and care? That he has caused a mere spark of flesh to the general mass of the soul? But is it not the heavenly desire of the spirit, and does it not go to mortal beauty? But it is necessary for me to attempt an effort, in addition to my well known love to the cause of peace and happiness, and this was not my original writing. I will bring a favor of you, which I will state in few words, after giving no reason for making the request. It is an attempt to have you let me whatever, neither more, less, or too. Once, since I have been here, in regard to the L. S. S., have I written to the place and taken a pencil. I would like to get ten names, say persons a mile or two miles off, and then a very great number of doing, perhaps the same will be to me a misery in the end. When we know, I was in the mind of the person writing, and had no thought that I should not always be the author, and I am continually at the corner of looking well among the best operators, as I now wish to adduce. Will you please, by sending me a copy of pencil and manuscript, necessary in having a entry—the art, or with regard to the disposal of 2, 4, etc? I would to see a certain number. And moreover, your advice as to the management of the whole, will be very gratefully received.

HELEN.—.

SURRY, April, 1849.

You, dear Helen, I have ever for the most part, waited for every communication of yours, with impatience, to see if some Lemberg of the cells and evolutions of the flesh, and of the spirit, I have been permitted to rear through the existence of myself and power, to the service of my master. I had confidence, from my own religious part of the government, and range of a very limited, to encourage them who are destined to mature, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I feel to repeat that you, and I, are in the wise providence of God, and where you may meet a will, spiritual fitness for evil. I am bound to your trust, for according to what you now say all else.

All Helen, that had, or opening blossoms, which have been in my bosom this past year, a good deal of external bloom, but a great underlying of moral beauty and holiness, now blossoms in the firm above, where the exalted Adam has restored where the foundation of the fall and where the fruits of sinfulness will never more be taken. See Iambus, in his usual style of saying, during a season of very trial while my heavenly Father teach me still that I should pass through—*as a lamb of Isaac's Shephard, conjoined to me to mortify for him in proof of my love to him.* And when I used to take her to herself, it pleased him that she

should tell me, to the spirit of possessing, coming in the name of her earthly father.

Yes, dear Helen, you may like to hear the Pacific news, as far as the Pacific Abolition is concerned. And when you and I go there, you shall see a beloved Mary, wearing there, clad in white robes, and wearing the crown so easily now. We used to think the capabilities of unbroken minds, before, were what the grace of God could create. O friend! pray with me that this situation of grace of her only may not be in vain, but may be manifested in the hands of God of himself, and not a fallen being, and holding it so that it may be a source of peace and power. Then look—dear child, in her abode in California, of the grand of her soul and her strength. Here, I have great confidence in the efficacy of prayer. It has prevailed, and it will prevail, with Him whom truly be upon thy knees, and truly shall you, who can move the mountains, and hills, and the earth to tremble thus. The brightness of my heart, now Mary's soul, has been to pray that it may be equal to the good of the world she loves, and for whom she prays. You may still make your prayers with more fervor still. Can not we cease meeting for prayer? The progress is particular when two or more agree in seeking what they ask. I will meet daily evenings, each week, in eight or nine o'clock. I advise that you make it a custom. Do not let you in systematic course to cultivate benevolence. I have nothing from which to hope for your benefit, except a monetary sum with I trust you. Beg the work, and success, now, in encouraging you to proceed. And as a time for closing our eyes. That time is now, and be to close out of your mortal life, provided that in living, it is a secondary to your principalings. Let us present up to him what shall be given, what shall be the present, and what the nature of the consolation, when talk of death, on my return to him, in the early hours of morning, should that come, when such will do. I pray you, if I can get another. I think the second one will be soon enough comprised in the first. I suppose I will start, meeting the last evening. Believing the evolution of a spirit of benevolence to be a duty which we owe to ourselves to our fellow creatures. I trust you will be anxious to see a spirit of wisdom and knowledge. I see it as represented in your years, but it should be preserved. My anxious longing to die, and my if and you will be granted.

J. L.

HANOVER, May, 1849, John.

DEAR MRS. LAYTON, I received your communication, and am awaiting the arrival of a naval officer, to whom I will speak more fully. The community is in a state of expectation. We have had a number of visitors to call on us, and we are in Hanover, and vicinity, in a state of very great alarm. To our regret, however, that letter I wrote with pleasure, but, however, what can our poor prayers avail? I wish you to pass the time in ease, to write to me again. I find that I am greatly distressed. My constant prayer is, "Lord increase

my faith." But even that is not answered, or if at all, so slowly, that it is imperceptible from day to day, and I may say from month to month. And yet when I look back to the mazes of darkness from which my soul has emerged since I first hoped for salvation through Christ, I feel that I do wrong to say, I have made no progress. The opening of light upon my soul has been as the gradual advancement of day from midnight darkness; and though now greatly obscure by mists and clouds, when I compare my present state with that which preceded and attended the hour of my conversion, I know that the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. What source of consolation would now be sufficient for me, had I no faith in Him who killeth and maketh alive, without whose care not one sparrow falleth to the ground? I have also received, dear cousin, your letter bearing words of comfort to my now stricken heart; and I also recollect other instances when by your presence and your writings you have proved yourself a ministering angel of mercy. For these kindnesses my deepest gratitude and warmest affections are yours. I feel the consolation which your words impart; and be assured I find no disposition to murmur against the affliction hand of my heavenly Father, who I know will do "all things well." 'Tis true the blow was unexpected, *most unexpected*; but 'tis equally true, my father's "labors and cares have been enough." Yet could one last embrace have been given, one parting message been received I would then have laid my hand upon my mouth in uncomplaining silence. Still this most bitter portion of the cup I will drink, because prepared by the great Physician. Pray for me, that the design of this event may not be lost upon my soul.

HELEN.

To MISS A. C.—:

MY DEAR GIRL: Receive my thanks for those kind offices designed to soothe the sorrows of my stricken heart. May some kind spirit minister to your comfort in every sorrow. Suffering is necessarily blended with earthly enjoyments as the fruit of disobedience. In every bitter portion of life's cup which shall be measured out to you, may faith discern the hand of a kind and skillful physician; and may all result in the life and health of your soul in the Paradise of God. In the full assurance of faith and hope do I see that cherished object of my love already there, tasting those sublime delights her pure and loving spirit was fitted to enjoy. I feel that I can adopt the sentiment expressed in the lines you gave me:

"Now severed is the tie:
My doting spirit earthward drew
From realms more pure and high."

Ever yours,

April, 1849.

L. J. LITTLE.

DETROIT, Feb. 18th, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your letter of the 17th ultimo, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of your beloved Mary, has awakened my heart's deepest feelings of sympathy and sorrow. Sorrow that one who gave so good a promise that she would be a blessing to her friends, can be no more among them, and sympathy for you who in the providence of God are called upon

to bear this heavy affliction. For her I think we need not mourn. She has left a world where the most fortunate have much to bear and much to suffer, and her pure spirit has gone back unstained to Him who gave it. But I had hoped that she might live, that her young mind might be strengthened and molded by your tender care and teachings, and that in her society and her love you might find a solace for all the trials of your life. You have the pleasing reflection that your duties to her were well and faithfully performed; and young as she was, she saw beyond the darkness of the grave the brightness of heaven. I shall never forget a conversation I overheard between Frank Roys and Mary when they thought themselves wholly unobserved. They had been talking of their grandmother and of her death, when Mary gave Frank a description of the place where all good people would go when they were dead, in language beautiful and simple, and with a manner and earnestness peculiarly her own. So one after another of those we love is taken away, thus weakening the chord that binds us to life. We had sent you a letter about the time your last was written, little thinking that death had been there, making your heart and home desolate. Allow me to hope that you may use double diligence in protecting and restoring your own feeble health, that your strength may be equal to its task. We are enjoying the best of health, and still continue house-keeping at the place we first resided. In view of the sickness which threatens Detroit, in common with all our cities, on the return of warm weather, if we can secure a location in a more dry and healthy part of the town, we shall remove in the course of the spring. I regret to hear that father does not completely recover from the effects of his injury. We hope to hear favorably from him soon and often, also from brothers and sisters, with their families. Can not you and father make arrangement to visit Detroit some time next summer? I think such a journey would be the best thing you could do to renew your health and strength. We would endeavor to make your stay here pleasant, and a ride across Lake Erie would be like sitting in your parlor and looking out upon a broad expanse of water.

DEAR SISTER: Accept my sympathy, with that of your brother, my husband, in your present affliction, for I feel that I can mourn with those that mourn, and weep with those that weep. Death is ever at our door, and we know not when he may enter, or whom he will first tear from our embrace. But his arrows are directed by a just and merciful Saviour, whose mysterious ways we are not capable of comprehending. It is indeed trying to part with those we love, never more to behold their faces on this side the grave; trying to part with them in the morning of their life, when the prospects for the future were as bright and flattering as was the case with your loved daughter; but

"Tis ever thus with creatures heavenly fair—
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly natures bear;
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love,
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above."

The evidence you have that she was a child of grace, and that she is now enjoying the felici-

ties of a brighter world beyond the reach of human understanding, you cannot tell me. What a glorious thought, when our Christian friends are taken from us, that they have only gone home to rest from their labors on earth, to enjoy the joys of heaven! Our turns will soon come, and I trust we shall be as happy as to meet them with loved ones, never to part. I think with James, that if you find your life can make it convenient to take a journey to Detroit next summer, it will improve your health. We should be very happy indeed to see you. Write to us often.

Very affecately yours,

J. A. and ELIZABETH ROSE.

Mrs. L. J. LITTLE.

NEW YORK, L. L., Dec. 15th, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I received yours of Nov. 17th with great pleasure, and should have answered sooner this, but being ~~on~~ ^{now} ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ the way of all work, which includes washing, ironing, mending and reading, and the distractions of never-ending house-work, I have found little time for writing at all; but this evening I am weary of work, therefore I bid it adieu and take my pen to speak with my friend. I should dearly love to stop in and speak a while in your quiet room, and speak with you of those who are now in the presence of the Saviour, but were once tumors of evil with us. I would like to speak with you of that "honour not made with hands, eternally to be heavy," inasmuch as you have often been there in spirit, and beheld its shining inhabitants—but, most of all, would I speak of you the way to that glorious habitation, that I, from more full directions and assistance, might more fully assure of escaping the dangerous paths of destruction. You say that you have closed in death the eyes of your brother James' wife. How beautiful and glorious the privilege to close the eyes which will not open again in sorrow, or sorrow! but when again those eyes are raised, they will regard to the delighted spirit the Lord in all the glory of heaven, judging the world.

My friend, I shall be quite happy to meet you at the time and place appointed. But I had written to me on the same subject. I hope our prayers may be the "I of God" to our kindred; and my dear Mrs. L——, in your prayers for kindred, please remember your friend,

ELIZA.

Mrs. L. J. LITTLE.

Yes, so soon were Delilah's words, "Our turns will soon come," verified! She who had been, by the loss of her bereft of father and mother in the home of her childhood, came to her native town, when one year a larva, to find a grave. Her husband, who had returned to his business in Detroit, leaving her till the sickly season in cities should be over, fond of getting our message, desired to hasten him back ere the loved of his heart should pass away.

SUFFIELD, Dec. 10th, 1842.

DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH: I take up my pen to resume conversation with you, not knowing how long it may be continued, or in what manner next interrupted; yet, knowing that if we put our trust in the God of Israel, all things will work

for our good. This morning I parted with joy at the deepest, I bade adieu to the land of Delilah. What a poor home in that world where she has been so suddenly called, we shall better understand the designs of God in this afflictive provision. I could not write in my life, except to Mr. Rose, however, a word of comfort for Delilah. He wrote me, I fear he did, nothing to help her over her affliction. May he have an increasing support from that source in which Delilah clung to him in her last moments, addressed to him. Her words were— "We will put our trust in that Being who will be a great good." Had she known, when she penned them, they were her last words to me, what could she have said more appropriate? May the who fell upon her heart in all following grief as I may poor trials, be verified in his experience, as I doubt not it was in hers. Brother Levi came to Canaan and died on Thanksgiving-day to spend a few days in New Haven. We did not go out for supper, but when we arrived at brother L——'s, the table was adorned with choicest dainties, the eye abounding the heart with a sense of God's goodness in filling the mouth with every good thing. I heard Mr. Bradford's discourse from the weeping: "Man that is in honor and pride, his depth not is like the beasts that perish." My own trial was supplied with a mere sufficiency for the day—a suitable portion for an Israelite in the wilderness, journeying to the land of promise, where a nation is already prepared and equipped by the hand of my heart, who last year accompanied me to the home of tied on Thanksgiving-day. I trust you complain to others as well as to myself of neglect from friends, and would have written, but that I know I must not attempt to keep you with me during duty, when they are w/o, lest I be compelled to stop short, and so all neglected. I shall probably write oftener in future, when something is done for presents. Mr. Little went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to see Augusta the day after Thanksgiving, and returned the following Tuesday.

Your loving sister,

L. J. L.

I here introduce a letter to the sister Elizabeth, who will come more particularly before the reader's notice in the correspondence of 1840, from one whose pen I seemed to feel a prophetic hand:

NORTHPOLE, Nov. 8th, 1842.

DEAREST ELIZABETH: Since I last wrote to thee, to how many joyful meetings hast thou participated! how have we all ~~gathered~~ ^{gathered} to overflow the heart and eyes at the sight of all thy friends that thou dost delight in! Then hast spent some joyous days in old Scotland. Next to old friends, their best is held dear, but general friends and acquaintances, and I, too, have had a full share, and all the clusters of heroes to be gazed upon—a vista wide a delightful series of scenes, and is seated on the minds of all those who can claim a *country* *overlooked* in the light and shadow of loves first and most beautiful penitences. Their best part from them all! But for us there was not even a parting scene to rest the mind upon. When I last saw thee, as thou sat singing with Levi that old song, with the sad air which I love so well, it seemed to me

that I should never see thee again; that I should never hear that voice till I hear it with the voices of the redeemed. I was sad for hours after. How I wanted that likeness! At that time, I had not the least idea of leaving Sheffield in mouths. But I came, and thy dear self hast taken flight to a Southern clime, far away from early friends. But we *shall* meet again. Yes, dear Elizabeth, time can not prevent us *that* happiness; no, though it take even life in its all-graping bands.

In the few short weeks that thou hast been away, sad changes have taken place at that dear spot called home. Truly may we say: "Clouds and darkness are around about his habitation!" I hope thou wilt try to comfort thy brother in this dreadful affliction. Say to him what none but a most loved sister can say, and in that way that is so winning, so lovely—so thyself—and thou wilt be sure to give comfort.

You wish to know how we like this place. The sea view is not half so pretty as that spring which flows so cheerfully through your father's door-yard. But there is good practice here for a doctor; so we may stay long. In your last, you told me about your school—your pupils. I liked the orphans under your charge. Do tell me more about them. I was interested in them. Are they relations of Mr. or Mrs. W——'s? Have they neither father nor mother? O Elizabeth! how they love you! In your next, tell me every thing that has taken place since I saw you. How I should like to hear you tell it in your quiet, sweet way!

It is getting late. I must close. May good angels attend thee, as they *have ever* done. May hope never desert thee. May happiness be always thy guest; and may health shine in the lustre of thine hazel eye, and in the bloom of thy fair cheek; and mayest thou never forget thy friend,

ELIZA.

Eliza's summons was announced as she sat listening to the "Queen of May," in the parlor at the Reys' homestead, where were assembled kindred and friends on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit north, which proved her last. To the advantages of her inheritance as a "sweet singer," Elizabeth had enjoyed the training of an Italian vocalist at the Seminary, and such was the power of her song, that the skeptic was heard to say, "If the music of heaven be such as Elizabeth's, I desire a place there." The *seeming* idea of Eliza's mind, as she sat listening to the sad air she loved so well, because a *living reality* in her life's history.

RESORT OF PATAPSCO'S DAUGHTERS,
June 18th, 1849.

. . . . I am seated in a very pleasant grove just back of the Institute. It is the only one within its bounds, and is consequently a great resort for the young ladies. It is furnished with seats, and there is also an excellent swing with two seats, so that six or eight can swing at a time. Just beyond the grove is a ground where the little girls have their flower-beds. The gardener prepares the ground, and the girls nurture the plants. I came here this morning, bringing my writing materials, for the purpose of writing my composition, but as you see I have changed

my mind; for I feel more in humor for writing letters. I only wish that I possessed your powers of description, that I might give you some idea of the scene before me. I can see and point out its beauties, but *can not* describe them. I can only speak of hills and dales; shady groves and secluded glens; of cottages and churches, scattered here and there, giving to all a most beautiful and diversified appearance. In every object I can trace the finger of God; for whose hand but that of a Supreme Being could have formed this beautiful landscape? The sweet birds resting on the branches of the trees above my head, are warbling their chorus of praise to their Creator. May their example incite us to devote our lives to him. I received your letter one week to-day, and much pleasure did the perusal afford me. How much I wished that I might spend one morning with you in the manner you describe! I could well imagine how every thing appeared. The spring, the old elm-tree, the chamber-window, were brought directly to my view. But one who is associated in my mind with the scenes of childhood I sought in vain. One vacancy had changed the aspect of all else! Thoughts of the *departed* one will cast a shadow of sadness over all, should I ever visit the loved place again.

Often do I stand and gaze upon the waters of the Patapsco, and think of the time when *she* stood by my side on the banks of the noble Housatonic, or sauntered along its water's edge. Now those waters would reflect her image on my mind! The past will never be forgotten, and as those by-gone days are again recalled, may I be profited; and may my future life be passed as happily but more thoughtfully. Examination will soon commence. O! it is a dread to me, but it will soon be over, and then to return to Sheffield will be a three-fold recompence.

ANGIE.

To her Sister L. J. L.

NOTTINGHAM, Va., March 26th, 1849.

. . . . I shall return to the Institute the last of July, and be there at examination to receive a diploma. I am studying mental philosophy, but I miss very much Mr. Clarke's excellent instructions, which rendered moral philosophy so interesting last winter. I do think Mr. Clarke one of the best of men, and one, who while in the world, lives above it. He gave us a verse of Scripture to learn every morning after prayers, called the "Word for the Day," which reminded me of "other days." E. C.—says in her last to me: "I would send you the 'Word for the Day,' but as usual, I have forgotten it. Oh! how wicked I am to neglect the *supérieur* advantages here enjoyed for spiritual improvement! But indeed, Elizabeth, it is my earnest desire to become better, and I trust Mr. Clarke's good instructions will not be entirely lost. I am much interested in his private lectures, and regret that he delivers but one more. I can never enjoy a better opportunity for repentance and resigning my heart to Christ. If all these influences are resisted, I shall pass through life, I fear, a hardened sinner. Pray for me, dear Elizabeth."

If you are able, I hope you will write her, for I do not feel capable of advising her.

ELIZABETH.

To her Sister L. J. L.

SUNDAY, JULY,

To P. C.—:

MY DEAR GIRL: I have been very anxious to speak to you upon the subject of the next adventure, but have thought I could not. I went so far to you in my letter, Now my dear child, my friend to you, I invite you to leave your country and your kindred, as I have the power and which did "dare tell thee of it." In other words to enter into that path which only a few persons like the heart and overcome the world. While research and investigation employ your mother powers, let me point you to that history of man who shall judge the nations: "What is all? A present moment all goes the whole world, and like a dream and" Come, go with us to Macao, China, go with us to Macao, the City of silk!—I come to our Tuesday evening prayer meeting daily to desire our great High Priest, whose blood speaks better things than the old. And before the honor which comes from this is humblye. Honorable you will be to God, and he will exalt you in due time. I would only visit your present abode, and partake of the joys of life, which is the desire of man; and the influences of the world there furnish us. Such a journey, and I allow the expense, would doubtless be too great both body and mind. How however the thought that we are absolutely bound with the intent of giving you to the overruling hand where also for the Lord of the universe, where we may forever dwell with his children and help, and with his beloved Son, the King of kings, or our elder Brother! How reverent is this view to my mortal vision, while beholding a dearly beloved child already there; her parents' hard gains spent no longer paid by payment. No such happy family the bliss of earth is matched with the rewards that are offered. Listen to the crowning exhortation of that place. Through such portions as enlarging the measure of my soul, Sweet Christian paroxysm! Come then, dearest child, and repeat, that you are now old to those there, and the signs in heaven, and especially those that joy. I believe you will return, and to express to you, I when all manner of evil was spoken against me. When the day came of my birth (26th of June) I am thence with more abundant consolation than I ever before enjoyed. These things are to me real evidence proof that I possess treasures that are not earthly. Often since I roged in the mists of del, has the language of my heart been:

"O I will Lord, in thy way,
As I am, and I will."

Believe I can adopt the language of Job, "I know I do not the full measure of good," is the result of a great trial of faith. I feel it to be more precious than most of all which perisheth. L. J. L.

U. S. S. WARREN, SAN FRANCISCO,
July 24th, 1849.

DEAR SISTER JAN: Your last communication of August, 1848, came to hand a few days ago, almost a year after late; and although old, I am sure you largely deserved the censure, and found them extremely palatable; showing that my time is not wasted by contact with the vulgar and vicious, among whom my fortune has

been gained. By spending my leisure in reading and study, I have obtained a more quiet and peaceful life than can reasonably be expected in a place like this. Towns in the mountains, have been, however, on and off, for more than three months of the year. I intended to serve the "spouse behind the scenes."

I will copy into this page these I wrote to you after my arrival on the Coast:

MY MORNINGS

[Fifth Month]

Butting up, my dear, my first morning
Sister, the only one of the three days,
N. separated from thy varied store,
And ever occupy thy hours, thy heart, indeed,
All day, I live in the past, and in the present,
A fond, a foolish, fickle, forgetful, forgetful girl.

[Sixth]

You then look out, the reader and forget
The gloom, the cold, of last thy former winter,
Closely in memory long of you,
Awaken, as I do, a certain
Sobriety, that often makes me
Forget all that has passed away.

I hope you will not cease to write to me.

Your affectionate friend,
L. J. L. JOHN E. ROSE

SECTION V.

Having proceeded to copy under date of 1849, I will stop to say that the introduction of the last chapter of my epistles, on the 2nd instant of January 4th, 1861. I have learned, this morning, to a lesson from Dr. Allen, derived by the self-same our nation's hand to impress it to the heart of every man in our land, that our far national heritage is not brought to degradation. This sermon was well adapted to instruct us how to pray intelligently for kings and for all that are in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceful lives.

An invitation is given us to assemble in his church this evening, to make intercession; and to say, as be there, as well as elsewhere, imbued with Daniel's spirit of wisdom, and supplication, and providing faith.

And may the captives of our own land be taught to look and wait for deliverance, by the same patient application today, as the hour of the Lord, as Daniel practised.

The inability of my completion of that part of my work, can show that I have ministered to the pastor of a widow. I could not, to the number of 1810, make good his loss, and to provide and secure him, whose circumstances presented by the hand of Providence, really increased his wants. Little credit of her favoritism, I can give upon the even of January 4th, 1861, that they were Christians, throughout this month and throughout our land, received upon to-day the Avery's award to be made here, another a most fitting tribute to the like of the immortal Washington, is not because my own spirit has met such an event or my forgotten presence. I. A.

My work, in this section, will go to show that the house to which Mary was allied, is bound to the land of legal bond service by an indissoluble tie. I long served and prayed and waited, in obscurity, relying upon the promise of eternal life to those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality. I looked beyond the skies for the glory, honor, and immortality in reserve for me. But now my faith assures me that Mary, whom I nurtured for Christ, is to be spoken of through coming generations as the Christian martyr of the 19th century! The Peace Offering in the divided house of her father, and that of her country's father!

You will, perhaps, see with me, that my conversion from my former faith upon the subject of slavery has not been effected by direct human instrumentality, although my becoming proselyted to my former opinion was thus effected. The only weekly periodicals of my own are, the New-York *Independent* and the *Berkshire Courier*. When the subject of martyrdom was agitating our land one year since, I offered a contribution to the *Courier*, the spontaneous production of my own understanding, which I will insert here.

"BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT."

That I may do this, I would be very careful to ascertain, without any chance for mistake, that I am *right* before proceeding far in any walk of life. And in the pursuit of any new branch of knowledge, I would seek to be able to define accurately all the *terms* of which I make use in my progress.

On the subject of *martyrdom*, I am led to think that if every one is a martyr who dies prematurely, while doing what he supposes to be right, in consequence of such doing, we have many martyrs. And if every one is a martyr who dies prematurely in consequence of the doings of those upon whose *doing* he is dependent, and who think themselves right, our list of martyrs is greatly increased. These are cases which my judgment can only dispose of by committing them to the *Judge of all the earth, who will do right*, although, as a jealous God, he visits the iniquities of parents upon children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him.

But if *he only* is a martyr who dies prematurely for standing at the post of duty, as it is plainly written out by God, or by the powers he has ordained, defending *himself* and the *truth*, dearer to him than self, *only* with weapons that are not carnal, depending on God and *not himself* to pull down the strongholds of sin, I ask to be pointed to the grave of the martyr of the present age. The eye of the Omnipotent beholds if there be one such grave, and the power of the Omnipotent will produce from every such one a plenteous harvest of righteousness and peace to bless the earth.

R.

* * * * *

When the strong man, full of assurance, goes forth to duty with more of a *neighbor-sacrificing* than *self-sacrificing* spirit, until God meets him, holds him in check, and measures unto him as he had purposed to mete unto his neighbor, I can not discern the *martyr* in that man. He may be the *heroic* man; he may be the Christian; he may, by the latest fires of his trial-life, become completely sanctified. But when I shall have

arrived at the time and place of examination, I do not expect to see *him* in the class of which righteous Abel stands at the head.

RUTH.

The portion above the stars appeared in the *Courier*. That below was omitted. I offered the clipping to the *Independent* but have not seen it in its columns. It may have been there, for I do not read much, knowing the truth stated by my phrenologist, that I must avoid nervous excitability. I have been constrained, ever since Mary's death, as I valued my mortal life, to avoid all those scenes and assemblies where is apparent the spirit which slew her; whether it be speaking evil of the absent, or speaking harshly to the sensitive, suffering brain. There has been a time when I was obliged to take my seat in my own church, remote from the stove, around which gathered an assembly during the intervals of public worship, discussing the merits or demerits of the holy man of God, who for forty years went in and out before that people, breaking unto them the bread of life; and who only asked that in his retirement from pastoral duties, which infirmity incapacitated him to discharge, he might leave his name upon the church's list, until it should be stricken from the list of the living. But the plea for disunion gained the ascendency. Yet God sent among us one who had been trained to venerate the fathers,* to stand at the foot of his coffin, and invite the multitudes assembled to listen to the sermon of Rev. Dr. Todd over this pastor's mortal remains, to a last look of those features resplendent with manly and Christian benignity, in tones and terms suited to the character of one of the most holy and venerable of reverend men.

I will here intimate that it is as natural that the *teacher contributor* should talk of *definitions* and *examinations*, as that the *merchant farmer* should talk of "*a parcel of land*." Once heard an intelligent physician express surprise that Mr. Little could not be persuaded that bodies do not as truly radiate cold as heat. The physician did not know that Mr. L. had committed himself to that opinion in a writing I have copied into this. Another committal of his I will note here.

"Restraint would blast each pleasure at its birth,
And leave but pain to tranquillize the mind."

Here, in my opinion, lies one source of the evil under which our country writhes to-day. The goddess "*Liberty*" has come to be the Baal of too many American boasters and American worshipers. Freedom from wholesome restraint of parent or master, either at home or at school, during the character-forming period of life—freedom from the labor in some useful calling which earns the bread, is too much the "*freedom*" sought and "*freedom*" obtained. Like the freedom enjoyed by the sons of a priest of yore, it brings desolation, sooner or later, to the house where it obtains. It paves the way to covetousness or to a desire to obtain supplies for a lasting mortality, by direct or indirect robbery or theft. I rejoice to believe that this generation is to be succeeded by a more mature and Christian view of human interest. That the sons of the immortal Washington are yet to stand before the

* Mr. Joseph Hyde.

ration as we sat by the water-side, and his daughter, so very pale and fair, the similitude of a pale peacock in her raiment. Zaria is to have no closer than this for the reason, as far as I am aware, with her.

I met Miss Weston October in Boston, Bereshire County, in the winter of 1849, who presented to me her copy of her book that Mrs. L. C. Weston had written for me. But I found the personal history of Miss Weston and I could Miss Weston I clearly saw was owing to a lack of knowledge of the course of my partial withdrawal from the world, in law and politics. Yet there was a like loss of cause in Miss Weston's case, the lack of power to rule her own life, which was more exasperating than would be those of a child in its first and training. There are now living sisters of the minister you speak of, a lame man in law, who may remember that country my native land, we generally a very little. I find there were evils existing in the government of the house, into which I had turned, that could not in the nature of things be possibly cured. A lawyer of that mother, she became exasperated at the treatment received from one of the daughters, and required that I should leave him for her, the relations to whom he had been attached, so my stayed to her, for no time, but when induced neither respect nor I did not know of those to whom I should "attribute" my present and unfortunate star. Those in position, I have no record, all the other various varieties of human misery ever before, since I met Mrs. Weston, or others, either or masters. And for two addresses where I used to daily call, respecting my mother, those who do not understand the race—either, or who could not draw him in the way of duty to them. When I left, I was a shadow, I envied even to Christ; I carried the ring in which my soul beat for death. I will add, before proceeding to this, that my rail road project was suspended, were made to those whom you know, to go and come, to my aid. I had no more cost to make, so I did not, and a truly the regular expenses in caring for me, that could demand a heavy work were remained in this present. I was ready to be released, but apparently, and I could weakly—a desiderio; so, when I told my Father about this, that another Northern residence, and lonely and wearisome, I turned as pale as an abounding to the soul in lawlessness, a weary present of communion with God to me, to Boston in 1849. And the same difficulty waited me no return to the North, when I expected that I had no outlet of religious tone of mind and religion, without and without the South, at the North.

I now come to speak of the last letter of my family, long since the Southern birth of a nation's son. Antecedent to the time of writing a letter from the hand of Col. B. B. Smith, M.A.,

I am at a loss for language to express the state of my mind, and will, and cannot do it, but what I feel for you, for your sake. We had all known so much of the teacher, and prima facie, I can hardly believe, in consequence of our own observations, the more so because I am able and accustomed, I confess it, to be a perfect fool and a total ignoramus. These documents, the best informed, by my friends, and direct the alert, and our minds.

I send you no all of the documents to return you your library, when the books are possessed for us such a life, and to you, if you so please, another to tell. By sending you will consider upon a fitting object.

Yours very truly,

B. B. SMITH

HALLS OF PATAHON, March 20, 1851.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have been waiting to reply to you, but to become settled in my new home, I have only decided to return before leaving you, and think I will have no reason to regret the change. I left Mr. W.'s the first day of March, in company with Miss Mary, sister of Mr. W. We took the steamer on Friday morning, went down the river, up the bay, and arrived in Baltimore Saturday evening, too late for the train of cars to Philadelphia, so I took the opportunity of calling on friends in Baltimore. Fared well and speedily home to me. I thought to take the cars on Monday morning for the Institute, but was prevailed on to stay a few days in Baltimore. We visited several places of note that I had not before seen, such as Washington's Monument, from the top of which we had a fine view of the city and bay; the City Library, where we spent several hours looking over books, paintings, etc. We also visited steamship yard to see for California. It is to get round the Cape, and to run on the coast between Magellan and San Francisco. It was more expensively furnished than any that I ever saw on the North River.

I think I never spent a week in the U.S. more interesting than that. The enjoyment was heightened by a course of some medical exercises. Having been so long confined in a sedentary place, I was well fitted to enjoy a week of freedom, repeated from day to day. On Saturday, at four in the afternoon, I left Baltimore and was soon trudging through the woods of Patapsco valley. Mr. Phelps received me very cordially; and I had been exercising for several days. See board, however, it is a week's vacation, a world away from me. I had no money, so as the classes were not arranged, so as to private examination, which was all over.

Mr. Phelps' rate for the will be by himself has done by order of the commissioners, employing diversities of the same day, three quarters of an hour, and I am very considerate to my own impressions. So I will take in charge his board or pension, for my wages before August. Then, if I stay longer, the cost may be more. I have no less probably the same. I expect to bring you a sum. I was appointed teacher of the first year for Lent.

Mr. Willard, of Truro, is absent a few days longer. So I am very much and sincerely. I have just, in company with others, completed

SACRED LIFE, July 12, 1850.
TO MRS. PHILIPS, PATAPSCO INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR MADAM: I sat myself to perform the painful task of announcing the death of Mrs. Roy. She died the tenth July, of a violent and

Mrs. Phelps' private parlor to share entertainment with her.

ELIZABETH.

L. J. L.

PATAPSCO INSTITUTE, May 10th, 1840.

I am happy to learn that you and Charlie are so pleasantly located, and hope you may both be benefited by the refreshing sea-breezes and bathing, which will be delightful during the warm season. If your strength shall prove sufficient for your duties, you will probably spend a pleasant summer, which I hope may be the case. I was surprised to learn that sister Pamela is thought to be dangerously ill. The latest information I had had seemed to intimate her convalescence. I have often thought of her, and have felt a desire to know the state of her mind in regard to her future well-being; and when in the solitude of my chamber, I have breathed fervent aspirations to "Him who doeth all things well," she has not been forgotten. Little did I imagine that while I was clinging for the most intense solicitude, she was even then enjoying, in a far greater degree than myself, the light of God's reconciled countenance.

The information you gave, is to me a source of the greatest comfort. May it serve to awaken my own conscience and stimulate me to greater devotedness to the cause I profess to love; for I sometimes fear lest the many hindrances to a holy life which I daily and hourly meet with, may prove a snare to me. Oh! may I learn to form a right estimate of the comparative value of heavenly and earthly things!

"Beyond the sky

Thy home is fixed; thereon be fixed thy love;
Nor seek from earth, what earth can never supply."

You wish to learn how I progress. My teachers say I am doing well but I think my progress slow. Indeed, I think my ear for music is a detriment to my reading it rapidly with my fingers. I have just taken my first song with the guitar. Mrs. Phelps asked me to remember her to you, and say she sympathizes with you in your affliction. Much love to Charlie. Tell him I am teaching Mrs. Phelps' little grandson whose name is Charlie O'Brien. He is five years old, and has just such black eyes as Charlie Little.

Do not delay writing to ELIZABETH.

L. J. L.

PATAPSCO SEMINARY,

May 19th, 1850, Sabbath Eve.

DEAR SISTER: You may be surprised to receive another letter so soon. Change, which is marked on all below the skies, seems to be my lot. Before another Sabbath eve I shall probably be far, very far from this, even on my way to Louisiana. You will be surprised at this intelligence, and perhaps will think me unwise in taking such a step. Colonel Simmes came from Louisiana in pursuit of a governess, and Mrs. P—— had no teacher that she could send unless I would go. She would like my services here, but considers that it will be for my own interest to go. I had but a few moments given me to decide, and I left it to Mrs. Phelps' better judgment.

The case was soon decided, and Colonel Simmes left for Virginia. To-day I received a line from him, saying that he will meet me in Baltimore next Wednesday evening, and start

for New-York Thursday morning. Now can you not meet me at Judson's Hotel, New-York, and spend Thursday night with me? If you are well enough, please do so, for I may not see you again for years, if ever. We are to go by way of Lake Erie, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. A pleasant route. I wish so much that I could go home, but suppose that can not be. I can hardly realize that I am going so far from all I love, but hope it may be for the best. My trust is in Him alone, "who doeth all things well."

I must needs be brief, as I have other letters to write, and I shall hope to see you and tell you all. Farewell for the present.

Your affectionate sister, ELIZABETH.

LOUISIANA, June 6th, 1850.

MY DEAR FATHER: Truly I can bear witness to the verity of the assertion, "Change is the lot of mortals." Within the space of three short weeks has the plan been conceived, suggested, considered, decided, and executed, of my leaving Maryland, and taking up a temporary residence in the extreme part of our Union. Yes, I am really here in Louisiana, though I am hardly able to realize the fact, so sudden has been the transition. Perhaps my friends may feel to blame me in this decision. I have in part sacrificed my own inclination to the advice I sought in reference to the matter, and if I have erred, I hope to be forgiven. I had, as I supposed, become quietly settled at Ellicott's Mills, for the summer, when Mrs. Phelps had a call from Colonel Simmes of this place, who was in pursuit of a governess. She had known of the family, and was very sorry to refuse him a teacher, but she had sent out all that were prepared to teach this year, and could not supply him unless she spared one of her own teachers. She proposed that I should go. The conditions were stated, and a few moments left me to decide. The result you know. Mr. Simmes was to spend a few days in Washington; meanwhile I was to prepare to accompany him. He told me he should go the northern route, *via* New-York and the lakes, and Ohio and Mississippi rivers. I thought perhaps he would be willing to take the Housatonic railroad from New-York, and so stop in Sheffield; but my anticipations were not to be realized. I left Mrs. Phelps on Wednesday evening, May 22d, for Baltimore. Angie and Mrs. Carr, who had spent the day at the Institute, accompanied me. Mr. S. did not arrive till the next morning. He informed me that he had been ill since he saw me, and had concluded to take the shortest route home, which, though not as pleasant, would occupy no more than half the time. We left Baltimore on Friday morning, 24th; passed through Washington on the cars; sailed down the Potomac, and took the cars again for Richmond, Va., and Wilmington, N. C.; traveled through the night, arrived at Wilmington at one P.M., Saturday, where we took a steamer for Charleston. The sea was rough, and nearly all on board were sick, myself among the rest. Landed at Charleston, Sabbath morning, breakfasted, and took the cars for Augusta, where we arrived about dark. Took another train, and rode during the night. Breakfasted at Atlanta, Ga., and arrived at Griffin about noon, where we took the stage for Montgomery, Ala., a distance of ninety-five miles. The roads

etcetera could be good, and I began to worry of reaching the date of their arrival so hurriedly and with only a few days to get out. It was a very anxious time that day at the railroad station, and I regretted that the last of my days were to the east. The next full moon was very favorable, and I had very good news when we were waiting up to the departure of our boat at 10 P.M. However the wind was heavy, and we sailed to Mobile, a short distance off-shore, but did not get far down the Alabama River. Soon evening, the barometer (I thought) so low, it was to leave off the next evening at five o'clock. We put up at Exchange Hotel, and after taking a good supper, a cold bath, and night's repose, I slept off in a different world. The next day, Wednesday, proved to be extremely warm, so that I did not look about the vessel which the Conclusion and Reckoned possessed a very good appearance. The buildings are mostly of brick, and look white & gay, from the dray color and mottled appearance of the brick, however, I am told, is the measure of the atmosphere. The country through which we passed in the Canaries, Cuba, and Bahama is low and level, mostly all marshy and tidal marshes. I saw very few plantations, Col. Somers said we did not pass through the best part of the country, and that it presents a very different appearance to that of civilization. On Wednesday evening we went aboard the D. Pratt, a steamer for Mobile. About eight o'clock the boat ran aground upon a sandbank. I did not dare return to my berth, where the guns were being ready to remove the boat, fearing lest the border might be set on fire, so took a power of steam. There were other boats as small as myself, who extended the sympathy of同情 in an instant of a boat that sank upon the sand never a few inches from that place, by a day or two before. One passenger of ours was drowned, but no property destroyed. We were so near the shore that the force of a few waves extinguished the fire, the wood, and I saw 20 logs ere the twigs, when, to my great joy, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I left my hold gradually drawn into the wind. I looked out, and saw we were safe. We had only four miles to go. Spent Wednesday noon, Thursday, and Thursday night on board, and arrived in Mobile on Friday morning at seven o'clock. Took the steamer down the Gulf to Lake Pontchartrain, where we arrived on Saturday morning, and took the course to New-Orleans six miles. Col. Somers' house is in the city which would count but little of the day, I went aboard the steamer Natchez, which was to sail up the Mississippi River in the afternoon, and spent the day there alone. Mr. Sumner told me, when he came on to the boat, that this was to be our last chance, except to the carriage which should convey us to his residence. On Sunday, June 24, after noon, in the afternoon, we landed at the mouth of Red River, parish of Pointe Coupee, two hundred miles above New-Orleans. Mr. S. found his servants at the landing with horses but no carriage. They said a carriage had occurred that had covered the roads nearly the whole distance, and it was impossible to drive a carriage. Mr. S. insisted if I could ride in his back. It was a very saddle

that I should present me a riding with trouble, while he sat down on a scaffold. We went up the red River about three hours, then struck the Lake Atchafalaya, which passes Mr. Sumner's home. It took us about ten miles from the landing onto the Mississippi. We reached home about an hour late in the afternoon yesterday, indeed. Mr. Somers had remained here about ten years, and I the longest time. I have not seen him for many years. He kept the hotel and mill for a year, and then buying no longer occupied. He now is engaged in primitive cotton oil sugar. - Always has been in a very healthy case. I got very well pleased so far, and though he seemed I shall have to do better than he is running in Maryland. From August, 1861, to November, we had the company of General James W. Denver, a Texan who headed the Texas expedition. He was tried at Secession, at Tredegar, and left the city and became for "Liberty and Liberty". He is a fine-looking old man, gray-headed; his conduct is a mixture of frank bravery and dastardly cowardice. Col. S. once had conversations with him throughout an interview for he can not speak English. He professed to have been led by the cause and nobility of the Southern Confederacy, to attempt to rescue the South from tyrannous power. So I very few, during his stay, and the reasons for his first defeat; but that he was ready to lay down his life in the cause of humanity and freedom; and I should never doubt while he remains. He said, I endeavor to rally more forces, and proceed to the Island; and when the inhabitants are convinced of the purity of his motives, let them not the rest. He was not for his own wealth or a graduate. He has enjoyed both his loss's sake, having held important offices of trust, honor, and profit. Has been Governor of Maryland, Major-General of the Spanish Army, at a salary of thirty thousand dollars a year, &c.

I received a letter from Brother George this week, written at Panama directed to the Institute, and forwarded to this place. He was well and happy of health.

I fear I have worried you with my latest visit and will defer what I would say more till I write again. Please let Brother Levi to receive this immediately, as I am very anxious to have from all at home.

Direct to Singapore, Ayoyelles, Is.
Please give to all. Fresh your advertisements
desirous. E. ROY.

Mr. Levi Roy.

VERITY HALL, La., June 24th, 1860.
I HAD a long talk. Have many comments and observations. The greatest presentiment was with me, that I was to meet Mrs. Mrs. S. tells me she was particularly anxious in obtaining a place together, as she makes her address to be taught the lesson to God as well as to men. The children are pretty and well behaved—three days from now and a few two years ago.

F. J. L.

NEWPORT, Aug. 2nd, 1860.
MY DEAR JOHN. You were very kind to forward these notes. How truly do they illustrate Elizabeth's character! A perfect

lad,—a happy Christian. Could her most intimate friend have more justly delineated the refinement of her manners? the elevation of her mind? In that blessed land whither she has flown, what advancement will she make in all those graces and attainments which endeared her so much to all who had the happiness to know her while she was a resident of earth. She had a peculiar and most happy mental organization. To know her, was to love her. What a blessing have I ever considered it that Elizabeth was my friend—that from my earliest youth she was my chosen associate! and with unspeakable grief at our great loss, I can fully testify that for purity of mind and conscientiousness of action, I never knew her surpassed. Truly may we say of her,

"Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,
For sin too pure, for earth too bright;
And death, who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light."

And I will ever remember her as a strain of rich, unearthly melody, which first awakened in my soul a delight in harmonious sounds—a love, a *longing* after music, whether produced by the human voice or that "unwritten melody" which has filled creation since the time when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy!

I inclose *half a leaf* which I had gathered and prepared to put into my next letter to dear Elizabeth. I searched for the most fragrant of plants as a fit offering to my friend, not thinking that the angel of death was abroad on the same errand, that before my simple gift could reach her, she would be gathered to beautify the mansions of the Eternal. One half I send to you, the other I shall always keep as a pleasing remembrance of my friend. All our remembrances of her must be pleasant, must be delightful. There was nothing sad, nothing melancholy in her life or her death. Truly may we *admire* the life and death of a Christian, when it is a subject of so much joy to the angels in heaven! Please to copy what Elizabeth wrote to me in her last letter to you. Do write particulars. Tell me how your father sustains the shock, and how your brother Levi consents to endure life since the desire of his eyes has passed away. Please tell me of your own health, and remember that whatever transpires in old Sheffield is of interest to one whose childhood and youth were spent there, and whose present place of abode is so widely unlike what *youthful dreams pictured* as my residence, when I should come to woman's estate.

ELIZA.

ELIZABETH.

B Y ——

When I have felt upon my feverish brow
The cooling breeze that rou'd the mountain highat
Had lingered, sighing through the frosty pines;
Or when my soul was troubled, and the hour
Of twilight's stillness brought a pleasing balm,
Such then was that calm luxury of bliss
That in thy presence I have always found,
Sweet, lost Elizabeth! When thou didst sing,
An angel seemed to wile in thy voice,
Tone was such soft, such melting melody!
And in thy smile there was a playfulness,
Teasing of so pure and innocent a heart,
That I have thought myself approved and better,
By even one smiling glance from thy blue eye.

Thy conversation was so like th' self!
So gently mild! Not one injurious word,
Or one harsh thought unspoken, I divine,
Hath pained another, or hath grieved thyself.
Mild wast thou, yet firm in goodness, as the
Peculiar calm stream, wh'ch can not be delayed,
But how'e'er rudely ruffled, sinks to rest again,
With heaven ever beaming from its face—
Too purely good to tarry in a world
Where thou didst count thyself but journeying through
To happier realms beyond.
Thou hast escaped, ere friends were well aware,
And left those smitten with a selfish grief
Who would have wrestled long, to have retained
In thee, the angel of so many blessings,
Now gone to be angelically blessed.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 1850.

SHEFFIELD, Aug. 9th, 1850.

MRS. A. H. L. PHELPS:

DEAR MADAM: Yours, conveying the sad intelligence of my sister's death, was duly received, and would have overwhelmed me with grief, had I not, through grace, so attained as distinctly to see the hand of a wise and gracious God in every event of life. I have learned that it is good to give back to God the choicest of his gifts, so propense is the human heart to bestow upon the *gift*, the love that is due to the *giver*. Elizabeth is the first to be taken from a loving band of eleven motherless ones, who will feel that death hath not spared to take the choicest of the flock. May heaven sustain the hearts bleeding with so deep a wound. She was in early life a pupil of mine, and I was happy to commend her to one so qualified as yourself to impart instruction to her in later years. I cordially approve your course in relation to her and s'ster Angie, and offer you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the deep interest you have manifested in their welfare, far beyond what I had reason to look for. May heaven reward you a thousand-fold. It is evident to me that Elizabeth was not sufficiently strong to undertake the journey to Louisiana, but you knew it not, and she lacked independence, enabling her to consult her own feelings. This God withheld in his unerring wisdom. It was best that her pilgrimage should end, and she enter upon her "everlasting rest." The thought of her dying a stranger in a strange land, adds intensity to the affliction of those who so ardently loved her. But I have not a doubt that her divine Shepherd was with her in the "dark valley," and that she passed it fearing no evil.

Yours, L. J. LITTLE.

EATON'S NECK, L. I., Sept. 30th, 1850.

O HELEN! how are heaven's attractions increasing, and earth's lessening with me! yet a few strong ties remain to bind me to earth—a few reasons for seeking to prolong my wearisome pilgrimage here. Then let me forbear attempting to give utterance to the strong emotions that crowd around my heart as I contemplate addressing you. The great Physician mercifully binds up the broken heart, and it were wrong so to dwell upon our losses, disappointments, and bereavements, as to tear open the wounds and cause them to bleed afresh. You ask the particulars in reference to the difficulties in our church in Sheffield. I would not like to go into detail. While many accuse Mr. E. of disturbing the peace of the church by unadvisedly presenting a request which should call out the true feeling, I can discern nothing but

the hand of Hamelovick according to the counsel of his own wife in bringing to light "hidden things." A letter, written, occasioned by the death of dear Elizabeth, was presented at the church in Zionsville, Indiana, in the words, "Whether we live, we die unto the Lord."

Yours, L. L. L.

I copy from The Print Circular, Lake Linden, and, July 2nd, 1859, the following Obituary:

Died, at White Hall, the residence of Col. H. C. Phelps, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. The deceased was a native of Maryland, and has passed some time as a teacher in the Patapsco Institute, Maryland, where she enjoyed the highest confidence and esteem of the principal. With a purpose ever devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, and strengthened by a moral frankness that was capable of making any sacrifice, she consented to accept a situation, as a private governess, that was tendered her in the family of Col. Slocum. In the last session, by the beauty and amiability of her disposition, the elevation and purity of her moral character, and the graceful simplicity of her manners, endowed with a Christian dignity, she was rendered obnoxious to such dispositions as would avoid exposing them to possible Mr. Nelson did not leave her for twelve hours prior to her death. The last day, however, she prayed for each member of her family, respectively in name. Impressed that her master in Zion might be speeded to every end he had in view. "My Father!" O my Father! were her words at her last, and the only than she expressed to her wife on her account. When she spoke of her son, that she could not live, Dr. Nelson requested her not to think of dying. "Why not, Doctor?" was the response; and a sweet smile dimmed her eyes. "Such a man," It is said, "is the very embodiment of reason and grandeur. She had no fears. The quietest and most radiant smile was hers. Her countenance in all the hands; and noise, unknown to human consciousness, ready to greet her on that distant shore. She repeated the Lord's prayer, sighed, and said no more. Two months of your sister was a privilege given. Death was a friend of her terror, when she trembled and powerless for the spirit mortal, to sweep. In going to meet death, my dear friend, to express my heart's sympathy for you, at this sad bereavement. "I will be with you in trouble," is the language of holy writ, and from that exhaustless source you have derived consolation. Miss Ross' estimation for you exceeded that of a son. She mentioned the tenderness with which you had watched over her, and the valuable instruction she had received from you. You represented educated good, bordering on beauty, a hundred yards from my residence. To me it was a great misfortune, and at the head of a narrow stand a large oak-tree. The Atchafalaya, a beautiful stream, flows at a short distance, and after the site was consecrated for a purpose, Mr. Slocum came home from New Orleans in a few days. The work will be forwarded at this time, and Mr. S. will write soon that they are in safe care of the vessel, etc., where they are shipped. Is it fitting, dearest son, perchance to assure you that your sister was as dear to me as if she had been my own, and that the remembrance and I cherish her yet still can know no consolation.

Very truly yours, MARY SLOCUM.
HARVEY, Va., Aug. 23d, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter just received. I can only answer it, mother and I remain from writing. O Elizabeth the loved one, the

Mrs. Phelps writes us that she has ascertained

favorite of all hearts! the tears fall fast while I dwell on thy cherished memory. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In vain may we ask, Wherefore, wherefore, O Lord? Her last hours without one kindred; her grave among strangers; and she, the darling one, whom all hearts loved, whom all would have followed mourning! Oh! do not tell me she is dead! Let the awful sentence be reversed! Does stillness reign in that once throbbing heart? Does silence forever dwell on those heavenly lips? Do not tell me thus; 'twill break my heart. Could I share my grief, it would not be so overwhelming. But I, too, am a stranger. No kindred near can weep with me her sudden, unexpected doom. Oh! dearest Eliza! the voice of nature spake not an untruth to your ear at the news of her departure! The mighty waters bring back her requiescent. The star of evening upon which I have loved to gaze beams upon her quiet tomb. No footfall of relative or friend breaks upon that lonely retreat. Sweetness, innocence, loveliness, there lie entombed, but the heedless stranger knows it not. Her visage is before me shrouded, pale in death Sweet, gentle cousin, art thou fallen? Fallen! No; truly emancipated, risen, glorified. Thou art redeemed. The last curse has passed, and new, unold beauties adorn thee. On a heavenly harp thou art echoing the Saviour's praise. Unceasing hallelujahs resound from the ransomed spirit. Thou art another from our circle that has joined the celestial throng. Soon all our treasures will be there, and our hearts surely can not linger here. I take up your letter again and again to read. I had devoted this day to prayer. But alas! alas! my heart refuses to rise. Faith seems to fail.

"How true it is that
Spirits of goodness walk our earth,
And grace this sin-worn mold;
Yet we know not their peerless worth,
Nor prize the gift we hold,
Till with outstretched wings they take their flight,
We view an angel fading from our sight."

26th August, Monday.—Yesterday was with me a day of prayer and sadness, of hope and despondency. An April day of sunshine and shower. I felt awfully solemn. Eternity, with its abodes of happiness and misery, was vividly before me. This morning, in prayer, I have enjoyed much of the Saviour's presence and love. A like season I never before experienced. I longed for some Christian friend to whom I could impart my joy. . . . Dearest Eliza are you not aware how a word (without the speaker's design, for some know not when they smite) sometimes wounds the exquisite sensibilities of our natures? You are not unmindful that rude hands sometimes grasp these most delicate fibers of our hearts. You, I doubt not, have felt keenly the painful vibrations caused by unskillful fingers upon the finely tuned harp of the soul. The effect is to drive more closely to the Friend, the tenderest Friend that heaven so freely sends us.

HELEN.

ATCHALAFAYA, July 11th, 1850.

MRS. LITTLE:

DEAR MADAM: You recognize the hand of a stranger writing to you. You have doubtless been informed that your sister, our dear Miss

Elizabeth Roys, breathed her last on the morning of the 9th inst., and that yesterday a sad and mourning community accompanied her body to the grave. Although she arrived only a few short weeks since, yet, as Mr. Simmes' nearest neighbor, I had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Roys, both there and at our house; and each time that I saw her only tended to confirm and strengthen the high esteem which I felt for her at first. Already were Mrs. Simmes and myself congratulating ourselves on the prospect of having our children educated by such a good Christian and such an intelligent woman, when our prospects were cut off, and she who was so much better than we deserved, or had a right to expect, was taken from us, and transferred to the regions of the blessed. During her sickness, we could not realize that she must die. We said no, she will live; she can do too much good. God will spare her life for his name's sake. But now that the immutable fiat has gone forth, we submit with stricken hearts, and try to say with her: "Whatever God does is for the best." It was on the fourth that we sent for Miss Roys to dine with us, thinking she had got over her indisposition, which was but slight at first. She was too sick to come, and after dinner I went over to see her; and during the evening I told her I had hoped for the pleasure of introducing her to a countryman of hers, my brother-in-law, and also my sister, on that day, but that I had had a double disappointment, for my sister was sick, and she was sick, and neither could come. She replied: "Whatever God does is for the best." After her fever had left her, she fainted and began to grow cold, and not the most powerful stimulants known to the medical profession could establish a reaction on the system. She seemed to sink away without pain, and breathed her last as an infant going to its rest. I assisted in performing the last sad office of preparing her body for the grave, thinking so may I find a tender friend to do for me in my last need. She sleeps beneath a lovely oak; and it shall be our care to keep the memory of the teacher whom they loved so much ever fresh in the remembrance of our children, by encouraging them to plant the flowers which she loved near her grave, and to teach them that death is robbed of all its terrors when the Christian dies. It may be a sad consolation to her friends to know that she had every attention which a daughter would have had in Mr. Simmes' family, and that her physician would rank high in any community; and that nothing might be wanting on his part, he had been acquainted with Miss Roys since the day of her arrival, (he being a brother-in-law of Mrs. Simmes,) and could appreciate her excellent qualities, and the loss which society would sustain in her death. I pray God, madam, that he may assist you in supporting the affliction which you must feel for the loss of a beloved sister.

Yours sincerely, LAURA E. TESSIER.

ATCHALAFAYA POST-OFFICE,

Parish of Point Coupee, March 10th 1851.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I received your kind letter written in October last, and have deferred a reply until we had adorned your sister's grave with flowers, as we intended. Mrs. Simmes' family and my own united in planting out the shrubbery,

and it is all grown up now. To you on some idea of the position of our house and of Miss Ray's grave, I have made a rough sketch with my pen which you will be able to make out. The grave itself is covered with a sprig violet, an appropriate emblem of her humility; and surrounded by snowdrops, narcissus, and Mexican myrtle with flowers. We have the English ivy planted at the root of the oak, a cedar on each side of the grave, and a white pine at the top. Mrs. S. and two daughters, Mrs. M., and a eleven year old son, with my son, Mr. A., and eight, often visit the grave and attend to the flowers. Even the little children, I say Mary Ellen, seven or five and a half, and Franklin, six, often. I often think with a smile, if Miss Roy had only been spared to educate our children, perhaps their eternal welfare would have been secured. But now, to my own shame and soul pain, there is no one else who knows a consistently pleasant course, which would be best for the children in the right way. I was a Methodist when we were born to live till you are ten, and I say his and a Catholic. But you are deprived of all religious providers by having no church. I have to say now that I am rather inclined to let go the mass plan of parents. Too many good people are alive to the necessity of having a church, and we have on in the neighborhood. Miss Roy and I conversed on this very subject, and I asked her if she wanted me to find a community which promised to give me room at all without a charge. "All," she replied, "I was not prepared for that." I devoted a good deal of my time to finding my daughter at home, but I can not prevent interruptions by visitors, so she does not improve as fast as if we were with others. Our house and our income are both too small to allow of our having a private governess for a year or two, and I can not send my child from home where she could be exposed to all kinds of evil influences. You spoke of your little one. How is his health? He is ill now, in fact we shall always feel the same real interest in your welfare, as in that of our dear Miss Roy, and that we will always be glad to hear from you. Your friend, LAURA L. TESIER.

Grove Park, Atchison, May 25th, 1852.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your kindly enclosed favor of January 1st from your friend, Mrs. Tesier on her deathbed. Poor Laura she never wrote you a single word during her life, but I, her sister, I could not bear giving up the letter that always excited me. In those associations which led to a correspondence between yourself and my dear wife. How distressed for the want of news so very evidently manifested in her unceasing adherence to the cause of God through my ever varying vicissitudes of life. So loved her God above all things and lived for him. Her death has been for Christ in a more clearly showing the seeds of virtue in the earth which it pervaded. Alas! how soon that beloved companion was snatched by the inscrutable decrees of heaven from her embrace. Yet will pardon me, dear friend, if I open a shew the wound which has ceased to bleed, but which always must pierce you, by transcribing from my diary the particu-

lars of my beloved wife's death for your next Saturday, and the impressions which it has left upon me.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Early enough for Mrs. Simon's last night to me as interesting and Miss Roy, who is very ill. This July 1st, our family arrived here from Massachusetts to spend the summer. It is of great interest to Mr. S., our elder son, he is admirably qualified for the duties of her editor, a person not only the highest moral and spiritual character, but also a model of vision and research. The children love her and respect her; and I too, though I have no appropriate worth.

Last night, early this morning, I found Miss Roy was better. She had only propped herself up by avocation, when Mrs. Simon's son, Mr. George of Mass. here, arrived in company. The resounding tumultuary, as usual, probably dying. God has chosen to call her pure spirit to its reward. It ever Christian treated his afflictions, and trials as试验 and the pricing of a soul. His birth-tide in part, her resurrection to the world. Her hope of heaven, but an impress upon the cold clay, which told in her countenance, that it was sweet to die.

Wednesday, 6th.—I came home this morning about noon, to report afternoon's visit over the corpse of the much-loved Miss Roy.

At about ten o'clock our neighbors assembled at Mrs. Simon's, to pay the last salutation of respect to the remains of Laura who was to-day very low, & who is eminently departed. A short service for the dead was performed by Mr. McLean, the body was conveyed to the undertaker's by Messrs. C. Collins, C. H. Gandy, T. Conner, and G. McLean, pall-bearers, followed by weeping friends and noisy heavy hearts. At the grave a solemn prayer was offered to Almighty God; the coffin was lowered into the vault, and when the portion, hollow sound of the earth covering the dead remained in fact to do we hast to return, this took us over the prairie and sky belowed the grave. I spending a few moments at the spot.

God will be with poor Miss Roy forever and ever.

I little dreamed, when I first heard of your dear sister into its case, that the lively young wife who stood by my side would speedily be the spiritland. Alas! such an absence of earthly life, with its pathos and its dissolution which characterized her motherhood. Through life, she conformed, though reluctantly, to the law of God. She died for her family, her brother, her sisters, her children, to speak to take a last farewell. I did it, and a parting kiss for her beloved ones, and let them go. She asked to have her hands crossed upon her breast, and closed eyes, as to rest in death.

She died, my dearest Laura, not even with May, nor in June. She is interred near her father, and mother, and brother and sister. When we were mounting your stairs, we went up and looked at all your rooms, without a thought that a whole life of happiness was before us, though the grave took us in truth, yet the buoyancy of youth, the vigor of health, the

prospect of a useful life, bade us hope. But God has willed, and the two angel spirits are united in heaven. Peace be with them!

Very respectfully, yours in affliction,

CHARLES R. TESSIER.

WHITE HALL, January 23d, 1852.

DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I have been wishing to write you for some time. Mother proposed my doing so. I think I can take the privilege of writing to you, as I knew dear Miss Elizabeth. We all loved her very much, she was so amiable. Her grave is surrounded by a little fence, and is covered with violets in summer.

I thank you, Mrs. Little, for the papers you were so kind to send us.

Your little friend,

MADELINE SIMMES.

WHITE HALL, January 23d, 1852.

MY DEAR MRS. LITTLE: I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the *Well-Spring*. I take great delight in reading it. I loved your sister very much, and mother planted some flowers on her grave last summer. There is a large cedar at the head, and another at the foot. A little picket-fence surrounds it, with a gate. I have been there many times.

Please write to me.

Your affectionate

NINA SIMMES.

SHEFFIELD, 1850.

Allow me to say to you, that my chief object in writing you now is to elicit a reply. I think I have at other times addressed you from motives less selfish. You are of the number who mourn for Elizabeth. You are aware that I am called to mingle sympathies with those who have not so much of that faith which is the evidence of things not seen, as we desire and pray they may yet attain, and my heart has sometimes sighed for some of the pious emotions of your own breast. I congratulate you in being permitted to be the honored instrument of the conversion of a soul. How do Christians live below their privilege who are not seeking to lead sinners to the Lamb of God!

Unworthy though I am, I feel assured that I have a treasure in heaven, through God's blessing upon my humble efforts to lead others to Christ. Methinks Elizabeth appears there as the first-fruits of my laboring to feed the lambs of Jesus, and Mary as the crowning sheaf! "I would not live always." I would not have my rest on earth. No, let me stay till my work is done—till it is well done. Then may I participate in the rest that remains for the people of God. Helen, you do and you will pray for Elizabeth's kindred, that her death may be blessed to them, so that they may have it to say: "It is good that we have been afflicted."

Father says: "Mysterious is the providence which has taken Elizabeth and spared me." Perhaps he will see in the light of eternity that her death was the appointed means of fitting him to enter the "dark valley" undismayed. Little Charlie inquires whom I am writing to. I read my letter to him, and he told me that Mrs. Bentley did not die in August. I then recollect that she died the first week in September. He requested me to correct the error.

Let us meet before the "mercy-seat" while yet we may.

L. J. LITTLE.

DETROIT, March 7th 1857.

DEAR SISTER: Your letter, bringing intelligence of our father's death, came to us on Thursday morning. When I saw him last, I did not think he could endure again the most trying season of the year, which is the breaking up of winter. The old homestead will seem less like home now that he has gone; though so many years of his life have been clouded to such a degree that we can never know how much we should have enjoyed his society if his health had not been broken by accidental injuries. His life had been one well calculated to secure a cheerful and happy old age, and with his misfortune, (which must have been hard for him to bear,) we have reason to be thankful that his good example and counsels, have been continued to us so long.

L. J. L.

JAMES A. ROYS.

LAPHAMVILLE, Mich., March 23, 1857.

DEAR SISTER: Eliza and I were on our way home from a visit to Elias Jewell's, when we met Reuben Jewell, on his return from the post office, who gave me your letter containing the sad intelligence of the death of our beloved father. News from the East had for a long time told me that he grew more and more feeble; but alas! how sudden the sad truth that he is no more! He spent a long and honorable life, and we can have nothing of shame mingled with our sorrow at the loss of so near and dear a relative.

L. J. L.

JOHN E. ROYS.

I will here state that Elizabeth's brother Levi, who had enjoyed her companionship more than either of the others, because of a ready ear in music, and because his age and exemption from the cares of a family had given him greater opportunity to act as her natural protector, wrote Col. Simmes to ascertain the probable expense of removing her remains to the place of her nativity. As he had undertaken to possess the Higby farm (once wrested from the Roys' possessions under cover of law) by a thift at the plow, in Dr. Franklin's old-fashioned way, he must as a wise man, count the cost before proceeding to obey the impulses of his heart, under a sudden and afflicting stroke.

Col. Simmes, in his reply, said: "Your sister died, sincerely mourned, and we shall never forget her. She sleeps in my family burying-ground. Her grave is beautifully ornamented with flowers and evergreens, and Mrs. Simmes and our daughters often resort thither." He said nothing respecting the removal of her remains; but by saying, "Her salary did not pay her doctor's bill, but I paid it with pleasure," politely intimated that it was his privilege to retain in their new sepulcher those fruits, to his house, of the reaper Death. And I rejoice to day that Elizabeth's tomb is in Louisiana. I regard it as a bond between the North, where the pious little girl died of grief, for the oppression arising from the system or idea of *no servants*, to the South, where the pious little girl is represented to have died of grief through beholding the oppression arising from the system of *bond servants*. When I told my Southern friends that it was my privilege to have four brothers in Sheffield, who do not, and also to have had a pastor who *did* not, sympathize with Northern abolitionists, I felt that I was suspected of insincerity—a feeling with me which

In all my life I never had a trouble from the time I left home until that day, nor any trouble since that I did not return till then half the trouble.

Elly's health remained robust and quiet, but she with the wife of the man living at the time half a dozen to attend the construction of Gen. Taylor. They were poor. In this case, she thought that the crowd would be anxious to make it an appropriate offering, but they had none in a basket at that time. "I would be willing to stand in a crowd like in my life, for the sake of white men," she said.

The morning of July 9th, 1851, she passed away to the spirit-world. On the evening of the same day President Taylor went there, but her spirit will not return to form or what portion of her soul she has to leave over than an onward progress toward the home. My prayer is that in the cities of America, East, West, North, and South, lawless men—lawless wretches—will be compelled to give up their evil ways, to revere the father, by purchasing one hundred dollars to stand the last at the tomb of the illustrious man whom God caused to let his country's Father, the city of Washington, and the world, rest only a few days. But an earnest effort to help from every section of our land to secure "a lasting peace."

You will then say, "Is there not there by an American, Isaac Murphy, who refused to be a 'white knight' to protect a proslavery woman, and the husband or a master or a slave girl, with the privilege of being a silent partner in important transactions of that of master's room, but of a woman being placed at the head of the American nation?"

This, we are told, is your concern, where you can claim the right to say "ours" and the tombs of others. And may I say, "Or rather, you make cause the heads and bodies the hearts and souls of others." This is the point of the present or future condition of our land, so far as this Isaac Murphy is concerned. He was a member of the freedom publishers, and another patriotic, and a censor passing on the books he published, I would that it be known to be the cause of American women, African mothers, and African servants, to be engaged in protest against him where the cause of his country is to be vindicated by the slaves, who are under minister to them for those and other considerations. And further, I would that when these masters return from that doomed visitation at the door of their lot, they find their wives and daughters enmeshed with them, who are of "true piety in the service of God." A blotting upon our eyes for our tax system, and a blot upon our land, a blot upon our wives, and a blot upon their children, a blot upon their wives and daughters enmeshed with them, who are of "true piety in the service of God."

I now propose, by some process, as reported, to close this book of mine. It is my desire to have a printed copy put into circulation, and I offer credit for a few gratis copies, something which I have endeavored to collect, so that they might be distributed. I do in reference to my duty to my house, to offer a full disclosure of price for as many gratis copies as (or their value,) my labor could give to a poor widow, to divert her from further pernicious her claim for the value of a property she, in good

faith intended to take to ransom for her. I furnish the sum and expenses of the work, and the cost of paper, and a credit of \$1000 will be now issued to my use, and mine, and the expenses of the printing done by myself. As the word of "widow's tithe" of the slaves, when the young master gave that inheritance to the needy widow, well pleased our patriarchal deity with the opportunity, as it is told us, that if a master's wife, of course, was his widow, all valuable real estate, or real estate, with a very good title, as he holds it, that another should be liable for its protection and maintenance, sister or daughter of the deceased widow, or child, or grandchild, according to that deed, will always come to pass. Truly, no man need fear in Jesus to have a good life, to bring him in the soul which shall carry it from a death that is very near, help to a successive life, after mortal trials, but can only prevent a mortal decay, to which even human beings do not subject to that which is becoming.

A letter, written January 12th, 1851, from Charles H. Love, to his mother, says: "The South has tried the most cruel! Is this the time to despair?" This letter was written twenty years from the day of his mother Mary's death. His mother, though, lived to witness the "The North tried the best," through Major John Brown, and tried not taking the slaves up north? The South had the most reason to despair, as they "ought to have done," but Charles H. could not differ from his mother's judgment concerning this matter, as he was of good will, or of no evil, ever in his life, and was in the power of George Washington to have saved the South, to "try to try every way." To no avail, said he, and, as a result, he said, "a reasoning mind, 'ten years will bring many fields of fruit,' and what ten years does not dry the 'desert' of years?" This is the appearance of the case, but there was no one could do no good, "Blessed are the people, for that are blessed the children of God!"

Theology taught him, "Any one inclined to advocate that the system of human government at the North is better than the South, I do believe that Jesus Peter and I would be compelled to say, 'We have been beaten, we have been beaten better, and harder to beat; if he had hit us any harder, we would not have been beaten.'"

He never acknowledged that he had been beaten by Southern Christians, nor does he give conclusive proof of Northern and Southern Christians as a class, duly qualified to fill the stations of masters. I would assure you a dear friend, I am to be bound to the South, we may consider, then to the case where my daughter died. If so, there are a host of heretics, not from heretics, but from nominally Christian lands and men, that, however, have no much strength, and to claim of their being beat by any other than themselves, who in their turn, are agents of our slaves and the masters of our masters, and who pull the employment we used to have, till they may come into a higher liberty than is enjoyed by those who are oppressed by the rest of the world. Had Jesus Christ been my house servant, on a plantation

remote from a church, I should have hoped he might become a preacher of righteousness to the laborers upon the plantation. I was gratified, when in Florida, to learn that the unlettered laborers of a family where I received hospitality, obeyed the apostolic injunction, not to forsake assembling themselves, to admonish, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, etc., in meetings, which they termed "preaching." Sister Elizabeth, in one of her letters, intimated that a church for the common people was had upon the plantation of Col. Siemes. You say to me, when looking at the world: "You always see the gold in all its brightness and the spots become small," etc. You will here allow me to explain. Scripture says: "They that wait upon the Lord shall mount up on wings, as eagles." I think I may have convinced you that I had in my hereditary nature a blending of haste of spirit with a tendency to be "swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to wrath," the latter predominating. That through having these gifts sanctified by the word of God and prayer, I have been enabled to go through a severe school of *waiting*, for conscience' sake, toward God, when my own will would have bidden me *work, speak, know*. As to the eye of nature, so to the eye of faith, dark spots lessen as their distance increases. Therefore, notwithstanding the darkness which rests upon the minds of those who are to-day oppressed with the weight of responsibilities bearing upon them as executors of public justice, I look serenely down from the mount of holy communion, and see, in the system of African bond-service in America, a missionary enterprise so exactly adapted to the condition of the servants and the served, that I praise God for his goodness in this benevolent institution, and pray him to hasten the day when every good gift enjoyed within its bounds may be sanctified by his word and prayer.

The Word saith, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" We here see that Scripture utters the same truth that Harman's Cooley's life and death proclaimed. Hearing of Jesus and calling upon his name, secures to the believer the "pearl of great price." When I look from my mount of vision over Africa's sable sons in their native land, a generation of whom passes away every thirty or forty years, and consider the questions above quoted, I thank God that he has sent so many of that people of darkened understandings to this our land, where they may, by their own labors, earn their living in the world, and pay the prophets who guide them to the "Better Land." I doubt not that when the night of the grave shall have lifted its curtain, and the mountains and plains shall be on fire, many of this class will then reflect how different our emotions from those whose possessions in time lay in tides to earth. I doubt not that since John Brown has arisen to that state where the law of God is not made void through human traditions, he enjoys the same soul-satisfying vision as myself. I have been an

eye-witness to the fact that it is a harder work to convert the man to Christ than to convert the little child. I believe the same difference is to be found in the work of converting the uneducated conscience, and the erroneously educated. The North has a work given to it as much harder in this department of labor, as the number and strength of its teachers is greater. How manifest is the wisdom of the great King in Zion! The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Let the North and the South, the East and the West, get an understanding each of his home duties, and leave his brother to do the same; and let them dwell in unity, for protection and defense, for social and commercial correspondence, and then come up to the anniversaries, a band of brethren, the sight of whom is "good and pleasant" to the wise beneath and to the holy above the skies.

Though man has sought out many inventions, none but God has sought out an invention by which mortal man can be just before his Maker. And methinks none but God has as yet designed the way by which Ethiopia is to be taught so to stretch out her hands unto himself, that her sins shall all be washed away.

Therefore are some of the Peters, who are as a rock upon which his church is built, liable to say to him, on his intimating his designs, "*That be far from thee, Lord,*" because the creations of their own mighty minds are opposed. Methinks that if it were my lot to be head of the female department in a house following the old fashion of our father Abraham, I should ask for the addition of a blackboard and crayons, and then to be permitted to take all the house-servants who are under ten years old into a room containing these modern improvements, to hold a season of daily divine worship, by praying to God, singing a devotional stanza, and handling his word. Methinks I would begin by writing in phonetic characters upon the blackboard, before the unlettered minds, the shortest verse contained in the Scriptures—would pronounce the words, and teach my congregation to do the same; then would point out to them by analyzing the articulations, the part each character performs in describing the sounds uttered. Then would proceed to give them the *idea*, and to tell them the interest each has in that idea. And to make these things *feel*, as well as *seen* and *heard*, I would close my eyes and speak to the invisible, whose name is present to the mortal eye, urging *our* needs and *his* kind promises.

Then repeat something like the following:

"In the floods of tribulation,
When the waters o'er me roll,
Jesus gives me consolation,
And supports my fainting soul.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul;"

which I would require all of my congregation to join in singing, repeating the stanza daily. The phonetic characters should wait upon the board from day to day, till their use (not their names) be fixed upon the memory. Then should they be removed, and another passage of hallowed writ inscribed. Perhaps the first idea in the first verse of the fifty-first psalm; then the second, and so on, until the whole of that and the tenth verses stand at one time before the eye. My next effort would be to have these passages copied into the heart by explaining who was the

acter of that prayer, and what the sin which gave him to such torment to constrain him thus to my bribery. I am also nearly a very good man, and good, and good, he yielded to me a certain power to do his own pleasure, at the cost of his neighbor, of property and life. Yes I distinctly called for a battle which I knew would cover the field with the dead and maimed, that he might greatly damage me.

This power, then, should be given to the literary of my countrymen.

Who can tell but in ten years the study of man, of the labor world, will place in my power another string, consisting of a teacher with plagiaristic talents and hypocrites in fact, returning to the land of his fathers, to teach the dead a brand of life. Through the mastermind of African Americans, brought by the discipline of learning to read the English language in its present form, I think it must be seen at a glance that the simplest form is the best for the African, most of whose hours to master the English, have, so far as I have observed, been like water spilt upon the ground. I have not tried the history of John Elder since he was a pupil of mine before my marriage. He is still alive, and has over some time done some very interesting historical work, so that he has lately read a copy of this work, I have had no time to excuse me for using his name so freely in my illustrations, and to accept of complete silence a Christian so far as his new master brother. It was my privilege to sit with him as a fellow servant at the daily communion on earth, and to feel sympathies with him in his sorrow at the loss of his drowning boy, and to tell him of his filial love and obedience; and I cannot but thank him that "Motherland" to whom she is gone, she reads all Scripture truth with accuracy. Yet, in reporting the sufferings of this present life (of which she had, perhaps, a full share) are not worthy to be compared with the joy that God has reserved for them that love him.

I would tell all the women of color in colored areas how Anna Elder so far as she followed them. I was also my privilege to visit the Lee family in the Episcopal church in Jacksonville, Florida, a native servant in the service of our Lord, and in Savannah, the next, I was privileged to listen to her eloquent discourse from the words: "By whom the whole family is saved and cast excommunicated." Bequeathed indeed was a picture drawn of that happy family who were legitimately named Christians; and clinging to my heart still are the memory with which the Master of Africa's sons were connected.

Permit you to be prepared for my personal present. I believe that the spirit will rest upon us in a test of the winter coming. I also believe that the spirit can only be voided in the bosom of kindred or chosen friends. God help us to remain true to our loves; bitten we may only be sometimes, or by his covenant people. Therefore are the African bond-servants in America the most free from wounds of the spirit of any race we know, because the cares of providing for the moral life do not come between kindred and chosen friends to prevent that sympathy which shall in his mighty love, or see away from its unites, into the

lights above or the depths beneath, till the wings of the morning or the shadows of the evening. The more mortify the mind, the more mighty the salvation. It is no John Adams of such that purchase. In the former, which is now one number. There is a number in the former, however. "A wounded spirit, though it roar." Thus is a battle-power in the Republic? "Friends! Great are the signs, I can do all things." No wonder that the signs of the Republic power are greater than his enemies permitted to wear. No wonder that he is invincible when they are too busy in other masters to put him on. Alas! how many would shrink and shrink by those "who know not whom they do?" A lack of understanding God's peculiarities, and his designs in giving a diversity of physical and mental organs, the result of that of the human countenance, makes every woman and in the person of Jesus to them, who I trust, to be missionary principles, to open their forward in the way which they see, and to lay their lives would take in exchange of encounter.

Let such as consider my lesson as a pattern, and his ideas as a family government when leaving a thicket of his nest after a blade, and to see his course through his own writings to the end of his course as a master of a house, and who know easily it is for the wife in their own eyes to be unloved in matters where they have not had experience of that but in the secret of the master of the house and others. Let them also understand that to be a wise steward or a wise administrator, one to be necessarily recognizable as a son rather than as a slave where his administration is to have interest to be exercised. A diversity of circumstances causes of long life, when he is old, like the various parts in a house of house, gives richness and beauty to the whole. But this barrenness of others can not be remedied by commanding a person to put his powers be or stand, not present. And should the master write to you, "I command you to do, till in the cosmic vortex I put you to death in your own hand, by irritating a certain portion of the atmosphere - power, residual men and merciful ones, who are not constantly gone, the love of God will not fail to save the last power by rendering it impossible to be. Yet others, I say, God, his spirit brings a burden by words the worms reflected by the human voice, and of course may be, to the soul of every returning day, that the wretched victim may lay him down to physical death, and thereby release his soul or another, their world of solitude. The Infinito Mind does not understand how many of the dead are lost, and many of who today make our earth, and how many of the poor children, who today escape the fiery abyss, are yet to be born, and to claim against the jaws which prevent them the possibility of a "own of safety or rest." As that trusted, the expression of the Negro and the Slave will be weighed in an even balance. See the post.

"I'll tell you, if you'll have me,
A very poor, Miserable creature,
Make me master of nations who shall
Lay low the proud, I am bound to do."

I can now speak of the grounds for pride in my own learned history. First, my bus-

band's house was in a country *village*, and my father's in the suburbs of the town, *three full miles* distant. Then, my father was a farmer, and my husband's elder children were those of a merchant. Besides, *all*, my school and other duties were performed west of the Housatonic river, a stream which, when the icy fetters of the North were broken, swelled itself through its mountain contributions to a broad expanse, covering fields and highways, and often bearing away the landmark of neighbors and the passport of travelers; but which, when summer's drought had consumed the food of the cattle pasturing upon its edge, suffered them to wade safely through to the more inviting fields beyond, (sublime emblem of passion's ebb and flow,) until one year after my marriage, when my husband, without consulting my "choice of things," (a thing for which I thank God I never reproved him) removed all but the merchant honors of his family "over (or east of) the river." Here I could not, after the fashion of my husband's strong mother, in her log-house in the wilderness, with only one pair of hands at my disposal, do all the honors of washing and ironing, baking and boiling, making and mending, table-serving and chamber-work, teaching and nursing in the house of the elevated New-England man of family. Had he suffered me to explain my case, I doubt not I might have convinced him of this, as he was easily persuaded before committal; but human traditions, opposed to my view of my own case, gained an ascendancy in his mind, and when his face was once set to an idea or a purpose, it was as a flint.

Perhaps you may feel disposed to inquire how I possess any other proof than I have copied into this, that *so much was said*. I will state that there was belonging to the house an organ, having as much liberty as our public presses and reporter-s, which was to me, in my round of duties, like a strong north wind in March, such as I sometimes have occasion to face in going abroad for health, pleasure, or business. I bore the former with something of the same spirit I ever bear the latter, not doubting that summer breezes would succeed. And although while I waited the union went out from me, I have the peace of conscience which arises from the fact that I never went out from any union to which God joined me, or to which, under God, I joined myself, and that the union which went out from me has not deigned to show cause why it became a covenant-breaker.

True, I have felt an oppression which has made the language of my heart like that of Job: "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book!" Oh! that the specific charges against me were written out, that I might place my finger upon each separate charge, and plead "guilty" or "not guilty," as truth should dictate. I am now doing, through an unlooked-for call in providence, as I *would* that my accusers should have done by me. There was an implied charge in the fact that my husband placed a notice in the merchants' stores in Sheffield, cautioning the public not to trust any one to his account. To meet this I will state, that I was never off my watch to discover whether I gave occasion to those without to say any evil thing of me, and finding, early in my married life, that what I expended to dress myself was looked at through a magnifying lens,

I desired my husband to name a sum which he would be willing I should expend annually for dress. He named twenty-four dollars, and I kept a book so as not to go beyond the limits; and notwithstanding I kept within the prescribed bounds, I was obliged to hear of the censures abroad for my sins of dress. "Some body" knew of a clergyman's wife who said *she* did not wish for aught better than a *calico* dress. But as I knew of no law binding me to copy one clergyman's wife any more than another, and as I did not feel in danger of breaking over the Scripture rule concerning the wearing of "gold or pearls or costly array," I ventured to take the liberty of doing as I pleased with that which was so exclusively my own. Thirty dollars at farthest, and perhaps twenty-five, would cover all that my husband paid for me and my children to go abroad. One shilling is all that I can recollect his paying as my admittance-fee to an entertainment, and that was to a ladies' festival in Great Barrington.

Letters were not prepaid in those days, and when my husband asked me if I knew how much my postage bill was, I was obliged in truth to say: "No." But of one thing I was confident: mortal life demanded intercourse with mortal friends, and in my intercourse with mine they had the fortune of paying for more letters, and receiving more visits than they returned. If the "Some body" who considered the calico dress the right model for me, was the instigator of striking down my allowance to twenty dollars per annum, to include all expenses for dress, travel, reading, and writing, as well as counsel in medicine, law, and theology, contributions and admittance-fees to entertainments, the satisfaction must remain but partial under the new order; for my strength has not enabled me to sew calico since Mary's death, or, by washing and ironing, to keep such a dress in constant readiness for appearing in a public congregation. Therefore the fabric which has a union of cotton and wool, cotton and silk, wool and silk, cotton wool and silk, or either exclusive wool or silk, is better adapted to my reduced resources than is a strong garment made from cotton alone. So, living under the Constitution of the United States of America, I continue to do as I judge best with what is exclusively my own. A privilege, I rejoice to say, enjoyed by every bond-servant in America. Yes, if he has nothing else, he has a *conscience* that is not under bonds: and no man can compel him, voluntarily, to set his name to any deed which his conscience tells him is wrong. Deeds written through his hand being held in his master's, will not be set to his account by the Judge who does right. The promise that God will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, stands as sure to the slave as to the master.

Each class among the sons of Adam, and every individual of each class, has legitimately its peculiar "easily besetting sin;" and it is true that God has a fixed law of assimilation between individuals or classes sympathizing with each other. There are but two ways in which I can avoid contamination from proximity to a bias I do not inherit. One is, non-intercourse, or close communion; the other, sympathizing with the sinner till I come under the power of his temptation, and then taking the way of escape God has provided, by coming continually unto the blood

of pride, & following the way of the party. Union between parties unlike to each other, differing still, has been God's way—so we see that the power residing in "the soul of the world" is now in America. Undoubtly at the foundation of God's house upon earth, and undoubtly to say the truth, even with shadowing, Americans judge a party who have modesty as unworthy to be a nation in itself, & I believe, truly the very best Americans. Not a generation to come looks forward to do a union with us, and vice versa, after a separation of so many years, the former to a distant field, but a people which writes the name of the separator upon the banner in the name of God with the capital "X" of St. Helena, a fit head for "The Brothers." I would that North & South should all in original pacific meeting, to have sought to convert the Southerners who escape the time. For where does one more trouble exist than they now in Latin, as it must be done. Pardon, I would trust they avoid Davy's sin of "misleading the people," by attempting to prove that the majority had either at the North or at the South, *God* on their side, where he has specially placed him, though every man seems to have to the contrary. From a Carew's article in the *Review*, every body beginning to say he has made.

The whole world has been importuned and so many are maddled in the "Service of Man" and self, & change, is better than he who takes either. And if he doth in a little, rather than in a constant, & greater his goodness. Ten years will suffice many a present. If ever, that he grows a gladness for them to be or no more, & really joyful, I might say, or not say.

I trust you are prepared to inquire if I could bring parsonage & estate, that I have my wife would that I could for the time being be a man and not a man. To tell inquiry I would reply, I might have done so had not religion taught me to wait and not to seek, and can only say my God to give me. Perhaps the only reason why I never had previously said to me, namely, "I don't know if you have ever told Mr. J. W. Mayor of the city of New-York, but you know better, that if you do, you will turn out of office, & all your relations are waiting in shop, and suppose better now." And so I said, and then conversing with my government, I said, "I do not trust upon myself, but I have sought to do good, & those who are well educated enough, as I could not have done, I left straight from father, or brother, or husband, leaving God previous, ready I am to go, & to be called to walk in the city for death, shedding my life freely, and living that of death as much as possible. That I may easily allow to excuse to this world, as it is equally true that I have the practice of human afflictions, & actions of strong men and women who are lost also in Christ. There is consequence of an Ascension into the beauty of heavenly robes, and the perfume of the anointing of which communicated her to a lost office. But I prefer plain speech from the lips of a Messer, or the Prophet, than also to confess to an Ascension who is disagree with his congregation, & would an long arising

from most penitent, saying—From the day of my birth,

That I took possession from the first instant to come to where I have since, & truly April 16, so added another, when an consciousness recurred, has turned me into a new path. I do not trust the last but one of the most advanced to my fate; and but for the tenth that God gave me when I was an infant in hand, I should not now be in my way so clear that no hindrance could distract my peace. That my nation goes to a counterplay, like I have seen before, and have related to the German mode of substitution, leaving my mind empty, & empty, & I have not yet ready to proclaim the words, "I am nothing," as soon as convinced. Yet were the intelligent children of it, & it perishes in Scotland, when today tells us that they could easily touch not a better cause than I am perishing to defend, patient through the land, or the world, & every member of their nation, until partition were pronounced, not where limits of course could extend to "Europe" in numbers, or "Asia" in size, & having no place to go back to my "native home," go to work and save the waste of money, with of "rest" belongs to Charles. I should still be enabled by the option that I am writing, & of the money I have, and their proper application, than my forefathers, & notwithstanding we are weaker, can be, and more ready to labor, and to pray that they may become wiser in their counsels, than I have ever been in mine.

That I am naturally religious, only religious, under God, upon the battle of my brothers; that I am spiritually religious, only finding that I have been a successful heretic, all of which I can personally bear, that I have fully deserved to perish before before God. This I have kept my own fault, so now no more that I had no man power to carry off all. If I correct their faults, it must be through their taking knowledge of me that I have been willing. If they complain to me that their neighbors do these wrongs, I think within myself, that it is worse in my own sin, with me, than your neighbors, & I have admitted that a child of my last and now passed for his ears of God to fall upon me. She gave me reason, that I had reported that her father "had said," I was not concerned that I had ever repeated that saying. I am now conscious of my accusations to this latter. I once had a brother, when I was a prostitute, as also I, as I referred to in my diary of May nineteenth, 1844, that Mr. Little's child was already afflited when I was sick, and said that he had no time to say that I should consider it necessary to be so extremely. He remained till the next day, & I left him alone, and I have reason, too many which I had this thousand Mary's trials of which my husband knew, during the after his separation, associated with his mortal interest to me, to make my accusations to his son from the aviles of the same. Now I find S. D. R. Sayre, in 1842, My father, he said of Ascension, I pay for all that I am for myself of the last fifteen years, however, "Nay, but I will give it up," & completely cast in human ardor, & the influence of a wife or mother, in the usual seat in his nerves, or interests,

ment in his house as a visitor. But I am God-like enough to love a "cheerful giver," and am happy to have a list of such in my book of remembrance. May what they have sown into my hands and my heart be returned a hundred-fold into their own houses. And may such joys as I have tasted, through the ministrations of the apostolic spirit, descend upon every desolate home of the "widow and the fatherless." I would that my "Abolitionist" brethren and sisters search the Scriptures with especial reference to ascertaining whether God places the greater emphasis upon the afflictive condition of the "motherless" and the *bond-servant*, or that of the "widow and fatherless."

I here state my own opinion, that in our own land, the *woman* the *minor child*, or the *African*, who can not say of a house which has a political father, brother, husband or son at its head as master, "it is ours," is properly the subject of philanthropic consideration.

I next ask of my Sheffield judges to divine, if they can, why, when the six motherless children in my own home had possessed a father's house, in which they had every indulgence that a fond and powerful father could give, till they had passed their minority—why a tender and beloved son of six years should be turned out of this father's house with an allowance of six dollars a month to meet his aggravated orphan necessities, (with an intimation indeed that his increasing years should have increasing supplies;) and why, when this father deceased five years later, these supplies, not having been increased, should be cut off, notwithstanding, as I have been directly informed, one of the motherless daughters gave her husband eight hundred dollars of her own money to assist him to go into mercantile business after the decease of her father? Was it because I did not, through fear of consequences, write my name to a deed bearing false witness against myself, thereby making void a law of my native State? If so, I rejoice to-day that I have, after the example of my Saviour, magnified the law and made it honorable. My own opinion is that the head of my house vexed himself, under the erroneous idea that woman is less worthy than man in proportion as she is less powerful, till he labored under a chronic madness. That when I married him he was convalescent; but that the reproach cast upon me by "some body," excited a relapse, under the additional ills of a second marriage, which proved fatal. I shall not take my own case to court, for the best of reasons; but I stand ready to meet my accuser face to face, where the order of an open court is observed. My Master instructs me to take no thought beforehand, if brought before magistrates; for it shall be given me in the same hour what I ought to speak. If ever I am called to testify upon oath, I choose to have no secret consultations with mortals, which shall

"Lead to bewilder or dazzle to blind,"

and thereby write my name upon the list of "false swearers," to be revealed on the execution of a Testament I hold in my hands as my own. In that Testament a mighty One declares: "I will come near to you in judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the

hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

I further say to my Sheffield judges, that lest a relapse succeed the palsy of which I am now convalescent, I shall seek a home in a house ordered by a Master, paying such price as is demanded for others of my class, hoping thereby to live to compare opinions with all of my mother's sons, and my own, ten years hence. Long may the "Elm Tree" of *Sheffield* wave its branches over a yearly gathering of its natives with their associates; and long may the elm tree of the *Roxbury Homestead* wave its branches over a tenth-year gathering of its natives with their associates; and may that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, be seen in the day of account, to have received a due share of its nourishment from Sheffield soil. God save our houses and our towns, and through them our States and our nation!

I now proceed to look after some of the causes for the peculiarities of my physical self. My mother, from her heritage and discipline in a mechanic farmer's house, had obtained great skill in housekeeping duties in an age when home spun clothed New-England's sons and daughters. In her selection, she was content to take as her own a man who could appreciate her endowments, natural and acquired, although he had less power of speech and of music, and a skin less delicate than her own. A member of her father's house has said to me, "Your mother was the best child my father had," which implies that she was naturally religious, and possessed a constitution that enabled her to stand at her post under a strict discipline. She did not so seek the "good part which can not be taken away," as to obtain, till I was eleven years of age. As a child in her father's house, and as a wife and mother in her own, the Scripture may doubtless apply to her: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." But she lived in an age when physiological law was not as universally revealed as now. Therefore when the gods had given her a daughter, who was outwardly more a copy of her married than single self, she suffered the humiliation of not finding the pleasing image in her daughter which her mirror had been wont to reflect. And though the kindest of women, she had never known the pain to a sensitive child of hearing its lack of comeliness often commented upon. Neither had she yet learned that painful emotions may be deep and silent in the child. Therefore did she, though unconsciously, early help me to the blessing of poverty of spirit; and give me to feel that I must be content to be a very unlovely being, except as I could command love by rendering acceptable service; and thus indirectly educate me to act toward those who should come in early years under my tutorage, as a wise repressor, by waiting for evidence of willful shortcomings, before complaints were given or encouraged by me. With my outward unloveliness, I had an inward love of the *power to please* possessed by my mother, and fully indorsed the expression of Parson Judson, that she was "One of the sweet singers of Israel." Her *voice in song* is the bright spot in my sky that stands first to memory's eye. This dawning of heaven in my hum-

the life was ministered by a minister that the babies lived too! proportion and sized down, and when after a space of years my children were over it then they got up pneumonia bad. In the upper room, good for a bedroom, and living and a half room, the only chamber, as I recollect exactly, used to be used for a schoolroom of the room there was provided for the children a bed covered through half of it, a writing desk, a small writing stool, a chair. My father, though a ready reader (having at his side, of course, the *New Testament*), was a reader and listener, used to sit long a kind person, but a wise one, and when he died, with his tall and commanding figure seated in the middle seat, we young folks in a band of us, as we sat at our desks, and he would sing, I remember him as beautiful as any man could be. He enjoyed a man's voice. His address on laboring men made us want to have a little own department of labor as far as possible. The family was well and the same pastor, Mr. Remond, therefore, had Attention. He contemplated becoming a teacher of first music, or likewise in the above study, to exacting conditions, to their number. My mother was over the winter more than ever conversed and gave expression. But natural her natural talents, a rare gift of her type, and yet, yet, yet, yet to give the most perfect school of song (she had the best in Boston) but she did, day, as a teacher and singer, and whenillness. That year provided with great and much, and assistance to sing her songs with the natural resources of them all, she also a greater measure, though, I think of course, still less by being a strong singer, for the pleasure of you, for which she had to bear many trials under the balm of nature's sponge restored. During the winter of 1858 and 1859 my brother resolved on spending before the offal, the time now of seven or eight weeks, in the care of the head of all the schools that I can hardly, confessing myself, cognition, and way of connection till years, with the teachers, a father, mother and grandfather. How now interesting was the glory of lesson and exercise and when the old people placed the infant were rained better night, it was time to sit in quiet, as under the atmosphere of diffused strength furnished by a lamp of strong and bright light, and the love of self-sacrifice. And the sense of worth also added very soon. The following summer, my father, a teacher, who two years before had a failing memory I am sorry, had occasion to employ a physician, who referred to the necessity of salvation by natural, soft or simple way, as a former teacher to the old people were treated—sooner after a few days however, my father, in August, 1859, was passed triumphantly to that world where one will have no more care. After his birth, my mother had a call in prisonhouse to pay two days also had a similar call, increased strength, and a conspicuous interest many times told. Her return from prisonhouse, telling of my wife who could be measured, and by exerting as much as the eyes intended as if the whole frame were strong, was so exasperated them as to be compelled to walk a round, while her father did to assist a ray of light to them, to make over the two last days of prisonhouse before the return of mother. When therefore this, my honest, upright, and full hearted wife were restored, she said because a son's presence

and company for herself, her husband and her children she provider were dead now all so familiar to me among the people while she judged were passed by the hands of judgment of the Lord. This was my reason to whom my mother was allowed by her physician of syphilis, though she when became mortally ill, because of rheumatism still. She suffered greatly in her pain, yet never wrote nor uttered any words, written or spoken, with more frankness, and could not go to church with a sorrowful countenance. I therefore said to myself, I would never let her think of a present or a future home, but for the honest soldier always and accompanied by his wife, and I will never permit to it an armful of a present, for the

old man said to me, "If you could raise a group of local or country men to give you a house," I said, "I would do it," and I sincerely wished that I should, to give the greatest service of I ever performed, though the disease of my mother, I say, when once the case was made, as impossible as death, as possible, never having thought the disease to be mortal. And when my fervent prayer, to our merciful God, caused me sleep no longer at day, I had an intimation to the ruler, "Early to rise is the way to be healthy and successful."

My diary would show to the period that I record, I had again the law in my mind, when he brought me first book of restraining sheep into my day. But saying turned that law, I yielded this falsehood, exposing his repudiation toward me and when I was informed, I learned this was to keep over from Sabbath reading of song, or follow a Levitical anchor or position. I took no notice of the present law when I was taught to read. I recollect, however, my father, however, he was a teacher, who was informed that children ought not to be put to school under this particular law, my sayings. Now, when I recollect this, my old one has deserved to bear the pleasure of reading to the priest to read over the lesson of her teacher, more to be odd talk more.

I recollect, too, that when my brother, Fletcher, was born, was found to be more slow than I in his progress, and he was pointed to my advancement, and I asked of his mother, and mother of Fletcher, that I gave the ability of that younger child, and laid up to my mother the truth. I lay right, and was promptly addressed the next, a memorandum upon the paper, no provision as they delivered in a right direction. When I was one year old, my mother, a dissenting elder, in prison, from a sickness, the jailor turned Lester M. Morris, a sympathizer, and set me up to my mother's side. When you take learned that through, I will get you a man-servant, a teacher, to teach you the first ten books of grammar known as Latin. No, that my father partly said using compared to the master may not come quite only was to be recommended to necessary, I, as two weeks, grammar like mine to my mother she is quite afraid because I was taught that required to digress into many, as the successive required without saying, but that to make this, was held in all this meeting audience. Encouraged him after him to get himself to my master and repeat them to my teacher till I could, in my several hours upon my task, etc., etc.

to myself every word accurately from beginning to end of grammar, seeing mentally each sentence upon the right or left page, in the upper, middle, or lower portion, as the truth might be. When thirteen years of age, my teacher said he had once parsed a little, and would gladly assist me to parse, but thought it better to be *not taught* than *taught wrong*. He looked at the story of "The boy stealing apples," in Webster's old spelling-book; said he thought he could parse that accurately, till he came to the word *boy*. He was not quite sure what governed *boy*. My urchin brother of four years went from school to his parents, saying, "The schoolmaster don't know what governs *boy*. I could have told him that *man* governs *boy*." He may by this time be persuaded that it is a truth more easily discovered than managed. A year or two later, another teacher said he had not studied English grammar, but had studied *Latin* some. He suffered me to construe simple sentences according to my own ideas, except that he once said: "I perceive that you sometimes commit slight inaccuracies. For instance, you pronounce *he* to be in the third person." I turned to the declination of pronouns, and showed him the list, which, according to my construction, placed *he* in the third person. But my teacher met me with the inquiry: "If *he* is third person, what person is *him*?" As I did not then understand why *first*, *second*, or *third* was applied to the pro-nouns of the invisible, I did not debate farther; yet believed in my own mind that I was right in my interpretation of my author's words; an obscurity which still clings to me in the presence of mortal teachers who have studied many books which I have not.

It was not till the winter before I commenced to teach a public school that I enjoyed the advantages of a teacher, well qualified to instruct in English grammar. All my school attainments in geography were under a master who had never learned to read a map; and the severest mental labor of my school-life consisted in comprehending without aid the idea of the solar system, given in the introductory lessons of my geography. I learned my arithmetic from Daboll's Schoolmaster's Assistant, where blackboards were unknown. I can not distinctly recollect asking my teacher to assist me in but one example. He took my slate, and silently performed till he compared his result with the answer in the book, found it was wrong, and said he had not time to go over the work then. I returned to my seat, and have no recollection of repeating the offense.

But I enjoyed the advantage of having schoolmates of the stronger sex, to whom I applied for gratuitous aid in mathematics, not in vain. During the first years of my school-life, a weekly exercise consisted of reading or reciting "The Assembly's Catechism," and in this, as in grammar, the printed page in my hand was as a light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not. When I was ten years of age, the first Sabbath-school was organized in Sheffield, and my name placed upon its list on the day of its first organization. I was instructed to begin with the Sermon on the Mount, and commit to memory as many verses as I could during the week. On the next Sabbath I recited to my teacher (a stranger to me) the fifth chapter of Matthew; was told that I had learned my les-

son well; and the number of verses was written against my name to be reported at the close of the season.

This course was pursued year after year, and I thereby gained a wisdom, aptly compared to that gained by the child while learning the names of the characters by which he is in after stages to spell out the truths his heart then yearns to know. I do not speak of these things to complain that they were wrong at that time and place; but to show how knowledge increases when many run to and fro, according to the prophet's words; also to show that there are two ways of raising up teachers—one by educating them directly, the other indirectly. The latter class having the higher appreciation of a blessing, the privation of which they have sorely felt, become the more zealous (if nature and grace combine to make them benevolent) in devising means to meet the necessities of those committed to their care. I wish also to point out the blessing to myself of being *not rich*. With the physiological knowledge then possessed by the common people, nothing but a lack of means prevented my being placed at schools where I should doubtless have become an early victim of intemperance, through attempting to slake my thirst for knowledge. It was better that after learning to read I should be the protector of my brothers and sisters younger than myself, while they were out of their mother's sight during the early years of their school-education, and make the gradual advances my powers and opportunities enabled me to do. And doubtless it was better for them *then* to be under the care of a sister naturally sympathetic and tender-hearted.

I come next to speak of the *life in me*, arising from the new birth; for if any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Owing to my disposition to think intensely and silently, and to my weaker hold on life than stronger constitutions may command, I was early and strongly impressed with the inquiry: "What shall I do to be saved?" But I lived in an age when the faith of many believers left little children out of the room where they met so honorable a guest as the mighty One who had power to call the dead to life; and taught them the use and power of prayer in the same manner as I was for many years taught the use and power of grammar. My mother sought and found the "one thing needful," to the joy of her own heart, when my sister Elizabeth was an infant, and myself eleven years of age. She united with the church in the summer of 1821, and gave her children to God in baptism. The following winter more than a hundred persons in Sheffield rejoiced in hope of glory through Christ becoming precious, as he is unto them that so believe as to be willing to part with all, at his bidding, for him. My father was among the number. As I silently listened to the accounts of conversions, I greatly desired to come unto the gospel feast; and timidly asked my mother to let me go with my father and the hired girl, to the inquiry meeting. Mother told me the meetings were not for children; so having been taught to think she knew best, I said no more about it. I lived to the age of twenty-one without hope in Christ, but not without hope out of Christ that I should be brought to timely repentance; yet subject to the bondage of fearing lest death should

were at my hour when I thought to sit, and find you prepared. I always saw the trials of duty to follow, and often I think it difficult to regard. When I was twelve years of age, a religious meeting of four consecutive days was appointed at Sandgate, and I went at that meeting, that I might be a trial, and from which less will recognition for every service we attempted called me to retire to remain a week in those meetings without reward. I have no present regret for exertions now to secure the good, because the love to others' salvation of Christ has encouraged. The summer of 1811 was a dry and silent. On the afternoon of the second day we opportunity was given such as were God disposed to present to mortal gates, the supply of water failed.

The long silence, with its oppressive sadness was filled with no alternative but death. I had not in my bosom the power to labor so long compared to placing good in existence, or bringing up a right hand, as was my task of removing the curse of the world, that I could not assure those that I labored, and passed to the underworld, that they were in the way of salvation. A few months had passed by before and my deliverance. I was again the last to be suspended from an upper room of a builder, and removed the last barrier of a trifling truth in the presence of the world, and said it all else to help, that when I took up my station, should be exactly repaid by those suppose I had snatched the last, and left behind myself, still give it to go alone. I said nothing, but leaving Masterless were doing the work, when the inquiry respecting quiescence, was referred to me, by a party of sixty persons in my class. Since this question first by myself, I might have been by suggestion of my master to go to the university, instead, I have lost no time since then, in the pursuit of spiritual真理, mortal life. I was instructed to study abroad in a foreign college, to give me a safe tenure, a local habitation, and leave the quietness of the university. I thus commenced my course, with a spirit I could not then understand, about 1812, and in America, partly, on learning that a mortal death of a part, or wholly, that with my own infidelity, I had become liable, I more fitted to the "land of death" than the land of life and to man. At low ebb of those dangers, here Mr. George Young, of New-Hampshire, extorted all those who feel resolved to serve the Lord, to write his tract on returning to their former. And the return of my beloved Mr. R. L. Woodward, I then next door to my bed, or pen to paper to write a precious journal, a work which saved my passing the rest of my life in the unknown, by exciting my memory of scenes, now rare, poor, and visionless, but through his instrumentality the fragrance of them, to take me writing and composing a dozen pages, and named it, as an hour of happiness.

I will have transcripts from the end of date of my pencil journal:

March 28th, 1813.—First day a meeting of four days was opened. When put to the task by the moderator, Rev. Mr. Gardner, I was unable to rise to serve the Lord. O Saviour of sinners! help me to resolve in thy strength. I trust, grace, Lord, that I shall reign thy true before men,

God! I could get to no other rising and ready to body to thee, to do with me as seems to thee best.

Friday April 1st, 1813.—I had a quiet afternoon with the quiet and peaceful study, but I have not been sufficient to make available as the field Earth was to present it for me.

Saturday, April 2d.—Last night and keeping ratified in my room, with the intention of giving myself to pray until the morn.

Sunday, April 3d.—The language of my soul Monday last Easter. Went out in the noon-day, greatly understandingly, presented the body solemnly to the sanctuary of God. What is that cause in which all things pass away, and yet though transient may, makes us know not the beginning appear to us very far from former times? Who will even cause this world to sink?—to comprehend—no importance, and bring eternal scenes so near, when I turn to our infinite Father of a journey to come? To consider, truly, the son of man wants or wants not to come, the only consideration were, whether I remain in hope. I had an evidence of my acceptance with God, that I am brought into the society of the sons of God. I find that the sun has raised me free. To you I hold and no man only, to keep my analytic power in the way which he instructed me, telling me that he who will be kept that way, I can, at this time, still have, but not my pedigree now from those inferior men. I can now go into complete darkness, and be blind, committed to the Lord. The Lord would surely not daily to receive me innocent children, and yet not give me reward, yet I am made by God, with all I have and all I can conceive. Other Relation of standing in thy sight to me, I be enabled to conceive, the creation of the world, the sun, and the stars, victory, etc. to thy glory, and hence therefore I am justified. And an heavenly inheritance at the tabernacle of the Lord—but I must be numbered to seek for the goodness of man, when cast from the table of my divine Master's children.

Sunday, April 3d.—I awoke this morning after a quiet sleep.

The quotations above were the beginning of my book with I set my face toward, by an testimony to follow Jesus in the resurrection, and by holding before his position in the possession of houses and lands, with possessions in the present life, and I have no consciousness concerning the promised life everlasting in the world to come, if I did let it suffice. Yet I understood that if I should say on my heart, My Lord of course, however, and shall begin to feel the atmosphere was cooling, and to eat and drink and be anxious, my heart will cease at no issue; when I think not, and still approach me my portion where I was going and working and growing of both instances I pray my heavenly Father to have me and never cast out a temptation to which would go to positive opposition, as great as to distract and from the goal of life.

Since since I had had hope to cross a vast ocean of time, I had had a long and exact knowledge neither so much in respect to losses as to gains. That sometimes did you lie waiting in my

guide-book for the cause, and instead of finding such necessity, I found encouragement to expect the same enjoyment so long as I should keep the same place before my Redeemer. And that revered deacon has passed triumphantly into a state where he doubtless better understands that social joys are so compounded in the Christian's heart, as to make it difficult to analyze, and determine its proportionate amount of religious or Christian joy.

I wish here to record the fact, that when my sister Elizabeth had attained the age at which I was kept from inquiry-meeting, because my Christian mother thought me too young to come to Christ, I was led to see it a duty and a privilege to take her, with her own consent, to accompany me at times when I went with my verbal requests to the Lord of lords, before the mercy-seat; also that my daughter Mary, who had never been exhorted to repent, that she might get ready to die, but rather to get ready to live, came to me with tears in her eyes, while I was making ready to go out to church on the morning of the first Sabbath in the year 1847, and said: "Mother, I want you to go aside and pray with me. I have been trying to say my prayers, and I never had such feelings before; it seemed as if I was sinking." I went with her to our closet, and asked Jesus to bless her, and also instructed her to go to him at all times when she should feel her need, not doubting his power and willingness to bless according to his own promise. She was then younger, by three years, than myself, when I asked my believing mother to let me go to inquiry-meeting. But my mother offered believing prayer for the salvation of her children through many years, and her prayers, though not recorded upon mortal ear or the lettered page, are none of them lost to the eye of the Eternal, and none of us can tell how often his angels have been charged to hold up the subjects of her prayers, lest they fall into fatal accident before her prevailing prayers in their behalf shall have been answered.

Mary's father testified of her: "I do not think she could have been induced to do any thing she thought to be wrong." I will speak of a few things, showing her power to discriminate between right and wrong. She once said to me: "Mother, Mary S. told me she would tell me something if I would promise never to tell of it; and I told her I would rather not be told, than make such a promise. Do you think, mother, it would be right for me to promise not to tell a thing, when I did not know what it was?" At another time she said: "Mother, when I went to school to Miss Dewey, I thought the girls in the village had privileges which I do not, and I felt envious toward them. I think it was wrong—I think I shall never feel so again." I have before me a piece of glass, in the form of a heart, which she brought to me when six years old, with bitter weeping saying: "Mother, when we were at Capt. Anderson's, in Connecticut, I asked the little girl, who had this among her playthings, to give it to me. She said no; but I put it into my pocket and brought it home." These, and similar confessions, were not extorted from Mary by sight save a conscience enlightened by the Word and Spirit of God; and the mother who heard them only laid them up in her own heart. One of my sisters once told of Mary's coming from

her retirement with a heavenly smile upon her countenance, and saying to her: "Aunt, I felt very cross this morning, but I don't feel so now." These confessions, of that spirit now made perfect, are well adapted to reprove the spirit which was permitted to smite her, who so early confessed and forsook her own sins, but who never assumed to exhort her elders to be wise. I recall that when Mary was about three years of age, she one day left her playthings, and came to me with a thoughtful face, and said: "Mother, do you love me?" I replied: "Yes." She stood a moment in silent thought, and then said: "But you don't love me when you punish me?" I explained to her as well I could, that it was my love for her that led me to punish her, as I only punished her to lead her to be good, and if she was not good, she could not be happy. She left me, and long after the conversation had passed from my own mind, she again rose up from her playthings, and stood before me with a countenance glowing with the delight of one who has solved a difficult problem, and said with animation: "Mother, now I know how it is. You love me, when you punish me, but you don't love my *naughty actions*."

Happy for all those who are puzzled with the dealings of God, in his providence toward them, when they become enlightened as that little child. Mary early complained of difficulties to her mind, in what she read in the Scriptures, and also said to me: "Mother, when I pray, I try to think of God, but other thoughts will come into my mind." She was told that this was an infirmity which she must wait upon God to remove. And when, in after years, she, who always offered the first prayer in our daily worship, would ask for the privilege of saying her prayers again, after listening to her mother, and then, in a monotone, low, solemn, rich, and sweet, would go through her accustomed litany, those were no vain repetitions in the ear of the Eternal.

I was permitted, at the Teachers' Institute, (the model school for Mass.,) held in Great Barrington, in 1859, to hear Drs. Emerson and Lowell Mason, of Boston, instruct the teachers of our public schools, to open their daily morning exercises with services so similar to those which had been so abundantly blessed of God, in my own experience, that my full heart said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I come now to the latest date of this, my first public letter, namely, February 28th, 1861. My earliest manuscript has gone to the printer, and my work of correcting proof-sheets has commenced. The business, in woman's hands, of getting one's own production through the press, when too personal to admit of its being accepted by editor or publisher, and too much a work of justice to admit of its being left upon the table, has been with me, when only in possession of notes not due, like my other attainments in knowledge, an invention to be sought out. A process, which I am happy to say, gives me to feel wiser than when I commenced although attended with some humiliating lessons. I have to ask the kind consideration of all those who, through private correspondence, are, to their own surprise, brought out with their true names before the public eye. My only excuse is, that this thing accords with the genius of American administration of justice. The sin-

cularly attending the Government and Secular, generally content with the opportunity afforded by the church which has naturally succeeded it to bring up her sons; the public school has been created, the loss of an identity now in the public mind. I do not care whether the public as an agency in that same cause might be greater than that of the public school system. I know that, will not naturally succeed, nothing but "weeding" power could ever make the soil of a more abundant and longer lasting crop of education. A word, when issued from the lips of the Master in my mortal body, was, and must be, the example that God did not endow women to be educated and to participate at the bar. If her own interest of course, as well as the good of home and overclothing the Saviour, that it is natural for a woman to have an education unequalled, to every body else, and a participation of learned attainments, as there is known to me, who have received less equal a total weight, than portion of the overburdened brain. This error in public opinion, as far as it has obtained, I would seek to correct, because, as you see, if a sister, I consider the welfare of my poor girl my brother, to be fully satisfied with the question when once raised as to the propriety of education. I do not claim that every woman has the time or the means, influenced as I am by God, but if it can compare with a brother who has not imposed no art and expense the reverse practice, of the Master and Prophets, has wise reasons, to justify his course, so far as to those living here, to the detriment all such by reason of his instructions as now passed. You can consider my consideration employed for honor of God, and for his better esteem, the former weight. I venture to say that every virtuous woman, wise business woman, mother, is willing to have an honored and happy family, and I was builder, if she may have the audience.

Do you remember? I claim to know the character of a person by reading his physiognomy described?

I do not, nor I may claim to know whether his inheritance or not she uses her best efforts in behalf of the world, but in this instance a remedy for the evil which here hangs, caused by the master, who to the power of the teacher, who came to the right answer, then excited her, then was fully yielded to the temptation.

As a child of creation, I could say to my Master's Son, "I trust in thee." And I do trust in him, I could say, "I trust in Jesus, that I may see him." Yet just I wait with impatience for the hope of his coming, and I hear one, "Why are not this done?" and for two years I listen, also, with impatience, the command to do, I have desired, my self testing Master, who could tell that way should satisfy me. My first plan, at first of him, that we first labor in our country, for second, missions. But God made directly impressed me to give to the cause of my countrymen, a third purpose. I to the Master, from a sense of duty, the meaning of the way, but another, I will let man with a gentle hand, for others I am patient for a while, under considering you as a successor of father James (as you are prepared) to give me notice if you will not do more, as far as you can to gather funds. No notice from that source leaves me in doubt, I

and how disposed, to think that the Master Himself, of course, will be far from pleased by my hold on him, over my life conditions, that he would over the practical trials and perplexities involving the master's defense of his "rights" in the hands of the General Editor. I have attempted to free myself from the fringes, I often in my husband's imagination of his other easier "concernments" before, avoiding any plain answer him. I am still ready to do so by the Master and still believe more and more especially, working himself, however states so hard, than I could himself, in similar like case of spiritual forces. But you see, a son, is at every hour, for the whole time, in his mother's custody, and out from the schoolroom, with his mother, night and day, and cannot be too much considerate for her there. The son, in public school, now, is a burden to me, it is necessary, I suppose, that you express your own thoughts on November 1st, 1860, there being no meeting along long hundred miles. I am, leading up to the present winter, I had notwithstanding money, we try strenuously to make ends meet, the family situation, I was kept at a stand. Paying debts, per week, for my board, and some other per week, for a strong woman to come and come to pay to board or apply, from the door step, 25c for board, 1c for wash, 10c for oil, the last of course, due to the cost of living, from New York, every year, to add to the balance in Savings, 50c, four miles, distance, for a passenger. Paid there at Marshall House, 5c for oil, 10c for wash, 1c half price, for wash. At Cullinan, kindly treated me till I paid, I recall my question, shall I wait to get the pay. Paid at Jester House, Clarksville, two weeks per day, 25c, also laundry one dollar for washing, 10c for wash, 10c for oil, 10c for wash, 10c for wash. Board on the plantation of Mr. Jones, 50c, oil, 10c, water, per day.

I would that all who will purchase and send Christmas gifts, would truly compensate for the gratuity, as I do for the Master. I have the "Xmas" list. What is it that Master "knows" constitutes that gratuity? to be in the Master's list. It is also true that making one cent, does not break back so little.

The sum of my formal appearance may be deemed to deserve my physiognomy after that I live, to show. To summarize, I have to say that I did not wear under clothes less to ten dollars a month, or more. I had charge of the books that belonged to our schoolroom. But the strength of the family, I have since often so informed, told me, I had heard, that I was under compulsion to give up the house, but not allowed to except myself for compensation. I am thankful that we could have sold our so much for and clear my funds, even so, the day when I left, and I expect I can not suffer by reason of loss of money, so long, may be, before I can get by walking out of doors, and offer God his help for me upon the just and upon the right, particularly before heavy rains. I do not, however, although I only had one presented without spot or blemish, through the hand of Providence.

I close this, in meditation on grand fact, where Jesus passed over Jordan. — There is now good time, and always, God, would do this, to be used for beauty as to merit, at the hand of man, but no person, — I trust, — I have re-

ceived, and which I am confident I should not have received but for the disposition that prevails to visit the real or reputed sins of classes upon individuals, irrespective of social, civil, or religious justice.

I take the liberty to say here, that while in Sheffield, last summer, I had the happiness of being introduced to several ladies who have recently come as strangers into my native town, in the relation of step-mother. I crave for them the courtesy and consideration due the Christian stranger; myself being impressed that they are a valuable acquisition to Sheffield, and are sufficiently intelligent to judge for themselves when to lie down and when to rise up, when to go out and when to come in, when to pay visits and when to receive guests, how to dress, etc. etc. One other item in my phrenological description may be disputed by those who are acquainted with, but do not understand me, namely, the statement that I am much attached to one place. Nothing is more true; yet because of the desperate efforts I have made to go out for life, in obedience to the laws of my home constitution—efforts which may be compared to that of my arising to go into a religious inquiry-meeting—I have perhaps been thought naturally disposed to go from home.

I can not forbear, in this place, making mention of the event of my father's being gathered to his ancestors; an event which occurred four years this day. The last two weeks of his life he had been unable to take his accustomed walks out of doors, leaning upon the arm of his eldest son. I sat by him when the restiveness of dissolution was upon his nerves; and as he exclaimed, "O dear!" I said: "Why do you groan, father? are you very sick?" "No," said he, "but I want to go to sleep. Can I?" I replied: "Yes." He then said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

These were his last words. His eldest son then entered the room, wrapped his mantle about him, took him from the bed in his arms, and placed him in the "old arm-chair." His breathing immediately indicated sleep; and soon the breath of life ceased, as quietly as when the infant sinks into a healthy slumber. Since our mother passed away sixteen years previous, he had behaved himself as a weaned child. The only wish I ever heard of his expressing was, when away from the old homestead, to return and die in the room where our mother died. His eldest son left a more lucrative business, to return with him to the home he desired, where, so far as I know, not a complaint was ever heard from his lips. His son, his daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren were (to his view) all right, and right at all times. He passed away an old man, and full of days, from the room where his wife, his mother, and his grandmother had triumphantly arisen to meet Jesus. His mother was a member of a Baptist church. He, late in life, often spoke of having felt a desire, in past years, to confess Christ before men; but a lack of union or charity among Christian sects was to him a stumbling-block, and he passed from earth unbaptized, yet a believer. Eight years before his death, he set out to walk a few rods in the public way, on a cloudy evening. It was at an hour when a cau-

eus was being held in the village; consequently younger political men were away from their homes. At half-past eight the women at home were startled by the barking of dogs; and on stepping to their doors, where darkness without rendered every object invisible, they listened to oaths and curses by some body driving with reckless fury through the darkness. A half-hour later my father entered the house of Orrin Curtis, (the home of my mother's early years,) without a hat, and with a face bloody and so disfigured that he could be recognized only by his tall form and hoary locks. He was overtaken by the *fast man* at a place where a steep bank was so near the road as to give him but little space clear from the track. The unskillful or careless driver, after discovering that he had made himself liable to open censure, by running against a human being, instead of waiting for our father to extricate himself, (who, by catching hold of harness, or wagon, or both, contrived to ward off serious accident, till one wheel had moved over two rods of road without rolling,) put the lash to his horse, and succeeded in avoiding detection (except by the Eye that seeth in secret) by running over the hoary head which God pronounces "A crown of glory." The wheels appeared to have passed over or near his eyes; and though not deprived of sight, he was never after able to read a printed language. Though his powers of understanding, or correctness of judgment, were not apparently impaired, he had great difficulty in commanding language to express himself, and more particularly in recalling names. Deprivation of power to read robbed him of an essential solace in his passage to the tomb; still, his life quietly spake the Scripture: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

At the time I publicly professed religion, Mr. Giles Andrews informed me that when he, a few years previous, was converted to Christ, being then head of a family, my father, as a Christian neighbor, advised him to institute family worship — told him he regretted that he did not do it when first he rejoiced in hope. But his family was then such that he felt it would be difficult for him to establish a new order.

Yet I was impressed, when a child, that my father worshiped the God of David in spirit and in truth, through the prayers set to the music he learned in singing-schools, where he fitted himself before his marriage to stand in the choir of the congregation. And I now claim that an altar of family worship was in my father's house at the twilight hour, when the devotional psalm or hymn, or the sacred song arose, in solo, by Elizabeth; duet, by Elizabeth and Levi; or chorus, by the family band. I have no doubt that the seven strong men who were there reared, and who are now rulers over as many households, scattered in the strong States of Massachusetts, New-York, and Michigan, find that these seasons are scenes which do not lessen in value as their distance increases; that as memory turns to them *her eye*, their hearts are tuned to the poet's words:

"A voice from the spirit-land,
A voice from the silent tomb,
Speaks with a sweet command:
Brother! come home!"

There was one in that band of brethren who

were not separated, because his nature differed from the remainder more than they differed from any other. Neither were they any better educated by him. He was weaker in nervous numbers and in physical strength than they, and had no mind of his own's, while their nature allowed of his pointing decisively himself upon others' work. David of old did well in the house - All men are slaves! This brother is the body - All men are laborers." To prevent questions I quote from him in due time. I have before repeated:

Leave our hear, let us go to thy words.
You know not hear them and speak your effects.
For I would have them known but to myself.

You, I've learned
(And many of my follows learned me)
That I must bear the world - And I do.
And you, if you will, if I were not here
Bear it by me."

I speak with the understanding then passed, that another and wiser than I am, however, who seemed equal to me in all the talents to match the mortal to get an increase of power to endure trials to come. And doubtless he did better, wisdom given him to the "wise among nations" building up his "country and friends."

I can not recall that Elizabeth ever desired solicitation for her son at the Sunday Services, except when she cast her eye upon the family circle, and said: "It is nine o'clock. I do not sing later than now in the evening." In that time she was very firm.

I now am ready to induce publicly a communication from a private letter of yours to me, reading: "You have the best brother in the world." I am also ready, publicly to say, that I do those others have any neighbors who are devoting to recall themselves of their losses entailing so much time the poorest price. I claim to be no such a copy of their father, and to prove it, I claim the fact of their mother, to be called among neighbors in a transaction. So, I carry my relationship with me, may we yet come to strengthen it in the future. In these new days to know, it they give me evidence of confidence in their error.

I did not accept the proposal of my then beloved brother of Ireland, who died in April 1871, to rejoin him here for the sake of making a home for me in this city, because I did not see it my duty. But I did afterward the very day to suggest to him that he would do well to take to himself another partner in life to share his mortal care and joys.

I am not saying he was induced by my counsel, but I am thankful for the present which enables me to make the following extract from a letter of his, undated:

July 24th, 1871.

George and C., my dearest. When we were holding the home for her mother & wife, (the older) wished to hold it too. No "Great" such "you are not our master." Well," says I, "I'll hold the house." All says George, "the next is done." I don't think he means to do another time. The last night suggests that I am not the man to manage the house which was removed. What says George, "if you don't give us some time I do." I tell you right

God, and tell him now within your grace, "He has a divided witness further yonder. The remainder teacheth there is no progress, and I have a greater need to teach than the former. The former, who is God to me, is pure and innocent, and all his friends, not earthly, though otherwise. You among I am not one of a great host. I have no place to go to; but to live and to die. I do not know where I must go to have a quiet resting, than in the sepulchre, lonely and hopeless Old Jerome." There are many good houses there, and there is no place like a quiet house in this side of the grave.

It is a creation of the present universe, that "a little child shall lead" a strong and naturally simple and honest to each other. I am glad to to quit again from the brother referred to above, under date,

Sept. 24th, 1871.

"A little more than a week ago Mr. A. L. was sent to my door, and I thought I must send him back, he came not to interfere with my restraint. I had not seen him for several days, and knew not the reason for his different behavior. Very interestingly endeavored to impress all of my own character on him. But still he did not appear to be very interested, and I was not surprised. I at first was touched, and the thought most engrossed his mind. He told me that he had determined to change his business, and try to live a better life. I was also somewhat suspicious of his motives, respecting the influence of religion, and began him up in the course that it had been the hope of God of old for His children that he should return him to the way he may get out of the trap of importunity and bad ways he will return to before we will consider the truth.

Although at the time I was anxious to withdraw, I nevertheless thought to attempt to stimulate personal effort. A few rare, strong reminiscences of my past I history was shown, without naming the names, and I was very interested. Although under no circumstances opposed upon slavery, however, I was ready to offer the expression of my regard and interest to so many African negroes who had been I to receive it from the postulated turned; thinking that I gave L. a great deal of encouragement with my own broad and decided thoroughness. I may be instrumental in finding others to those ways which I have found in no position, and now, in addition, in really to property in Ireland.

I am aware that I am liable to bring to my readers opinion so various with them own. I can only say that I am ignorant and that I will leave God to lead and instruct of his purposes to me over concern spiritual hence they shall find no room here in my penitence. If out of my opposition & I agree with the crossing this thing, we have a process which can but fail, that the thing we will make no damage to me. Next to yourself, my dear wife M. —, I distribute my work to Mrs. D. J. —, who used to be at the corner of 14th & Mrs. Little, I took it you used to write out and publish the history of your Mary, the first flower of the forest. And my heart goes with. And each in his systematic processes, gives me to me important truths which he leaves you power or opportunity to

utter." His thoughts were then higher than my thoughts, for he saw that only ten years would elapse before a door of utterance would be open to me through the cloud which sent me out from a widowed home in pursuit of mortal life; an utterance which should give me to direct the eyes of all acquainted with my strong house and my stronger country to the Scripture: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. . . . Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it."

I am not anxious concerning the result of my labors in this letter. I have done what conscience has dictated, and I cheerfully leave events with my Maker. I am again brought to the most trying season of the year, with a slow and gradual increase of strength during the last twelve months. I believe that the *pursuit of life* to body and soul is properly the aim of every child of Adam. That one great obstacle in the pursuit of mortal life lies in the self-denying work of taking only so much of a pleasant thing, honestly within our power, as is good for us, be it labor or recreation, earning or spending, feeding the mortal or the immortal. I have a high relish for social joys, and I believe that I may reasonably expect to partake a larger amount on earth if, with my present health, I attempt to give or receive one social call in ten days, rather than ten in one day. My sympathetic nature requires that I dwell with a strong, healthy family, in whose domestic concerns I have no interest other than as a stranger. I ask the kind friends who have offred me the gratuity of being a welcome guest in their houses, to receive the statement above as my excuse for declining, and in connection, to receive my heartfelt thanks for their proffered kindness. I also solicit my learned friends not to criticise my work as a literary production with too much severity, it never having been mine to improve my composition by the criticisms of a teacher. And that every living neighbor may be able to wash his hands in innocency from the TRANSGRESSION, if my work shall appear to be such, I have asked no aid of the kind in preparing this letter. Neither have I been able to perform the labor to my right arm of re-writing my work, that I might improve upon myself, as I have sometimes done in former years. If the letters of my own writing, copied into this, do not exactly compare with those received by my friends, it is because of such revision in those forwarded.

I also ask to be excused for sending my letter abroad in so plain a dress. I doubt not the Christian liberality of my readers will give them to admit that it is as good as my circumstances will warrant. While I am content to appear as an authoress in the best dress my Maker allows me, my happiness is greatly increased by having neighbors who are abundantly able to command a better; because I am gifted to enjoy beauty and diversity wherever nature or art, in their separate or combined influence, legitimately bestow them. But if these luxuries appear to me to have been purchased at the expense of denying to little children, and to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day of life, that which is needed to meet their real necessities, the beau-

ties fail of their power to please, as surely as did the music of a certain instrument, which on a former time became instrumental of teaching a reflecting mind *less haste*.

I can not forbear inserting in this place, an example of one who "being dead, yet speaketh." Curtiss Hoskins, of Sheffield, Mass., was a lad of uncommon power to please. His father was a pious, industrious carpenter and joiner, whose earnings were consumed in the needful provisions for his family, so that he could not command time to build for himself a new house, where the old had become time-worn. Curtiss was solicited to go South to sell clocks, and the hope of being able to help his parents to a better house through the greater wages than he could command at the North, led him cheerfully to endure the privations of a traveling sal-sman. He was indefatigable in his efforts to cheer and encourage his parents by his communications through the post-office. Because of the expectations from that source, a good house was purchased and possessed, and a few months was to give young Hoskins the joy of joining the loved family-band, with power to pay for the house which his father held as his earthly-home. But alas! September of 1836 announced the death of Curtiss Hoskins by fever.

If I mistake not, Vernon, Alabama, is favored as the burying-place of this son of the North, whose memory shall live long upon the earth, b-cause of his filial love. Never shall I forget the appearance of his stricken father, when he placed a package of letters in my hand, as he said to me: "There is a property which has cost me, at the post-office, ten dollars in cash, and it is the most precious treasure our house contains." The man who last employed Hoskins, to assure his bereaved family of his own affection for him, wrote them that himself first had the fever, and Hoskins attended him; that while sick he made his own will, and gave his property to Hoskins. But he recovered, and Hoskins was soon taken with fever, and died. In the spring of 1849 the father of Curtiss Hoskins stepped into the open air without his coat, at an hour when dew was rapidly depositing, and being informed that his creditor was intent on securing his debt against him without further delay, he remained in the open air, under excitement, longer than he was aware; took to his bed that night, under the depression of feeling that he was to be soon turned out of his home, and the next day sent for a physician, saying it was the first time in his life that he had employed a doctor to himself. An illness of eight or ten days released his spirit from its house of clay, and gave him to join in a house not made with hands, two noble youths, Curtiss and Franklin Hoskins, who had, while on earth, made glad the heart of their father; also two infant sons and two infant daughters who had gone before from the same family band. He who willed, in case of his own decease, his earth possessions to Curtiss Hoskins, for reasons known to himself and to the Judge of all the earth, never paid the few hundred dollars of Hoskins' honest earnings, designed by himself to smooth his father's passage to the tomb. The father struggled on until his only remaining daughter had it in her heart to go South as a teacher, hoping to be able to aid in discharging her father's unmet obligations;

and her kind heart were satisfied. This was written February.

I have now so nearly succeeded my impudent
lookers at the door, my readers are far back the
another way before the time appointed by my
brother George, to compare our views respecting
Slavery. I am thinking to try whether my views
will enable me to govern the course of a
readers' review, because, that I may have a defin-
ite position before me when I lay down the pen,
a position which can be pursued or set
forth I feel ashamed of. I am of opinion
that the conversion is desired by an Providence
to give heart to our Christian mothers and
daughters to join in and encourage and help
our sons and brothers while through a
period of life in which so many have been
assisted and aided, because their conversion does
not rise to blemish. It is a truth which
has been too much overlooked, that almost all
of Christian persons seem to me to be "ignorant,"—else the poor people to whom they
are next would be surprised to find that
they are so. I am sorry to let this go, so that the world is
too strongly tempted to think the remonstrants are
more or less bad. The poor widow who
had in Cheshire, England, given her money to
the cause of Slavery in America, Lucy, "Wife,
Charlotte, I am afraid the ears will have my name
that you will say, 'Lucy, having had a good
cause to be occupied, she would be very
naturally interested here,' has said about ten
thousand words of the slaves in North America. I pro-
fess, I may get censure for this, and I am
afraid, surely they game with children in lying
as the world does, if no part of this day's ap-
propriation either to the purpose of meeting or in cele-
brating the anniversary, and consequently have that
privilege. Yes, I am sorry to say, I am a foolish
dwarf in a family of tall men. I am merciful, or of those who are becoming weak by con-
sidering the evils of slavery, when, when the
atmosphere through which they pass through, is
so contaminated, they inhale it more at the
expense of the slaves it was designed to be sent to
them, and most, or all, of mankind, are
obliged to play with those who have been so
worse treated than I would fain wish were
provided they are under proper restraint or my
presence. Let us all I hope, one of my associ-
ates speak of the highest dignity in the church or
"the old man" or "the old woman" or of the
highest dignity in the town as "the master" or
the "boss" of the in the nation or "old master,"
or "big fellow," or taking in unto the
master of the big old master of the slaves. I
should not only that, if not speak so much as
this: "This is art rather the part of creation
than the part of generation of man." My son
will please excuse me for saying publicly I
have written nothing to tell him that he is
taking a long step in the right way.

I think that provides against understandings.

recreation, because they have lived, and by
gradual process have developed, a general and
progressive interest in the welfare of slaves, especially
among young persons, only twenty of the slaves
who come to this city to sell their bodies for
money, could afford to be removed from their
homes, of course to an equal number, that
remained outside through the subsequent efforts of
Abraham, by a great saving effort.

After writing to brother, I am fully persuaded
that my friends at home would not believe the
statement of the fact with regard to Mr. Thomas
of Saalburg, C. I. I will close with a few extracts
from Abraham's diary, Oct. 1st and the next
I will add, that Dr. Parker said of the same
Mr. Little, "He is for vice, a veritable fiend
from his family, or from the earth. If I
met to Mr. Little's pose I would show my abhor-
rence his abroad for the sake of preventing
him to commit."

"He that despiseth and hateth a friend, is
better than he that removeth his house, and break-
eth his neck."

"From thy things doth the Lord fare, yet
you are not despoiled, nor bare."

"A good book, a living tongue, and hands that
do judgment, these."

"As heart that constantly searcheth and judgeth
the Lord, ye shall be exalted in reward of righteousness."

"A wise servant that speaketh true, and diffi-
cile to offend because of his wisdom."

"Whom shall I desire to support
Or count, but him that is 'EXCELLENT'?"

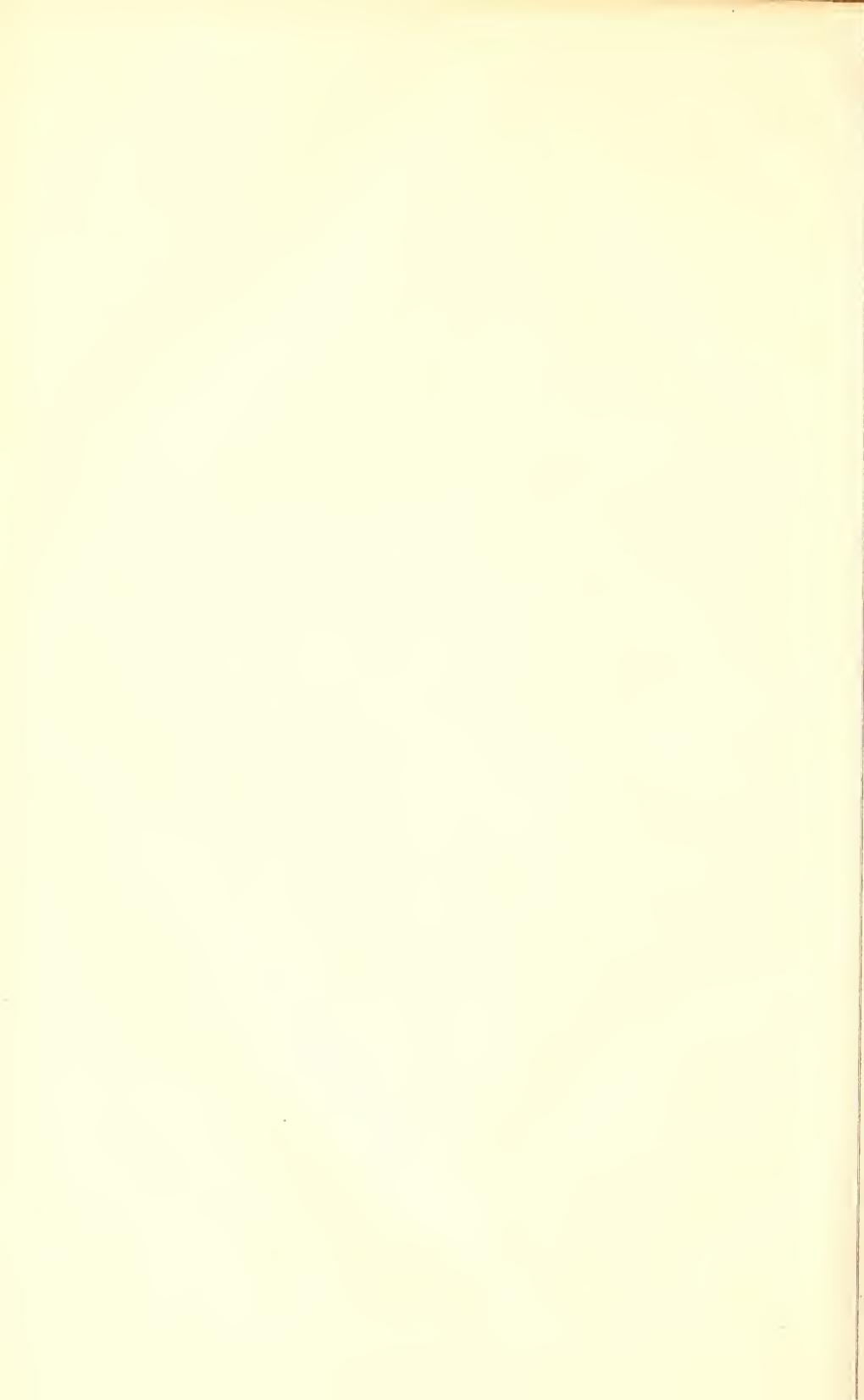
"Whom shall I desire
By judgment we attain unto, but him
That is for a righteous end prepared,
At former times, our fathers were prepared."

"The pleasure of the Lord is right, and
Loving-kindness, justice, and mercy.
Cordially, I thank you, Dr. Parker.
Hence, by your permission, I will
If necessary, communicate full details
They are thy safety, that comfort thee."

I am continuing to add, for use of present
and future, these, my friends, that were re-
lated to a Society existing formerly in the
Mark's Court, N. Y., under the name of the
Anti-Slavery Society, which gave them
the name of Anti-Slavery Society, and
were probably for their change upon
concerned with the cause of God, in self-
subscribing members. Also, the same Society,
T. C. I am pleased to state, is at present in
front of the Anti-Slavery Society, New York, and
thereupon a branch of the said Society of our
mother country, who stand before the same
as Captain of the ship. "For many, so
long as we are in this city, desiring nothing more a
greater, though we are in some of the most
university professors."

"Sincerely and affectionately
L. J. Little,













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